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SECOND SERIES

OF

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE;

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CONSISTING OF

SEARCHES IN LITERARY, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND POLITICAL HISTORY;

OF

CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRIES;

AND OF

SECRET HISTORY.

BY I. D'ISRAELI.

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LITERARY PARALLELS

THE PEARL BIBLES AND SIX THOUSAND ERRATA

VIEW OF A PARTICULAR PERIOD OF THE STATE OF RE-
LIGION IN OUR CIVIL WARS

OF BUCKINGHAM'S POLITICAL COQUETRY WITH THE
PURITANS

SIR EDWARD COKE'S EXCEPTIONS AGAINST THE HIGH-
SHERIFF'S OATH

SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES THE FIRST, AND HIS FIRST
PARLIAMENTS

THE RUMP

LIFE AND HABITS OF A LITERARY ANTIQUARY—OLDYS
AND HIS MSS.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

A New Series.

DREAMS AT THE DAWN OF PHILOSOPHY.

Modern philosophy, theoretical or experimental, only amuses while the action of discovery is suspended or advances: the interest ceases with the inquirer when the catastrophe is ascertained, like the romance whose *denouement* turns on a mysterious incident, which, once unfolded, all future agitation ceases. But in the true infancy of Science, philosophers were as an imaginative a race as poets: marvels and portents, undemonstrable and undefinable, with occult fancies, perpetually be-

ginning and never ending, were delightful as the shifting cantos of Ariosto. Then science entranced the eye by its thaumaturgy: when they looked through an optic tube, they believed they were looking into futurity; or, starting at some shadow darkening the glassy globe, beheld the absent person: while the mechanical inventions of art were toys and tricks, with sometimes an automaton, which frightened them with life.

The earlier votaries of modern philosophy only witnessed, as Gaffarel calls his collection, "Unheard-of Curiosities." This state of the marvellous, of which we are now for ever deprived, prevailed among the philosophers and the *virtuosi* in Europe, and with ourselves, long after the establishment of the Royal Society. Philosophy then depended mainly on authority—a single one was sufficient: so that when this had been repeated by fifty others, they had the authority of fifty honest men—whoever the first man might have been! They were then a blissful race of children, rambling here and there in a golden age of innocence and ignorance, where

at every step each gifted discoverer whispered to the few, some half-concealed secret of nature, or played with some toy of art; an invention which with great difficulty performed what, without it, might have been done with great ease. The cabinets of the lovers of mechanical arts formed enchanted apartments, where the admirers feared to stir or look about them; while the philosophers themselves half imagined they were the very thaumaturgi, for which the world gave them too much credit, at least for their quiet! Would we run after their shadows in this gleaming land of moonshine, or sport with these children in the fresh morning of science, ere Aurora had scarcely peeped on the hills, we must enter into their feelings, view with their eyes, and believe all they confide to us; and out of these bundles of dreams sometimes pick out one or two for our own dreaming. They are the fairy tales and the Arabian nights' entertainments of Science. But if the reader is stubbornly mathematical and logical, he will only be holding up a great torch against the muslin curtain, upon which the fantastic sha-

dows playing upon it must vanish at the instant. It is an amusement which can only take place by carefully keeping himself in the dark.

What a subject, were I to enter on it, would be the narratives of magical writers! These precious volumes have been so constantly wasted by the profane, that now a book of real magic requires some to find it, as well as a magician to use it. Albertus Magnus, or Albert the Great, as he is erroneously styled—for this sage only derived this enviable epithet from his surname *De Groot*, as did Hugo Grotius—this sage, in his "Admirable Secrets," delivers his opinion that these books of magic should be most preciously preserved; for, he prophetically added, the time is arriving when they would be understood! It seems they were not intelligible in the thirteenth century; but, if Albertus has not miscalculated, in the present day they may [illegible]! Magical terms with talismanic figures may yet conceal many a secret; as that of gunpowder came down to us in a sort of anagram, and the kaleidoscope, with all its interminable multiplications of forms, lay at hand, for two centuries,

in Baptista Porta's "Natural Magic." The abbot Trithemius, in a confidential letter, happened to call himself a magician, perhaps at the moment he thought himself one, and sent three or four leaves stuffed with the names of devils, and with their evocations. At the death of his friend these leaves fell into the unworthy hands of the prior, who was so frightened on the first glance at the diabolical nomenclature, that he raised the country against the abbot, and Trithemius was nearly a lost man! Yet, after all, this evocation of devils has reached us in his "Steganographia," and proves to be only one of this ingenious abbot's polygraphic attempts at *secret writing*; for he had flattered himself that he had invented a mode of concealing his thoughts from all the world, while he communicated them to a friend. Roger Bacon promised to raise thunder and lightning, and disperse clouds, by dissolving them into rain. The first magical process has been obtained by Franklin; and the other, of far more use to our agriculturists, may perchance be found lurking in some corner which has been overlooked in the "Opus majus"

of our "Doctor mirabilis." Do we laugh at their magical works of art? Are we ourselves such indifferent artists? Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his "Vanity of the Arts and Sciences," intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communicating with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Psellus, Plotinus, Jamblichus—and on better, were it necessary to allege it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarm with what the Greeks called *dæmones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects. Yet this occult philosopher, who knew perfectly eight languages, and married two wives, with whom he had never exchanged a harsh word in any of them, was every where avoided as having by his side, for his companion, a personage no less than a demon! This was a great black dog, whom he suffered to stretch himself out among his magical manuscripts, or lie on his bed, often kissing and patting him, and feeding him on choice morsels. Yet for this would Paulus Jovius and all the world have had him put to the ordeal of

fire and faggot! The truth was afterwards boldly asserted by Wierus, his learned domestic, who believed that his master's dog was really nothing more than what he appeared! "I believe," says he, "that he was a real natural dog; he was indeed black, but of a moderate size, and I have often led him by a string, and called him by the French name Agrippa had given him, Monsieur! and he had a female who was called Mademoiselle! I wonder how authors of such great character should write so absurdly on his vanishing at his death, nobody knows how!" But as it is probable that Monsieur and Mademoiselle must have generated some puppy demons, Wierus ought to have been more circumstantial.

Albertus Magnus, for thirty years, had never ceased working at a man of brass, and cast together the qualities of his materials under certain constellations, which threw such a spirit into his man of brass, that it was reported his growth was visible; his feet, legs, thighs, shoulders, neck, and head, expanded, and made the city of Cologne uneasy at possessing one citizen

too mighty for them all. This man of brass, when he reached his maturity, was so loquacious, that Albert's master, the great scholastic Thomas Aquinas, one day, tired of his babble, and declaring it was a devil, or devilish, with his staff knocked the head off; and, what was extraordinary, this brazen man, like any human being thus effectually silenced, "word never spake more." This incident is equally historical and authentic; though whether heads of brass can speak, and even prophesy, was indeed a subject of profound inquiry, even at a later period. Naudé, who never questioned their vocal powers, yet was puzzled concerning the nature of this new species of animal, has most judiciously stated the question, whether these speaking brazen heads had a sensitive and reasoning nature, or whether demons spoke in them? But brass has not the faculty of providing its own nourishment, as we see in plants, and therefore they were not sensitive; and as for the act of reasoning, these brazen heads presumed to know nothing but the future: with the past and the present they seemed totally unacquainted,

so that their memory and their observation were very limited; and as for the future, that is always doubtful and obscure—even to heads of brass! This learned man then infers, that "These brazen heads could have no reasoning faculties, for nothing altered their nature; they said what they had to say, which no one could contradict; and having said their say, you might have broken the head for any thing more that you could have got out of it. Had they had any life in them, would they not have moved, as well as spoken? Life itself is but motion, but they had no lungs, no spleen; and, in fact, though they spoke, they had no tongue. Was a devil in them? I think not. Yet why should men have taken all this trouble to make, not a man, but a trumpet?"

Our profound philosopher was right not to agitate the question whether these brazen heads had ever spoken? Why should not a man of brass speak, since a doll can whisper, a statue play chess, and brass ducks have performed the whole process of digestion? Another magical invention has been ridiculed with equal reason.

A magician was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passengers in the street; and he, particularly, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered its purpose, by frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! the wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick. The same magical story might have been told of Dr. Franklin, who finding that under his window the passengers had discovered a spot which they made too convenient for themselves, he charged it with his newly-discovered electrical fire. After a few remarkable incidents had occurred, which at a former period had lodged the great discoverer of electricity at the Inquisition, the modern magician succeeded just as well as the ancient, who had the advantage of conning over the books of Hermes. Instead of ridiculing these works of magic, let us rather become magicians ourselves!

The works of the ancient alchemists have afforded numberless discoveries to modern chemists: nor is even their grand operation de-

spaired of. If they have of late not been so renowned, this has arisen from a want of what Ashmole calls "apertness;" a qualification early inculcated among these illuminated sages. We find authentic accounts of some who have lived three centuries, with tolerable complexions, possessed of nothing but a crucible and a bellows! but they were so unnecessarily mysterious, that whenever such a person was discovered, he was sure in an instant to disappear, and was never afterwards heard of.

In the "Liber Patris Sapientiæ" this selfish cautiousness is all along impressed on the student, for the accomplishment of the great mystery. In the commentary on this precious work of the alchemist Norton, who counsels,

"Be thou in a place secret, by thyself alone,
That no man see or hear what thou shalt say or done.
Trust not thy friend too much wheresoe'er thou go,
For he thou trustest best, sometyme may be thy foe,"

Ashmole observes, that "Norton gives exceeding good advice to the student in this science where he bids him be secret in the carrying on of his studies and operations, and not to let any one

know of his undertakings but his good angel and himself: and such a close and retired breast had Norton's master, who,

> "When men disputed of *colours of the rose*,
> He would not speak, but kept himself full close!"

We regret, that by each leaving all his knowledge to "his good angel and himself," it has happened that "the good angels" have kept it all to themselves!

It cannot, however, be denied, that if they could not always extract gold out of lead, they sometimes succeeded in washing away the pimples on ladies' faces, notwithstanding that Sir Kenelm Digby poisoned his most beautiful lady, because, as Sancho would have said, he was one of those who would "have his bread whiter than the finest wheaten." Van Helmont, who could not succeed in discovering the true elixir of life, however hit on the spirit of hartshorn, which for a good while he considered was the wonderful elixir itself, restoring to life persons who seemed to have lost it. And though this delightful enthusiast could not raise a ghost, yet he thought

he had; for he raised something aerial from spa-water, which mistaking for a ghost, he gave it that very name; and which we still retain in *gas*, from the German *geist*, or ghost! Doubtless we have lost some inconceivable secrets by some unexpected occurrences, which the secret itself should have prevented taking place. When a philosopher had discovered the art of prolonging life to an indefinite period, it is most provoking to find that he should have allowed himself to die at an early age! We have a very authentic history from Sir Kenelm Digby himself, that when he went in disguise to visit Descartes at his retirement at Egmond, lamenting the brevity of life, which hindered philosophers getting on in their studies, the French philosopher assured him that "he had considered that matter; to render a man immortal was what he could not promise, but that he was very sure it was possible to lengthen out his life to the period of the patriarchs." And when his death was announced to the world, the abbé Picot, an ardent disciple, for a long time would not believe it possible; and at length insisted,

that if it had occurred, it must have been owing to some mistake of the philosopher's.

Paracelsus has revealed to us one of the grandest secrets of nature. When the world began to dispute on the very existence of the elementary folk, it was then he boldly offered to give birth to a fairy, and has sent down to posterity the recipe. He describes the impurity which is to be transmuted into such purity, the gross elements of a delicate fairy, which, fixed in a phial in fuming dung, will in due time settle into a full-grown fairy, bursting through its vitreous prison—on the vivifying principle by which the ancient Egyptians hatched their eggs in ovens. I recollect at Dr. Farmer's sale the leaf which preserved this recipe for *making a* fairy, forcibly folded down by the learned commentator; from which we must infer the credit he gave to the experiment. There was a greatness of mind in Paracelsus, who, having furnished a recipe to make a fairy, had the delicacy to refrain. Even Baptista Porta, one of the most enlightened philosophers, does not deny the possibility of engendering creatures, which

"at their full growth shall not exceed the size of a mouse:" but he adds that "they are only pretty little dogs to play with." Were these akin to the fairies of Paracelsus?

They were well convinced of the existence of such elemental beings; frequent accidents in mines showed the potency of the metallic spirits; which so tormented the workmen in some of the German mines, by blindness, giddiness, and sudden sickness, that they have been obliged to abandon mines well known to be rich in silver. A metallic spirit at one sweep annihilated twelve miners, who were all found dead together. The fact was unquestionable; and the safety-lamp was undiscovered!

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis*, as it has been termed from the Greek, or a regeneration; or rather, the apparitions of animals and plants. Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature;

all is but a continuation, or a revival. The semina of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted: unsubstantial and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grew on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions; and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment! The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burnt a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial; a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upwards into its primitive forms; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower, arise: it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vege-

table phœnix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produced this resurrection—as in its absence it returns to its death. Thus the dead naturally revive; and a corpse may give out its shadowy reanimation, when not too deeply buried in the earth. Bodies corrupted in their graves have risen, particularly the murdered; for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts, exhaled in vapour by means of their fermentation, have arranged themselves on the surface of the earth, and formed those phantoms, which at night have often terrified the passing spectator, as authentic history witnesses. They have opened the graves of the phantom, and discovered the bleeding corpse beneath; hence it is astonishing how many ghosts may be seen at night, after a recent battle, standing over their corpses! On the same principle, my old philosopher Gaffarel conjectures on the raining of frogs; but these frogs, we must conceive, can only be the ghosts of frogs; and Gaffarel himself has modestly opened this fact by a "peradventure." A more

satisfactory origin of ghosts modern philosophy has not afforded.

And who does not believe in the existence of ghosts? for, as Dr. More forcibly says, "That there should be so universal a *fame* and *fear* of that which never was, nor is, nor can be ever in the world, is to me the greatest miracle of all. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the people by false. The alchymist would never go about to sophisticate metals to pass them off for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged as true gold and silver in the world."

The Pharmacopœia of those times combined more of morals with medicine than our own. They discovered that the agate rendered a man eloquent, and even witty; a laurel leaf placed on the centre of the skull, fortified the memory; the brains of fowls, and birds of swift wing, wonderfully helped the imagination. All such specifics have now disappeared, and have greatly reduced the chances of an invalid recovering, perhaps that

which he never possessed. Lentils and rape-seed were a certain cure for the small pox, and very obviously, their grains resembling the spots of this disease. They discovered that those who lived on "fair" plants became fair, those on fruitful ones were never barren; on the principle that Hercules acquired his mighty strength by feeding on the marrow of lions. But their talismans, provided they were genuine, seem to have been wonderfully operative; and had we the same confidence, and melted down the guineas we give physicians, engraving on them talismanic figures, I would answer for the good effects of the experiment. Naudé, indeed, has utterly ridiculed the occult virtues of talismans, in his defence of Virgil, accused of being a magician: the poet, it seems, cast into a well a talisman of a horse-leech, graven on a plate of gold, to drive away the great number of horse-leeches which infested Naples. Naudé positively denies that talismans ever possessed any such occult virtues: Gaffarel regrets that so judicious a man as Naudé should have gone this length, giving the lie to so many authentic authors; and

Naudé's paradox is, indeed, as strange as his denial; he suspects the thing is not true because it is so generally told! "It leads one to suspect," says he, "as animals are said to have been driven away from so many places by these talismans, whether they were ever driven from any one place." Gaffarel, suppressing by his good temper his indignant feelings at such reasoning, turns the paradox on its maker:—"As if, because of the great number of battles that Hannibal is reported to have fought with the Romans, we might not, by the same reason, doubt whether he fought any one with them." The reader must be aware that the strength of the argument lies entirely with the firm believer in talismans. Gaffarel, indeed, who passed his days in collecting "curiosités inouie," is a most authentic *historian* of unparalleled events, even in his own times! Such as that heavy rain in Poitou, which showered down "petites bestioles," little creatures like bishops with their mitres, and monks with their capuchins over their heads; it is true, afterwards they all turned into butterflies!

The museums, the cabinets, and the inventions

of our early virtuosi were the baby-houses of philosophers. Baptista Porta, Bishop Wilkins, and old Ashmole, were they now living, had been enrolled among the quiet members of "The Society of Arts," instead of flying in the air, collecting "A wing of the phœnix, as tradition goes;" or catching the disjointed syllables of an old doting astrologer. But these early dilettanti had not derived the same pleasure from the useful inventions of the aforesaid "Society of Arts," as they received from what Cornelius Agrippa, in a fit of spleen, calls "things vain and superfluous, invented to no other end but for pomp and idle pleasure." Baptista Porta was more skilful in the mysteries of art and nature than any man in his day. Having founded the Academia *de Gli Oziosi*, he held an inferior association in his own house, called *di Secreti*, where none was admitted but those elect who had communicated some *secret*; for, in the early period of modern art and science, the slightest novelty became a secret, not to be confided to the uninitiated. Porta was unquestionably a fine genius, as his works still show; but it was his

misfortune that he attributed his own penetrating sagacity to his skill in the art of divination. He considered himself a prognosticator; and, what was more unfortunate, some eminent persons really thought he was. Predictions and secrets are harmless, provided they are not believed; but his Holiness finding Porta's were, warned him that magical sciences were great hinderances to the study of the Bible, and paid him the compliment to forbid his prophesying. Porta's genius was now limited, to astonish, and sometimes to terrify, the more ingenious part of *I Secreti.* On entering his cabinet, some phantom of an attendant was sure to be hovering in the air, moving as he who entered moved; or he observed in some mirror that his face was twisted on the wrong side of his shoulders, and did not quite think that all was right when he clapped his hand on it; or passing through a darkened apartment a magical landscape burst on him, with human beings in motion, the boughs of trees bending, and the very clouds passing over the sun; or sometimes banquets, battles, and hunting-parties, were in the same apartment. "All these

spectacles my friends have witnessed!" exclaims the self-delighted Baptista Porta. When he drank wine out of the same cup, his friends were mortified with wonder; for he drank wine, and they only water! or on a summer's day, when all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or, on a sudden, let off a flying dragon to sail along with a cracker in its tail, and a cat tied on its back; shrill was the sound, and awful was the concussion; so that it required strong nerves, in an age of apparitions and devils, to meet this great philosopher when in his best humour. Albertus Magnus entertained the Earl of Holland, as that earl passed through Cologne, in a severe winter, with a warm summer scene, luxuriant in fruits and flowers. The fact is related by Trithemius —and this magical scene connected with his vocal head, and his books *de Secretis Mulierum*, and *De Mirabilibus*, confirmed the accusations they raised against the great Albert, for being a magician. His apologist, Theophilus Raynaud, is driven so hard to defend Albertus, that he at once asserts, the winter changed to summer,

and the speaking head as—two infamous flams! He will not believe these authenticated facts, although he credits a miracle which proves the sanctity of Albertus,—after three centuries, the body of Albert the Great remained as sweet as ever!

Whether such "Enchauntments," as old Mandeville cautiously observeth, two centuries preceding the days of Porta, were "by craft or by nygromancye, I wot nere." But that they were not unknown to Chaucer, appears in his "Frankelein's Tale," where, minutely describing them, he communicates the same pleasure he must himself have received from the ocular illusions of "the Tregetoure," or "Jogelour." Chaucer ascribes the miracle to "naturall magique;" in which, however, it was not yet settled that "the Prince of Darkness" was not a party concerned.

"For I am siker that there be sciences
By which men maken divers apparences
Swiche as thise subtil tregetoures play.
For oft at festes have I wel herd say
That tregetoures, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and doun.
Sometime hath semed come a grim leoun,

And sometime floures spring as in a mede,
Sometime a vine and grapes white and rede;
Sometime a castel al of lime and ston,
And whan hem liketh voideth it anon:
Thus semeth it to every mannes sight."

Bishop Wilkins's museum was visited by Evelyn, who describes the sort of curiosities which occupied and amused the children of science. "Here, too, there was a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance;" a circumstance which, perhaps, they were not then aware revealed the whole mystery of the ancient oracles, which they attributed to demons, rather than to tubes, pulleys, and wheels. The learned Charles Patin, in his scientific travels, records, among other valuable productions of art, a cherry-stone, on which were engraven about a dozen and a half of portraits! Even the greatest of human geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, to attract the royal patronage, created a lion which ran before the French monarch, dropping *fleurs de lis* from its shaggy breast. And another philosopher,

who had a spinnet which played and stopped at command, might have made a revolution in the arts and sciences, had the half-stifled child that was concealed in it not been forced, unluckily, to crawl into day-light, and thus it was proved that a philosopher might be an impostor!

The arts, as well as the sciences, at the first institution of the Royal Society, were of the most amusing class. The famous Sir Samuel Moreland had turned his house into an enchanted palace. Every thing was full of devices, which showed art and mechanism in perfection: his coach carried a travelling kitchen; for it had a fire-place and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat by clock-work. Another of these virtuosi, who is described as "a gentleman of superior order, and whose house was a knick-knackatory," valued himself on his multifarious inventions, but most in "sowing salads in the morning, to be cut for dinner." The house of Winstanley, who afterwards raised the first Eddystone light-house, must have been the wonder

of the age. If you kicked aside an old slipper, purposely lying in your way, up started a ghost before you; or if you sat down in a certain chair, a couple of gigantic arms would immediately clasp you in. There was an arbour in the garden, by the side of a canal; you had scarcely seated yourself, when you were sent out afloat to the middle of the canal—from whence you could not escape till this man of art and science wound you up to the arbour. What was passing at the "Royal Society" was also occurring at the "Academie des Sciences" at Paris. A great and gouty member of that philosophical body, on the departure of a stranger, would point to his legs, to show the impossibility of conducting him to the door; yet the astonished visitor never failed finding the virtuoso waiting for him on the outside, to make his final bow! While the visitor was going down stairs, this inventive genius was descending with great velocity in a machine from the window: so that he proved, that if a man of science cannot force nature to walk down stairs, he may drive her out at the window!

If they travelled at home, they set off to note down prodigies. Dr. Plott, in a magnificent project of journeying through England, for the advantage of "Learning and Trade," and the discovery of "Antiquities and other Curiosities," for which he solicited the royal aid which Leland enjoyed, among other notable designs, discriminates a class thus: "Next I shall inquire of animals; and first of strange people."—"Strange accidents that attend corporations or families, as that the deans of Rochester ever since the foundation by turns have died deans and bishops; the bird with a white breast that haunts the family of Oxenham near Exeter just before the death of any of that family; the bodies of trees that are seen to swim in a pool near Brereton in Cheshire, a certain warning to the heir of that honourable family to prepare for the next world." And such remarkables as "Number of children, such as the Lady Temple, who before she died saw seven hundred descended from her." This fellow of the Royal Society, who lived nearly to 1700, was requested to give an edition of Pliny: we have lost the benefit of a

most copious commentary! Bishop Hall went to "the Spa." The wood about that place was haunted not only by "freebooters, but by wolves and witches; although these last are oft-times but one." They were called *loups garoux;* and the Greeks, it seems, knew them by the name of λυκανθρωποι, men-wolves; witches that have put on the shapes of those cruel beasts. "We sawe a boy there, whose half-face was devoured by one of them near the village; yet so, as that the eare was rather cut than bitten off." Rumour had spread that the boy had had half his face devoured; when it was examined, it turned out that his ear had only been scratched! However, there can be no doubt of the existence of "witch-wolves;" for Hall saw at Limburgh "one of those miscreants executed, who confessed on the wheel to have devoured two and forty children in that form." They would probably have found it difficult to haye summoned the mothers who had lost the children. But observe our philosopher's reasoning: "It would aske a large volume to scan this problem of *lycan-*

thropy." He had laboriously collected all the evidence, and had added his reasonings: the result offers a curious instance of acute reasoning on a wrong principle *.

Men of science and art then, passed their days in a bustle of the marvellous. I will furnish a specimen of philosophical correspondence in a letter to old John Aubrey. The writer betrays the versatility of his curiosity by very opposite discoveries. "My hands are so full of work that I have no time to transcribe for Dr. Henry More an account of the Barnstable ap-

* Hall's postulate is, that God's work could not admit of any substantial change, which is above the reach of all infernal powers; but "Herein the divell playes the double sophister; the sorcerer with sorcerers. Hee both deludes the witch's conceit and the beholder's eyes." In a word, Hall believes in what he cannot understand. Yet Hall will not believe one of the Catholic miracles of "the Virgin of Louvain," though Lipsius had written a book to commemorate "the goddess," as Hall sarcastically calls her; and who was told, with great indignation, in the shop of the bookseller of Lipsius, that when James the First had just looked it over, he flung it down, vociferating, "Damnation to him that made it, and to him that believes it!"

parition—Lord Keeper North would take it kindly from you—give a sight of this letter from Barnstable to Dr. Whitchcot." He had lately heard of a Scotchman who had been carried by fairies into France; but the purpose of his present letter is to communicate other sort of apparitions than the ghost of Barnstable. He had gone to Glastonbury "to pick up a few berries from the holy thorn which flowered every Christmas day." The original thorn had been cut down by a military saint in the civil wars; but the trade of the place was not damaged, for they had contrived not to have a single holy thorn, but several, "by grafting and inoculation." He promises to send these "berries;" but requests Aubrey to inform "that person of quality who had rather have a *bush*, that it was impossible to get one for him. I am told," he adds, "that there is a person about Glastonbury who hath a nursery of them, which he sells for a crown a piece," but they are supposed not to be "of the right kind."

The main object of this letter is the writer's "suspicion of gold in this country;" for which

he offers three reasons. Tacitus says there was gold in England, and that Agrippa came to a spot where he had a prospect of Ireland—from which place he writes; secondly, that "an honest man" had in this spot found stones from which he had extracted good gold, and that he himself "had seen in the broken stones a clear appearance of gold;" and thirdly, "there is a story which goes by tradition in that part of the country, that in the hill alluded to there was a door into a hole, that when any wanted money they used to go and knock there, that a woman used to appear, and give to such as came. At a time one by greediness or otherwise gave her offence, she flung to the door, and delivered this old saying, still remembered in the country:

'When all THE DAWS be gone and dead,
Then . . . . . Hill shall shine gold red.'

My fancy is, that this relates to an ancient family of this name, of which there is now but one man left, and he not likely to have any issue." These are his three reasons; and some

mines have perhaps been opened with no better ones! But let us not imagine that this great naturalist was credulous; for he tells Aubrey that "he thought it was but a monkish tale, forged in the abbey, so famous in former time; but as I have learned not to despise our forefathers, I question whether this may not refer to some rich mine in the hill, formerly in use, and now lost. I shall shortly request you to discourse with my lord about it, to have advice, &c. In the mean time it will be best to *keep all private* for his majesty's service, his lordship's, and perhaps some private person's benefit." But he has also positive evidence: "A mason not long ago coming to the renter of the abbey for a freestone, and sawing it, out came divers pieces of gold of *3l.* 10*s.* value apiece, of ancient *coins*. The stone belonged to some chimney-work; the gold was hidden in it, perhaps, when the Dissolution was near." This last incident of finding coins in a chimney-piece, which he had accounted for very rationally, serves only to confirm his dream, that they were coined out of the gold of the mine in the

hill; and he becomes more urgent for "a private search into these mines, which I have, I think, a way to." In the postscript he adds an account of a well, which by washing wrought a cure on a person deep in the king's evil. "I hope you don't forget your promise to communicate whatever thing you have relating to your IDEA."

This promised *Idea* of Aubrey may be found in his MSS. under the title of "The Idea of Universal Education." However whimsical, one would like to see it. Aubrey's life might furnish a volume of these philosophical dreams; who, from his incessant bustle and insatiable curiosity, was called "The Carrier of Conceptions of the Royal Society." Many pleasant nights were "privately" enjoyed by Aubrey and his correspondent about the "Mine in the Hill." Such were the fancies which rocked the children of science in their cradles! and so feeble were the steps of our curious infancy!—But I start in my dreams! dreading the reader may also have fallen asleep!

"Measure is most excellent," says one of the

oracles; "to which also we being in like manner persuaded, O most friendly and pious Asclepiades, here finish"—the dreams at the dawn of philosophy!

ON PUCK THE COMMENTATOR.

LITERARY forgeries recently have been frequently indulged in, and it is urged that they are of an innocent nature; but impostures more easily practised than detected leave their mischief behind, to take effect at a distant period; and as I shall show, may entrap even the judicious! It may require no high exertion of genius, to draw up a grave account of an ancient play-wright whose name has never reached us, or give an extract from a volume inaccessible to our inquiries: and, as dulness is no proof of spuriousness, forgeries, in time, mix with authentic documents.

We have ourselves witnessed versions of Spanish and Portuguese poets, which are passed on their unsuspicious readers without difficulty, but in which no parts of the pretended translations can be traced in their originals; and to the present hour, whatever antiquaries may affirm, the poems of Chatterton and Ossian are veiled in mystery!

If we possessed the secret history of the literary life of GEORGE STEEVENS, it would display an unparalleled series of arch deception, and malicious ingenuity. He has been happily characterised by Mr. Gifford, as "the Puck of Commentators!" STEEVENS is a creature so spotted over with literary forgeries and adulterations, that any remarkable one about the time he flourished may be attributed to him. They were the habits of a depraved mind, and there was a darkness in his character many shades deeper than belonged to Puck; even in the playfulness of his invention, there was usually a turn of personal malignity, and the real object was not so much to raise a laugh, as to "grin horribly a ghastly smile," on the individual. It is more than rumoured, that he carried his ingenious malignity into the privacies of domestic life; and it is to be regretted, that Mr. Nichols, who might have furnished much secret history of this extraordinary literary forgerer, has, from delicacy, mutilated his collective vigour.

GEORGE STEEVENS usually commenced his operations by opening some pretended discovery in

the evening papers, which were then of a more literary cast; the St. James's Chronicle, the General Evening Post, or the Whitehall, were they not dead, would now bear witness to his successful efforts. The late Mr. Boswell told me, that Steevens frequently wrote notes on Shakespeare, purposely to mislead or entrap Malone, and obtain for himself an easy triumph in the next edition! STEEVENS loved to assist the credulous in getting up for them some strange new thing, dancing them about with a Will o' th' wisp—now alarming them by a shriek of laughter! and now like a grinning Pigwiggin sinking them chin-deep into a quagmire! Once he presented them with a fictitious portrait of Shakespeare, and when the brotherhood were sufficiently divided in their opinions, he pounced upon them with a demonstration, that every portrait of Shakespeare partook of the same doubtful authority! He usually assumed the *nom de guerre* of Collins, a pseudo-commentator, when he explored into "a thousand notable secrets" with which he has polluted the pages of Shakespeare! The marvellous narrative of the upas-tree of

Java, which Darwin adopted in his plan of "enlisting imagination under the banner of science," appears to have been another forgery which amused our "Puck." It was first given in the London Magazine, as an extract from a Dutch traveller, but the extract was never discovered in the original author, and "the effluvia of this noxious tree, which through a district of twelve or fourteen miles had killed all vegetation, and had spread the skeletons of men and animals, affording a scene of melancholy beyond what poets have described, or painters delineated," is perfectly chimerical! A splendid flim-flam! When Dr. Berkenhout was busied in writing, without much knowledge or skill, a history of our English authors, STEEVENS allowed the good man to insert a choice letter by George Peele, giving an account of "a merry meeting at the Globe," wherein Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Ned Alleyne are admirably made to perform their respective parts. As the nature of the "Biographia Literaria" required authorities, STEEVENS ingeniously added, "Whence I copied this letter I do not recollect." However he well

knew it came from "the Theatrical Mirror," where he had first deposited the precious original, to which he had unguardedly ventured to affix the date of 1600; unluckily, Peele was discovered to have died two years before he wrote his own letter! The *date* is adroitly dropped in Berkenhout! STEEVENS did not wish to refer to his original, which I have often seen quoted as authority.

One of the sort of inventions which I attribute to STEEVENS has been got up with a deal of romantic effect, to embellish the poetical life of Milton; and unquestionably must have sadly perplexed his last matter-of-fact editor, who is not a man to comprehend a flim-flam!—for he has sanctioned the whole fiction, by preserving it in his biographical narrative! The first impulse of Milton to travel in Italy is ascribed to the circumstance of his having been found asleep at the foot of a tree in the vicinity of Cambridge, when two foreign ladies, attracted by the loveliness of the youthful poet, alighted from their carriage, and having admired him for some time as they imagined unperceived, the youngest, who

was very beautiful, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines, put the paper with her trembling hand into his own! But it seems, for something was to account how the sleeping youth could have been aware of these minute particulars, unless he had been dreaming them,—that the ladies had been observed at a distance by some friends of Milton, and they explained to him the whole silent adventure. Milton, on opening the paper, read *four verses* from Guarini, addressed to those "human stars" his own eyes! On this romantic adventure, Milton set off for Italy, to discover the fair "incognita," to which undiscovered lady we are told we stand indebted for the most impassioned touches in the Paradise Lost! We know how Milton passed his time in Italy, with Dati, and Gaddi, and Frescobaldi, and other literary friends, amidst its academies, and often busied in book-collecting. Had Milton's tour in Italy been an adventure of knight-errantry, to discover a lady whom he had never seen, at least he had not the merit of going out of the direct road to Florence and Rome, nor of having once alluded to this

Dame de ses pensées, in his letters or inquiries among his friends, who would have thought themselves fortunate to have introduced so poetical an adventure in the numerous *canzoni* they showered on our youthful poet.

This *historiette,* scarcely fitted for a novel, first appeared where generally STEEVENS's literary amusements were carried on, in the General Evening Post, or the St. James's Chronicle: and Mr. Todd, in the improved edition of Milton's Life, obtained this spurious original, where the reader may find it; but the more curious part of the story remains to be told. Mr. Todd proceeds, "The preceding highly-coloured relation, however, is *not singular;* my friend, Mr. Walker, points out to me a counter-part in the extract from the preface to *Poesies de Marguerite-Eleanore Clotilde, depuis Madame de Surville, Poete François du XV. Siècle. Paris,* 1803."

And true enough we find among "the family traditions" of this same Clotilde, that Justine de Levis, great-grandmother of this unknown poetess of the fifteenth century, walking in a forest, witnessed the same beautiful *spectacle* which the

Italian Unknown had at Cambridge; never was such an impression to be effaced, and she could not avoid leaving her tablets by the side of the beautiful sleeper, declaring her passion in her tablets by *four Italian verses!* The very number our Milton had meted to him! Oh! these *four* verses! they are as fatal in their *number* as the *date* of Peele's letter proved to George Steevens! Something still escapes in the most ingenious fabrication which serves to decompose the materials. It is well our veracious historian dropped all mention of Guarini—else that would have given the *coup de grace* a fatal anachronism! However, his invention supplied him with more originality than the adoption of this story and the *four* verses would lead us to infer. He tells us how Petrarch was jealous of the genius of his Clotilde's grandmother, and has even pointed out a sonnet which, "among the traditions of the family," was addressed to her! He narrates, that the gentleman, when he fairly awoke, and had read the "four verses," set off for Italy, which he run over till he found Justine, and Justine found him at a tournament at Modena! This parallel

adventure disconcerted our two grave English critics—they find a tale which they wisely judge improbable, and because they discover the tale copied, they conclude that "it is not singular!" This knot of perplexity is, however, easily cut through, if we substitute, which we are fully justified in, for "Poete du XV. Siècle"—"du XIX. Siècle!" The "Poesies" of Clotilde are as genuine a fabrication as Chatterton's; subject to the same objections, having many ideas and expressions which were unknown in the language at the time they are pretended to have been composed, and exhibiting many imitations of Voltaire and other poets. The present story of the FOUR *Italian verses*, and the beautiful *Sleeper*, would be quite sufficient evidence of the authenticity of "the family traditions" of *Clotilde, depuis Madame de Surville*, and also of Monsieur De Surville himself; a pretended editor, who is said to have found by mere accident the precious manuscript, and while he was copying for the press, in 1793, these pretty poems, for such they are, of his *grande tante*, was shot in the reign of terror, and so completely expired, that no one could ever

trace his existence! The real editor, who we must presume to be the poet, published them in 1803.

Such, then, is the history of a literary forgery! A Puck composes a short romantic adventure, which is quietly thrown out to the world in a newspaper or a magazine; some collector, such as the late Mr. Bindley, who procured for Mr. Todd his original, as idle, at least, as he is curious, houses the forlorn fiction—and it enters into literary history! A French Chatterton picks up the obscure tale, and behold, astonishes the literary inquirers of the very country whence the imposture sprung! But the FOUR *Italian verses*, and the *Sleeping Youth!* Oh! Monsieur Vanderbourg! for that gentleman is the ostensible editor of Clotilde's poesies of the fifteenth century, some ingenious persons are unlucky in this world! Perhaps one day we may yet discover that this "romantic adventure" of *Milton* and *Justine de Levis* is not so original as it seems—it may lie hid in the *Astrée* of D'Urfé, or some of the long romances of the Scuderies, whence the English and the French Chattertons may have drawn it. To such literary inventors we say with Swift:

——— Such are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your chicks!

Will it be credited that for the enjoyment of a temporary piece of malice, STEEVENS would even risk his own reputation as a poetical critic? Yet this he ventured by throwing out of his edition the poems of Shakespeare, with a remarkable hyper-criticism, that "the strongest act of parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service." Not only he denounced the sonnets of Shakespeare, but the sonnet itself, with an absurd question, "What has truth or nature to do with sonnets?" The secret history of this unwarrantable mutilation of a great author by his editor was, as I was informed by the late Mr. Boswell, merely done to spite his rival commentator Malone, who had taken extraordinary pains in their elucidation. Steevens himself had formerly reprinted them, but when Malone claimed for himself one ivy leaf of a commentator's pride, behold, Steevens in a rage would annihilate even Shakespeare himself, to condemn Malone! In the same spirit, but with more caustic pleasantry, he opened a

controversy with Malone respecting Shakespeare's wife! It seems that the poet had forgotten to mention his wife in his copious will; and his recollection of Mrs. Shakespeare seems to mark the slightness of his regard, for he only introduced by an interlineation a legacy to her of his "second best bed with the furniture"—and nothing more! Malone naturally inferred that "the poet had forgot her, and so recollected her as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her. He had already, as it is vulgarly expressed, cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed!" All this seems judicious, till Steevens asserts the conjugal affection of the bard, tells us, that the poet having, when in health, provided for her by settlement, or knowing that her father had already done so (circumstances entirely conjectural), he bequeathed to her at his death, not *merely an old piece of furniture, but,* PERHAPS, *as a mark of peculiar tenderness,*

> "The very bed that on his bridal night
> Received him to the arms of Belvidera!"

STEEVENS's severity of satire marked the deep malevolence of his heart; and Murphy has

strongly portrayed him in his address to the *Malevoli*.

Such another PUCK was HORACE WALPOLE! The King of Prussia's "Letter" to Rousseau, and "The Memorial" pretended to have been signed by noblemen and gentlemen, were fabrications, as he confesses, only to make mischief. It well became him, whose happier invention, the Castle of Otranto, was brought forward in the guise of forgery, to have so unfeelingly reprobated the innocent inventions of a CHATTERTON.

We have PUCKS busied among our contemporaries: whoever shall discover their history will find it copious though intricate; the malignity at least will exceed, tenfold, the merriment.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

THE preceding article has reminded me of a subject by no means incurious to the lovers of literature. A large volume might be composed on literary impostors; their modes of deception, however, were frequently repetitions; particularly those at the restoration of letters, when there prevailed a *mania* for burying spurious antiquities, that they might afterwards be brought to light to confound their contemporaries. They even perplex us at the present day. More sinister forgeries have been performed by Scotchmen, of whom Archibald Bower, Lauder, and Macpherson, are well known.

Even harmless impostures by some unexpected accident have driven an unwary inquirer out of the course. George Steevens must again make his appearance for a memorable trick played on the antiquary Gough. This was his famous tombstone on which was engraved the drinking-horn of Hardyknute to indicate his last fatal carouse; for this royal Dane died drunk! To

prevent any doubt, the name, in Saxon characters, was sufficiently legible. Steeped in pickle to hasten a precocious antiquity, it was then consigned to the corner of a broker's shop, where the antiquarian eye of Gough often pored on the venerable odds and ends; it perfectly succeeded on the injudicious "Director of the Antiquarian Society." He purchased the relic for a trifle, and immediately set down to a dissertation of a due size for the Archæologia! Gough never forgave himself nor Steevens, for this flagrant act of ineptitude. On every occasion in the Gentleman's Magazine when compelled to notice this illustrious imposition, he always struck out his own name, and muffled himself up under his titular office of "The Director!" Gough never knew that this "modern antique" was only a piece of retaliation. In reviewing Masters's Life of Baker he found two heads, one scratched down from painted glass by George Steevens, who would have passed it off for a portrait of one of our kings. Gough, on the watch to have a fling at George Steevens, attacked his graphic performance, and reprobated a portrait which had nothing

human in it! Steevens vowed, that wretched as Gough deemed his pencil to be, it should make "the Director" ashamed of his own eyes, and be fairly taken in by something scratched much worse. Such was the origin of this fragment of a chimney-slab, which I have seen, and with a better judge wondered at the injudicious antiquary, who could have been duped by the slight and ill-formed scratches, and even with a false spelling of the name, which Steevens succeeded in passing off as a genuine Saxon inscription; but he had counted on his man*! The trick is not so original as it seems. One De Grassis had engraved on marble the epitaph of a mule, which he buried in his vineyard: sometime after, having ordered a new plantation on the spot, the diggers could not fail of disinterring what lay ready for them. The inscription imported that one Publius Grassus had raised this monument to his mule! De Grassis gave it out as an odd coincidence of names, and a prophecy about his own mule! It

* The stone may be found in the British Museum. HARÐLNVT is the reading on the *Harthacnut* stone; but the true orthography of the name is HARÐALNVT.

was a simple joke! The marble was thrown by, and no more thought of. Several years after it rose into celebrity, for with the erudite it then passed for an ancient inscription, and the antiquary Porcacchi inserted the epitaph in his work on "Burials." Thus De Grassis and his mule, equally respectable, would have come down to posterity, had not the story by some means got wind! An incident of this nature is recorded in Portuguese history, contrived with the intention to keep up the national spirit, and diffuse hopes of the new enterprise of Vasco de Gama, who had just sailed on a voyage of discovery to the Indies. Three stones were discovered near Cintra, bearing, in ancient characters, a Latin inscription; a sibylline oracle addressed prophetically "To the inhabitants of the West!" stating that when these three stones shall be found, the Ganges, the Indus, and the Tagus should exchange their commodities! This was the pious fraud of a Portuguese poet, with the approval of the king. When the stones had lain a sufficient time in the damp earth, so as to become apparently antique, our poet invited a numerous

party to a dinner at his country-house; in the midst of the entertainment a peasant rushed in, announcing the sudden discovery of this treasure! The inscription was placed among the royal collections as a sacred curiosity! The prophecy was accomplished, and the oracle was long considered genuine!

In such cases no mischief resulted; the annals of mankind were not confused by spurious dynasties and fabulous chronologies; but when literary forgeries are published by those whose character hardly admits of a suspicion that they are themselves the impostors, the difficulty of assigning a motive only increases that of forming a decision; to adopt or to reject them may be equally dangerous!

In this class we must place ANNIUS OF VITERBO, who published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose *names* had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while the originals had been lost. Afterwards he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from known authors. These at first were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor,

one of which mistook the right name of the historian he forged, were gradually detected, till at length the imposture was apparent! The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume; for the whole collection does not exceed 171 pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of ANNIUS, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, and his declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war soon kindled; Niceron has discriminated between four parties engaged in this conflict. One party decried the whole of the collection as gross forgeries; another obstinately supported their authenticity; a third decided that they were forgeries before Annius possessed them, who was only credulous; while a fourth party considered them as partly authentic, and ascribed their blunders to the interpolations of the editor, to increase their importance. Such as they were, they scattered

confusion over the whole face of history. The false Berosius opens his history before the deluge, when, according to him, the Chaldeans through preceding ages had faithfully preserved their historical evidences! Annius hints, in his commentary, at the archives and public libraries of the Babylonians: the days of Noah comparatively seemed modern history with this dreaming editor. Some of the fanciful writers of Italy were duped: Sansovino, to delight the Florentine nobility, accommodated them with a new title of antiquity in their ancestor Noah, *Imperatore e monarcha delle genti, visse e morì in quelle parti.* The Spaniards complained that in forging these fabulous origins of different nations, a new series of kings from the ark of Noah had been introduced by some of their rhodomontade historians to pollute the sources of their history. Bodin's valuable works are considerably injured by Annius's suppositious discoveries. One historian died of grief, for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had

not referred in their works to the pretended writers of Annius! Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved—and the silence of the respectable Annius, in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings, or forgeries, and has been equally rejected and defended.

Another literary forgery, supposed to have been grafted on those of Annius, involved the INGHIRAMI family. It was by digging in their grounds that they discovered a number of Etruscan antiquities, consisting of inscriptions, and also fragments of a chronicle, pretended to have been composed sixty years before the vulgar æra. The characters on the marbles were the ancient Etruscan, and the historical work tended to confirm the pretended discoveries of Annius. They were collected and enshrined in a magnificent folio by Curtius Inghirami, who, a few years

after, published a quarto volume exceeding one thousand pages to support their authenticity. Notwithstanding the erudition of the forger, these monuments of antiquity betrayed their modern condiment. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters; it was more difficult to defend the small italic letters, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides that there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised till the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary; but Inghirami discovered that there had been an intercourse between the Etruscans and the Hebrews, and that David had imitated the writings of Noah and his descendants! Of Noah the chronicle details speeches and anecdotes!

The Romans, who have preserved so much of the Etruscans, had not, however, noticed a single fact recorded in these Etruscan antiquities. INGHIRAMI replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of

the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives, and who, it would seem, was the only scribe who has favoured posterity with so much secret history. It was urged in favour of the authenticity of these Etruscan monuments, that INGHIRAMI was so young an antiquary at the time of the discovery, that he could not even explain them; and that, when fresh researches were made on the spot, other similar monuments were also disinterred, where evidently they had long lain; the whole affair, however contrived, was confined to the *Inghirami family*. One of them, half a century before, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and to him is ascribed the honour of the forgeries which he buried where he was sure they would be found. This, however, is a mere conjecture! Inghirami, who published and defended their authenticity, was not concerned in their fabrication; the design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Volaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami; and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed his posterity

a collection of spurious historical monuments, which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history*.

It was probably such impostures, and those of the *false decretals of* ISIDORE, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and for eight hundred years formed the fundamental basis of the canon law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity, which led to the monstrous pyrrhonism of Father HARDOUIN, who, with immense erudition, had persuaded himself, that, excepting the Bible and Homer, Herodotus, Plautus, Pliny the elder, with fragments of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, all the remains of classical literature were forgeries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries! In two dissertations he imagined that he had proved that the Æneid was not written by Virgil, nor the Odes of Horace by that poet. HARDOUIN was one of those wrong-headed men, who once having

* The volume of these pretended Antiquities is entitled *Etruscarum Antiquitatem fragmenta. fo. Franc.* 1637. That which Inghirami published to defend their authenticity is in Italian, *Discorso sopra l'opposizioni fatte all' Antichita Toscane, 4to. Firenze,* 1645.

fallen into a delusion, whatever afterwards occurs only tends to strengthen it. He died in his own faith! He seems not to have been aware, that by ascribing such prodigal inventions as Plutarch, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, and other historians, to the men he did, he was raising up an unparalleled age of learning and genius when monks could only write meagre chronicles, while learning and genius themselves lay in an enchanted slumber with a suspension of all their vital powers.

There are numerous instances of the forgeries of smaller documents. The Prayer-Book of Columbus, presented to him by the Pope, which the great discoverer of a new world bequeathed to the Genoese republic, has a codicil in his own writing, as one of the leaves testifies, but as volumes composed against its authenticity deny. The famous description in Petrarch's Virgil, so often quoted, of his first *rencontre* with Laura in the church of St. Clair on a Good Friday, 6 April, 1327, it has been recently attempted to be shown is a forgery. By calculation, it appears that the 6 April, 1327, fell on a Monday! The Good Friday seems to have been a blunder of

the manufacturer of the note. He was entrapped by reading the second sonnet, as it appears in the *printed* editions!

Era il giorno ch' al sol *si scolorano*
Per la pietà del suo fattore i rai.

"It was on the day when the rays of the sun were obscured by compassion for his Maker." The forger imagined this description alluded to Good Friday and the eclipse at the Crucifixion. But how stands the passage in the MS. in the imperial library of Vienna, which Abbé Costaing has found?

Era il giorno ch' al sol *di color raro*
Parve la pietà da suo fattore, *ai rai*
Quand Io fu preso; e non mi guardai
Che ben vostri occhi dentro mi legaro.

"It was on the day that I was captivated, devotion for its Maker appeared in the rays of a brilliant sun, and I did not well consider that it was your eyes that enchained me!"

The first meeting, according to the Abbé Costaing, was not in a *church*, but in a *meadow*—as appears by the 91st sonnet. The Laura of Sade, was *not* the Laura of Petrarch; but Laura

de Baux, unmarried, and who died young, residing in the vicinity of Vaucluse. Petrarch had often viewed her from his own window, and often enjoyed her society amidst her family*. If the Abbé Costaing's discovery be confirmed, the good name of Petrarch is freed from the idle romantic passion for a married woman. It would be curious if the famous story of the first meeting with Laura in the church of St. Claire originated in the blunder of the forgerer's misconception of a passage which was incorrectly printed, as appears by existing manuscripts!

Literary forgeries have been introduced into bibliography; dates have been altered; fictitious titles affixed; and books have been reprinted, either to leave out, or to interpolate whole passages! I forbear entering minutely into this part of the history of literary forgery, for this article has already grown voluminous. When we dis-

* I draw this information from a little new year's gift which my learned friend, the Rev. S. Weston, presented to his friends in 1822, entitled, "A Visit to Vaucluse." He derives his account from, apparently, a curious publication of L'Abbe Costaing de Pusigner d'Avignon, which I have not, hitherto, been able to procure.

cover, however, that one of the most magnificent of *amateurs*, and one of the most critical of bibliographers, were concerned in a forgery of this nature, it may be useful to spread an alarm among collectors. The Duke de la Valliere, and the Abbé de St. Leger, once concerted together to supply the eager purchaser of literary rarities with a copy of *De Tribus Impostoribus*, a book, by the date, pretended to have been printed in 1598, though, probably, a modern forgery of 1698. The title of such a work had long existed by rumour, but never was a copy seen by man! Works printed with this title have all been proved to be modern fabrications. A copy, however, of the *introuvable* original was sold at the Duke de la Valliere's sale! The history of this volume is curious. The duke and the abbé having manufactured a text, had it printed in the old Gothic character, under the title *De Tribus Impostoribus*. They proposed to put the great bibliopolist, De Bure, in good humour, whose agency would sanction the imposture. They were afterwards to dole out copies at twenty-five louis each, which would have been a reasonable

price for a book which no one ever saw! They invited De Bure to dinner, flattered and cajoled him, and, as they imagined, at a moment they had wound him up to their pitch, they exhibited their manufacture; the keen-eyed glance of the renowned cataloguer of the "Bibliographie Instructive" instantly shot like lightning over it, and, like lightning, destroyed the whole edition. He not only discovered the forgery, but reprobated it! He refused his sanction; and the forging duke and abbé, in confusion, suppressed the *livre introuvable;* but they owed a grudge to the honest bibliographer, and attempted to write down the work whence the De Bures derive their fame.

Among the extraordinary literary impostors of our age, if we except LAUDER, who, detected by the Ithuriel pen of Bishop Douglas, lived to make his public recantation of his audacious forgeries, and CHATTERTON, who has buried his inexplicable story in his own grave; a tale, which seems but half told; we must place a man well known in the literary world under the assumed name of GEORGE PSALMANAAZAAR. He composed his auto-

biography as the penance of contrition, not to be published till he was no more, when all human motives ceased to suspect his veracity. The life is tedious; but I have curiously traced the progress of the mind in an ingenious imposture, which is worth preservation. The present literary forgery consisted of personating a converted islander of Formosa; a place then little known, but by the reports of the Jesuits, and constructing a language and a history of a new people, and a new religion, entirely of his own invention! This man was evidently a native of the south of France; educated in some provincial college of the Jesuits, where he had heard much of their discoveries of Japan; he had looked over their maps, and listened to their comments. He forgot the manner in which the Japanese wrote; but supposed, like orientalists, they wrote from the right to the left, which he found difficult to manage. He set about excogitating an alphabet; but actually forgot to give names to his letters, which afterwards baffled him before literary men.

He fell into gross blunders; having inadvertently affirmed that the Formosans sacrificed

eighteen thousand male infants annually, he persisted in not lessening the number. It was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island, without occasioning a depopulation. He had made it a principle in this imposture never to vary when he had once said a thing. All this was projected in haste, fearful of detection by those about him.

He was himself surprised at his facility of invention, and the progress of his forgery. He had formed an alphabet, a considerable portion of a new language, a grammar, a new division of the year into twenty months, and a new religion! He had accustomed himself to write his language; but being an inexpert writer with the unusual way of writing backwards, he found this so difficult, that he was compelled to change the complicated forms of some of his letters. He now finally quitted his home, assuming the character of a Formosan convert, who had been educated by the Jesuits. He was then in his fifteenth or sixteenth year. To support his new character, he practised some religious mummeries; he was seen worshipping the rising and

setting sun. He made a prayer-book, with rude drawings of the sun, moon, and stars, to which he added some gibberish prose and verse, written in his invented character, muttering or chanting it, as the humour took him. His using himself to feed on raw flesh seemed to assist his deception more than the sun and moon.

In a garrison at Sluys he found a Scotch regiment in the Dutch pay; the commander had the curiosity to invite our Formosan to confer with Innes, the chaplain to his regiment. This Innes was probably the chief cause of the imposture being carried to the extent it afterwards reached. Innes was a clergyman, but a disgrace to his cloth. As soon as he fixed his eye on our Formosan, he hit on a project; it was nothing less than to make Psalmanaazaar the ladder of his own ambition, and the stepping-place for him to climb up to a good living! Innes was a worthless character; as afterwards appeared, when by an audacious imposition Innes practised on the Bishop of London, he avowed himself to be the author of an anonymous work, entitled "A modest Enquiry after Moral Virtue;" for this he obtained a good living in Essex: the real

author, a poor Scotch clergyman, obliged him afterwards to disclaim the work in print, and to pay him the profit of the edition which Innes had made! He lost his character, and retired to the solitude of his living; if not penitent, at least mortified.

Such a character was exactly adapted to become the foster-father of imposture. Innes courted the Formosan, and easily won on the adventurer, who had in vain hitherto sought for a patron. Meanwhile no time was lost by Innes to inform the unsuspicious and generous Bishop of London of the prize he possessed—to convert the Formosan was his ostensible pretext; to procure preferment his concealed motive. It is curious enough to observe, that the ardour of conversion died away in Innes, and the most marked neglect of his convert prevailed, while the answer of the bishop was protracted or doubtful. He had at first proposed to our Formosan impostor to procure his discharge, and convey him to England: this was eagerly consented to by our pliant adventurer. A few Dutch schellings, and fair words, kept him in good humour; but no letter

coming from the bishop, there were fewer words, and not a stiver! This threw a new light over the character of Innes to the inexperienced youth. Psalmanaazaar sagaciously now turned all his attention to some Dutch ministers; Innes grew jealous lest they should pluck the bird which he had already in his net. He resolved to baptise the impostor—which only the more convinced Psalmanaazaar that Innes was one himself; for before this time Innes had practised a stratagem on him, which had clearly shown what sort of a man his Formosan was.

The stratagem was this: he made him translate a passage in Cicero, of some length, into his pretended language, and give it him in writing: this was easily done, by Psalmanaazaar's facility of inventing characters. After Innes had made him construe it, he desired to have another version of it on another paper. The proposal, and the arch manner of making it, threw our impostor into the most visible confusion. He had had but a short time to invent the first paper, less to recollect it; so that in the second transcript not above half the words were to be found

which existed in the first. Innes assumed a solemn air, and Psalmanaazaar was on the point of throwing himself on his mercy, but Innes did not wish to unmask the impostor; he was rather desirous of fitting the mask closer to his face. Psalmanaazaar, in this hard trial, had given evidence of uncommon facility, combined with a singular memory. Innes cleared his brow, smiled with a friendly look, and only hinted in a distant manner, that he ought to be careful to be better provided for the future! An advice which Psalmanaazaar afterwards bore in mind, and at length produced the forgery of an entire new language; and which, he remarkably observes, "by what I have tried since I came into England, I cannot say but I could have compassed it with less difficulty than can be conceived had I applied closely to it." When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, which was submitted to the judgment of the first scholars, it appeared to them grammatical, and was pronounced to be a real language, from the circumstance that it resembled no other! and they could not conceive

that a stripling could be the inventor of a language. If the reader is curious to examine this extraordinary imposture, I refer him to that literary curiosity, "An historical and geographical Description of Formosa, with Accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a Native of the said Isle," 1704; with numerous plates, wretched inventions! of their dress! religious ceremonies! their tabernacle and altars to the sun, the moon, and the ten stars! their architecture! the viceroy's castle! a temple! a city house! a countryman's house! and the Formosan alphabet! In his conferences before the Royal Society with a Jesuit just returned from China, the Jesuit had certain strong suspicions that our hero was an impostor! The good father remained obstinate in his own conviction, but could not satisfactorily communicate it to others; and Psalmanaazaar, after politely asking pardon for the expression, complains of the Jesuit that "HE *lied most impudently*," *mentitur impudentissime!* Dr. Mead absurdly insisted Psalmanaazaar was a Dutchman or a German; some thought him a Jesuit in

disguise, a tool of the non-jurors; the catholics thought him bribed by the protestants to expose their church; the presbyterians that he was paid to explode their doctrine, and cry up episcopacy! This fabulous history of Formosa seems to have been projected by his artful prompter Innes, who put Varenius into Psalmanaazaar's hands to assist him; trumpeted forth in the domestic and foreign papers an account of this converted Formosan; maddened the booksellers to hurry the author, who was scarcely allowed two months to produce this extraordinary volume; and as the former accounts the public possessed of this island were full of monstrous absurdities and contradictions, these assisted the present imposture. Our forger resolved to describe new and surprising things as they had done, but rather studied to clash with them, probably that he might have an opportunity to pretend to correct them. The first edition was immediately sold; the world was more divided than ever in opinion: in a second edition he prefixed a vindication!—the unhappy forger got about twenty guineas for an imposture, whose delusion spread far and wide! Some years afterwards

Psalmanaazaar was engaged in a minor imposture; one man had persuaded him to father a white composition called the *Formosan japan!* which was to be sold at a high price! It was curious for its whiteness, but it had its faults. The project failed, and Psalmanaazaar considered the miscarriage of the *white Formosan japan* as a providential warning to repent of all his impostures of Formosa!

OF LITERARY FILCHERS.

An honest historian at times will have to inflict severe strokes on his favourites. This has fallen to my lot, for in the course of my researches, I have to record that we have both forgers and purloiners, as well as other more obvious impostors, in the republic of letters! The present article descends to relate anecdotes of some contrivances to possess our literary curiosities by other means than by purchase; and the only apology which can be alleged for the *splendida peccata*, as St. Austin calls the virtues of the heathens, of the present innocent criminals, is their excessive passion for literature, and otherwise the respectability of their names. According to Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," we have had celebrated *collectors*, both in the learned and vulgar idioms. But one of them, who too had some reasons to be tender on this point, distinguished this mode of completing his collections, not by *book-stealing*, but

by *book-coveting*. On some occasions, in mercy we must allow of softening names. Were not the Spartans allowed to steal from one another, and the bunglers only punished?

It is said that Pinelli made occasional additions to his literary treasures sometimes by his skill in an art which lay much more in the hand than in the head: however, as Pinelli never stirred out of his native city but once in his lifetime, when the plague drove him from home, his field of action was so restricted, that we can hardly conclude that he could have been so great an enterpriser in this way. No one can have lost their character by this sort of exercise in a confined circle, and be allowed to prosper! A light-fingered Mercury would hardly haunt the same spot: however, this is as it may be! It is probable that we owe to this species of accumulation many precious manuscripts in the Cottonian collection. It appears by the manuscript note-book of Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief-justice of the king's bench from the second to the seventh year of Charles the First, that Sir Robert Cotton had in his library, records, evidences, ledger-

books, original letters, and other state-papers belonging to the king; for the attorney-general of that time, to prove this, showed a copy of the *pardon* which Sir Robert had obtained from King James for *embezzling records*, &c.*

Gough has more than insinuated that Rawlinson and his friend Umfreville "lie under very strong suspicions;" and he asserts that the collector of the Wilton treasures made as free as Dr. Willis with his friend's coins. But he has also put forth a declaration relating to Bishop More, the famous collector, that "the bishop collected his library by *plundering* those of the clergy in his diocese; some he paid with sermons or more modern books; others, less civilly, only with a *quid illiterati cum libris?*" This *plundering* then consisted rather of *cajoling* others out of what they knew not how to value; and this is an advantage which every skilful lover of books must enjoy over those whose apprenticeship has not expired. I have myself been plundered by a very dear friend of some such literary cu-

* Lansdowne MSS. 888, in the former printed catalogue, art. 79.

riosities, in the days of my innocence and of his precocity of knowledge. However, it does appear that Bishop More did actually lay violent hands in a snug corner on some irresistible little charmer; which we gather from a precaution adopted by a friend of the bishop, who one day was found busy in *hiding his rarest books,* and locking up as many as he could. On being asked the reason of this odd occupation, the bibliopolist ingenuously replied, "The Bishop of Ely dines with me to-day." This fact is quite clear, and here is another as indisputable. Sir Robert Saville writing to Sir Robert Cotton, appointing an interview with the founder of the Bodleian Library, cautions Sir Robert, that "If he held any book so dear as that he would be loath to lose it, he should *not let Sir Thomas out of his sight,* but set 'the boke' aside before hand." A surprise and detection of this nature has been revealed in a piece of secret history by Amelot de la Houssaie, which terminated in very important political consequences. He assures us that the personal dislike which Pope Innocent X. bore to the French had originated in his youth,

when cardinal, from having been detected in the library of an eminent French collector, of having purloined a most rare volume. The delirium of a collector's rage overcame even French politesse; the Frenchman not only openly accused his illustrious culprit, but was resolved that he should not quit the library without replacing the precious volume—from accusation and denial both resolved to try their strength; but in this literary wrestling-match the book dropped out of the cardinal's robes!—and from that day he hated the French—at least their more curious collectors!

Even an author on his dying bed, at those awful moments, should a collector be by his side, may not be considered secure from his too curious hands. Sir William Dugdale possessed the minutes of King James's life, written by Camden, till within a fortnight of his death; as also Camden's own life, which he had from Hacket, the author of the folio life of Bishop Williams: who, adds Aubrey, "did *filch* it from Mr. Camden, as he lay a dying!" He afterwards corrects his information, by the name of Dr. Thorndyke,

which, however, equally answers our purpose, to prove that even dying authors may dread such collectors!

The medallists have, I suspect, been more predatory than these substractors of our literary treasures; not only from the facility of their conveyance, but from a peculiar contrivance which of all those things which admit of being secretly purloined, can only be practised in this department—for they can steal and no human hand can search them with any possibility of detection—they can pick a cabinet and swallow the curious things, and transport them with perfect safety, to be digested at their leisure. An adventure of this kind happened to Baron Stosch, the famous antiquary.—It was in looking over the gems of the royal cabinet of medals, that the keeper perceived the loss of one; his place, his pension, and his reputation were at stake; and he insisted that Baron Stosch should be most minutely examined: in this dilemma, forced to confession, this erudite collector assured the keeper of the royal cabinet, that the strictest search would not avail: "Alas, sir! I have it here within," he said, point-

ing to his breast—an emetic was suggested by the learned practitioner himself, probably from some former experiment. This was not the first time that such a natural cabinet had been invented; Pere Vaillant, when attacked at sea by an Algerine, zealously swallowed a whole series of Syrian kings; when he landed at Lyons, groaning with his concealed treasure, he hastened to his friend, his physician, and his brother antiquary Dufour,—who at first was only anxious to inquire of his patient, whether the medals were of the higher empire? Vaillant showed two or three, of which nature had kindly relieved him. A collection of medals was left to the city of Exeter, and the donor accompanied the bequest by a clause in his will, that should a certain antiquary, his old friend and rival, be desirous of examining the coins, he should be watched by two persons, one on each side. Là Croze informs us in his life, that the learned Charles Patin, who has written a work on medals, was one of the present race of collectors: Patin offered the curators of the public library at Basle to draw up a catalogue of the cabinet of Amerback there pre-

served, containing a good number of medals; but they would have been more numerous, had the catalogue-writer not diminished both them and his labour, by sequestrating some of the most rare, which was not discovered till this plunderer of antiquity was far out of their reach.

When Gough touched on this odd subject in the first edition of his "British Topography," "An Academic" in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1772, insinuated that this charge of literary pilfering was only a jocular one; on which Gough, in his second edition, observed that this was not the case, and that "one might point out enough *light-fingered antiquaries* in the present age, to render such a charge extremely probable against earlier ones." The most extraordinary part of this slight history is, that our public denouncer some time after proved himself to be one of these "light-fingered antiquaries;" the deed itself, however, was more singular than disgraceful. At the disinterment of the remains of Edward the First, around which, thirty years ago, assembled our most erudite antiquaries, Gough was observed, as Steevens used

to relate, in a wrapping great coat of unusual dimensions; that witty and malicious "Puck," so capable himself of inventing mischief, easily suspected others, and divided his glance as much on the living piece of antiquity, as on the elder. In the act of closing up the relics of royalty, there was found wanting an entire fore-finger of Edward the First; and as the body was perfect when opened, a murmur of dissatisfaction was spreading, when "Puck" directed their attention to the great antiquary in the watchman's great coat—from whence—too surely was extracted Edward the First's great fore-finger!—so that "the light-fingered antiquary", was recognised ten years after he had denounced the race, when he came to "try his hand."

OF LORD BACON AT HOME.

THE history of Lord BACON would be that of the intellectual faculties, and a theme so worthy of the philosophical biographer remains yet to be written. The personal narrative of this master-genius or inventor must for ever be separated from the *scala intellectûs* he was perpetually ascending; and the domestic history of this creative mind must be consigned to the most humiliating chapter in the volume of human life; a chapter already sufficiently enlarged, and which has irrefutably proved how the greatest minds are not freed from the infirmities of the most vulgar.

The parent of our philosophy is now to be considered in a new light, one which others do not appear to have observed. My researches into contemporary notices of BACON have often convinced me that his philosophical works, in his own days and among his own countrymen, were not only not comprehended, but often ridiculed, and sometimes reprobated; that they were the occasion of many slights and mortifications which

this depreciated man endured; but that from a very early period in his life, to that last record of his feelings which appears in his will, this "servant of posterity," as he prophetically called himself, sustained his mighty spirit with the confidence of his own posthumous greatness. BACON cast his views through the maturity of ages, and perhaps amidst the sceptics and the rejectors of his plans, may have felt at times all that idolatry of fame, which has now consecrated his philosophical works.

At college, BACON discovered how "that scrap of Grecian knowledge, the peripatetic philosophy," and the scholastic babble, could not serve the ends and purposes of knowledge; that syllogisms were not things, and that a new logic might teach us to invent and judge by induction. He found that theories were to be built upon experiments. When a young man, abroad, he began to make those observations on nature, which afterwards led on to the foundations of the new philosophy. At sixteen, he philosophised; at twenty-six, he had framed his system into some form; and after forty years of continued labours, unfinished to

his last hour, he left behind him sufficient to found the great philosophical reformation.

On his entrance into active life, study was not however his prime object. With his fortune to make, his court connexions and his father's example opened a path for ambition. He chose the practice of common law as his means, while his inclinations were looking upwards to political affairs as his end. A passion for study however had strongly marked him; he had read much more than was required in his professional character, and this circumstance excited the mean jealousies of the minister Cecil, and Coke the attorney-general. Both were mere practical men of business, whose narrow conceptions and whose stubborn habits assume, that whenever a man acquires much knowledge foreign to his profession, he will know less of professional knowledge than he ought. These men of strong minds, yet limited capacities, hold in contempt all studies alien to their habits.

Bacon early aspired to the situation of solicitor-general: the court of Elizabeth was divided into factions; Bacon adopted the interests of the

generous Essex, which were inimical to the party of Cecil. The queen, from his boyhood, was delighted by conversing with her "young lord-keeper," as she early distinguished the precocious gravity and the ingenious turn of mind of the future philosopher. It was unquestionably to attract her favour, that BACON presented to the queen his "Maxims and Elements of the Common Law," not published till after his death. Elizabeth suffered her minister to form her opinions on the legal character of BACON. It was alleged that BACON was addicted to more general pursuits than law, and the miscellaneous books which he was known to have read confirmed the accusation. This was urged as a reason why the post of solicitor-general should not be conferred on a man of speculation, more likely to distract than to direct her affairs. Elizabeth, in the height of that political prudence which marked her character, was swayed by the vulgar notion of Cecil, and believed that BACON, who afterwards filled the situation both of solicitor-general and lord chancellor, was "A man rather of show than of depth." We have been recently

told by a great lawyer, that "Bacon was a master."

On the accession of James the First, when BACON still found the same party obstructing his political advancement, he appears, in some momentary fit of disgust, to have meditated on a retreat into a foreign country; a circumstance which has happened to several of our men of genius, during a fever of solitary indignation. He was for some time thrown out of the sunshine of life, but he found its shade more fitted for contemplation; and, unquestionably, philosophy was benefited by his solitude of Gray's Inn. His hand was always on his work, and better thoughts will find an easy entrance into the mind of those who feed on their thoughts, and live amidst their reveries. In a letter on this occasion, he writes, "My ambition now I shall only put upon MY PEN, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit, of THE TIMES SUCCEEDING." And many years after, when he had finally quitted public life, he told the king, "I would live to study, and not study to live: yet I am

prepared for *date obolum* Bellisario; and I that have borne a bag, can bear a wallet."

Ever were THE TIMES SUCCEEDING in his mind. In that delightful Latin letter to Father Fulgentio, where, with the simplicity of true grandeur, he takes a view of all his works, and in which he describes himself as "one who served posterity," in communicating his past and his future designs, he adds, that "they require some ages for the ripening of them." There, while he despairs of finishing what was intended for the sixth part of his Instauration, how nobly he despairs! "Of the perfecting this I have cast away all hopes; but in future ages, perhaps, the design may bud again." And he concludes by avowing, that the zeal and constancy of his mind in the great design, after so many years, had never become cold and indifferent. He remembers how, forty years ago, he had composed a juvenile work about those things, which with confidence, but with too pompous a title, he had called *Temporis Partus Maximus;* the great birth of time! Besides the public dedication of his *Novum Or-*

ganum to James the First, he accompanied it with a private letter. He wishes the king's favour to the work, which he accounts as much as a hundred years time; for, he adds, "I am persuaded *the work will gain upon men's minds in* AGES."

In his last will appears his remarkable legacy of fame. "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own countrymen, AFTER SOME TIME BE PASSED OVER." Time seemed always personated in the imagination of our philosopher, and with Time he had to wrestle with a consciousness of triumph.

I shall now bring forward sufficient evidence to prove how little Bacon was understood, and how much he was even despised, in his philosophical character.

In those prescient views by which the genius of Verulam has often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, there was one important object which even his foresight does not appear to have contemplated. Lord BACON did not foresee that the English

language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover, or poetry can invent; that his country should at length possess a national literature of its own, and that it should exult in classical compositions which might be appreciated with the finest models of antiquity. His taste was far unequal to his invention. So little he esteemed the language of his country, that his favourite works are composed in Latin; and he was anxious to have what he had written in English preserved in that "universal language which may last as long as books last." It would have surprised BACON to have been told, that the most learned men in Europe have studied English authors to learn to think and to write. Our philosopher was surely somewhat mortified, when in his dedication of the Essays he observed, that "of all my other works my Essays have been most current; for that, *as it seems*, they come home to men's business and bosoms." It is too much to hope to find in a vast and profound inventor a writer also who bestows immortality on his language. The English

language is the only object in his great survey of art and of nature, which owes nothing of its excellence to the genius of BACON.

He had reason indeed to be mortified at the reception of his philosophical works; and Dr. Rawley, even some years after the death of his illustrious master, had occasion to observe, that "His fame is greater and sounds louder in foreign parts abroad than at home in his own nation; thereby verifying that divine sentence, a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house." Even the men of genius, who ought to have comprehended this new source of knowledge thus opened to them, reluctantly entered; so repugnant are we suddenly to give up ancient errors which time and habit have made a part of ourselves. Harvey, who himself experienced the sluggish obstinacy of the learned, which repelled a great but a novel discovery, could however in his turn deride the amazing novelty of BACON'S Novum Organum. Harvey said to Aubrey, that "Bacon was no great philosopher; he writes philosophy like a lord chancellor."

Bacon found but small encouragement for his *new learning* among the most eminent scholars, to whom he submitted his early discoveries. A very copious letter by Sir Thomas Bodley on Bacon's desiring him to return the manuscript of the *Cogitata et Visa*, some portion of the *Novum Organum*, has come down to us; it is replete with objections to the new philosophy. "I am one of that crew," says Sir Thomas, "that say we possess a far greater holdfast of certainty in the sciences than you will seem to acknowledge." He gives a hint too that Solomon complained "of the infinite making of books in his time;" that all Bacon delivers is only "by averment without other force of argument, to disclaim all our axioms, maxims, &c. left by tradition from our elders unto us, which have passed all probations of the sharpest wits that ever were;" and he concludes, that the end of all Bacon's philosophy, by "a fresh creating new principles of sciences, would be to be dispossessed of the learning we have;" and he fears that it would require as many ages as have marched before us that knowledge should be perfectly achieved. Bod-

ley truly compares himself to "the carrier's horse which cannot blanch the beaten way in which I was trained

Bacon did not lose heart by the timidity of "the carrier's horse:" a smart vivacious note in return shows his quick apprehension.

"As I am going to my house in the country, I shall want my papers, which I beg you therefore to return. You are slothful, and you help me nothing, so that I am half in conceit you affect not the argument; for myself I know well you love and affect. I can say no more, but *non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ.* If you be not *of the lodgings chalked up,* whereof I speak in my preface, I am but to pass by your door. But if I had you a fortnight at Gorhambury, I would make you tell another tale; or else I would add a cogitation *against libraries,* and be revenged on you that way."

A keen but playful retort of a great author too conscious of his own views to be angry with his critic! The *lodgings chalked up* is some sar-

* This letter may be found in *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ,* p. 369.

casm which we must supply from our own conception; but the threatened cogitation *against libraries* must have tingled Bodley's cheek.

Let us now turn from the scholastic to the men of the world, and we shall see what sort of notion these critics entertained of the philosophy of BACON. Chamberlain writes, "This week the lord chancellor hath set forth his new work, called *Instauratio magna*, or a kind of *novum organum* of all philosophy. In sending it to the king, he wrote that he wished his majesty might be so long in reading it as he hath been in composing and polishing it, which is well near thirty years. I have read no more than the bare title, and am not greatly encouraged by Mr. Cuffe's judgment*, who having long since perused it, gave this censure, that a fool could not have written such a work, and a wise man would not." A month or two afterwards we find that "the king cannot forbear sometimes in reading the lord chancellor's

* Henry Cuffe, secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, and executed, being concerned in his treason. A man noted for his classical acquirements and his genius, who perished early in life.

last book to say, that it is like *the peace of God, that surpasseth all understanding.*"

Two years afterwards the same letter-writer proceeds with another literary paragraph about BACON. "This lord busies himself altogether about *books*, and hath set out two lately, *Historiæ Ventorum*, and *de Vita et Morte*, with promise of more. I have yet seen neither of them, because I have not leisure; but if the life of Henry the Eighth (the Seventh), which they say he is about, might *come out after his own manner* (meaning his Moral Essays), I should find time and means enough to read it." When this history made its appearance, the same writer observes, "My Lord Verulam's history of Henry the Seventh is come forth; I have not read much of it, but they say it is a very pretty book*."

BACON, in his vast survey of human knowledge, included even its humbler provinces, and condescended to form a collection of apophthegms: his lordship regretted the loss of a collection made by Julius Cæsar, while Plutarch indiscriminately

* Chamberlain adds the price of this moderate sized folio, which was six shillings.

drew much of the dregs. The wits, who could not always comprehend his plans, ridiculed the sage. I shall now quote a contemporary poet, whose works, for by their size they may assume that distinction, were never published. A Dr. Andrews wasted a sportive pen on fugitive events; but though not always deficient in humour and wit, such is the freedom of his writings, that they will not often admit of quotation. The following is indeed but a strange pun on Bacon's title, derived from the town of St. Alban's and his collection of apophthegms:

ON LORD BACON PUBLISHING APOPHTHEGMS.

When learned BACON wrote essays,
He did deserve and hath the praise;
But now he writes his *apophthegms*
Surely he doses or he dreams;
One said, *St. Albans* now is grown unable,
And is in the high-road-way—to *Dunstable*. [*i. e. Dunce-table.*]

To the close of his days were Lord BACON's philosophical pursuits still disregarded and depreciated by ignorance and envy, in the forms of friendship or rivality. I shall now give a remarkable example. Sir Edward Coke was a mere

great lawyer, and, like all such, had a mind so walled in by law-knowledge, that in its bounded views it shut out the horizon of the intellectual faculties, and the whole of his philosophy lay in the statutes. In the library at Holkham there must be found a presentation copy of Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, the *Instauratio Magna*, 1620. It was given to Coke, for it bears the following note on the title-page in the writing of Coke:

Edw. Coke. *Ex dono authoris.*
Auctori consilium
Instaurare paras veterum documenta sophorum
Instaura leges, justitiamque prius.

The verses not only reprove BACON for going out of his profession, but must have alluded to his character as a prerogative lawyer, and his corrupt administration of the chancery. The book was published in October, 1620, a few months before the impeachment. And so far one may easily excuse the causticity of Coke; but how he really valued the philosophy of BACON appears by this: in this first edition there is a device of a ship passing between Hercules's pillars; the *plus ultra*, the

proud exultation of our philosopher. Over this device Coke has written a miserable distich in English, which marks his utter contempt of the philosophical pursuits of his illustrious rival. This ship passing beyond the columns of Hercules he sarcastically conceits as "The Ship of Fools," the famous satire of the German Sebastian Brandt, translated by Alexander Barclay.

It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools.

Such then was the fate of Lord BACON; a history not written by his biographers, but which may serve as a comment on that obscure passage dropped from the pen of his chaplain, and already quoted, that he was more valued abroad than at home.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is an extraordinary circumstance in our history, that the succession to the English dominion, in two remarkable cases, was never settled by the possessors of the throne themselves during their lifetime; and that there is every reason to believe this mighty transfer of three kingdoms became the sole act of their ministers, who considered the succession merely as a state expedient. Two of our most able sovereigns found themselves in this predicament; Queen Elizabeth, and the Protector Cromwell! Cromwell probably had his reasons not to name his successor; his positive election would have dissatisfied the opposite parties of his government, whom he only ruled while he was able to cajole them. He must have been aware that latterly he had need of conciliating all parties to his usurpation, and was probably as doubtful on his death-bed whom to appoint his successor, as at any other period of his reign. Ludlow suspects

that Cromwell was "so discomposed in body or mind, that he could not attend to that matter; and whether he named any one is to me uncertain." All that we know is the report of the Secretary Thurlow and his chaplains, who, when the protecter lay in his last agonies, suggested to him the propriety of choosing his eldest son, and they tell us that he agreed to this choice. Had CROMWELL been in his senses, he would have probably fixed on *Henry*, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, rather than on *Richard*, or possibly had not chosen either of his sons!

ELIZABETH, from womanish infirmity, or from state-reasons, could not endure the thoughts of her successor; and long threw into jeopardy the politics of all the cabinets of Europe, each of whom had their favourite candidate to support. The legitimate heir to the throne of England was to be the creature of her breath, yet Elizabeth would not speak him into existence! This had, however, often raised the discontents of the nation, and we shall see how it harassed the queen in her dying hours. It is even suspected that the queen still retained so much of the wo-

man, that she could never overcome her perverse dislike to name a successor, so that according to this opinion, she died and left the crown to the mercy of a party! This would have been acting unworthy of the magnanimity of her great character—and as it is ascertained that the queen was very sensible that she lay in a dying state several days before the natural catastrophe occurred, it is difficult to believe that she totally disregarded so important a circumstance. It is, therefore, reasoning *a priori*, most natural to conclude, that the choice of a successor must have occupied her thoughts, as well as the anxieties of her ministers; and that she would not have left the throne in the same unsettled state at her death as she had persevered in during her whole life. How did she express herself when bequeathing the crown to James the First, or did she bequeath it at all?

In the popular pages of her female historian, Miss Aikin has observed, that "the closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth was marked by that peculiarity of character and destiny which attended her from the cradle, and

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pursued her to the grave." The last days of Elizabeth were, indeed, most melancholy—she died a victim of the higher passions, and perhaps as much of grief as of age, refusing all remedies and even nourishment. But in all the published accounts, I can nowhere discover how she conducted herself respecting the circumstance of our present inquiry. The most detailed narrative, or as Gray the poet calls it, "the Earl of Monmouth's *odd account* of Queen Elizabeth's death," is the one most deserving notice; and there we find the circumstance of this inquiry introduced. The queen, at that moment, was reduced to so sad a state, that it is doubtful whether her majesty was at all sensible of the inquiries put to her by her ministers respecting the succession. The Earl of Monmouth says, "on Wednesday, the 23d of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her councill, and by putting her hand to her head when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her." Such a sign as that of a dying woman putting her hand to her

head was, to say the least, a very ambiguous title of the right of the Scottish monarch to the English throne. The "odd" but very *naïve* account of Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, is not furnished with dates, nor with the exactness of a diary. Something might have occurred on a preceding day which had not reached him. Camden describes the death-bed scene of ELIZABETH; by this authentic writer it appears that she had confided her state-secret of the succession to the lord admiral (the Earl of Nottingham); and when the earl found the queen almost at her extremity, *he communicated her majesty's secret to the council,* who commissioned the lord admiral, the lord keeper, and the secretary, to wait on her majesty, and acquaint her that they came in the name of the rest to learn her pleasure in reference to *the succession.* The queen was then very weak, and answered them with a faint voice, that she had already declared, that as she held a regal sceptre, so she desired no other than a royal successor. When the secretary requested her to explain herself, the queen said, "I would have a king

succeed me; and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the king of Scots?" Here this state-conversation was put an end to by the interference of the archbishop advising her majesty to turn her thoughts to God. "Never," she replied, "has my mind wandered from him."

An historian of Camden's high integrity would hardly have forged a fiction to please the new monarch; yet Camden has not been referred to on this occasion by the exact Birch, who draws his information from the letters of the French ambassador, Villeroy; information which in appears the English ministers had confided to this ambassador; nor do we get any distinct ideas from Elizabeth's more recent popular historian, who could only transcribe the account of Cary. He had told us a fact which he could not be mistaken in, that the queen fell speechless on Wednesday, 23d of March, on which day, however, she called her council, and made that sign with her hand, which, as the lords chose to understand, for ever united the two kingdoms. But the noble editor of Cary's Memoirs (the Earl of Cork and Orrery), has observed, that "the

speeches made for ELIZABETH on her death-bed are all forged." Echard, Rapin, and a long string of historians, make her say faintly (so faintly indeed that it could not possibly be heard), "I will that a king succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman the king of Scots?" A different account of this matter will be found in the following memoirs. "She was speechless, and almost expiring, when the chief counsellors of state were called into her bed-chamber. As soon as they were perfectly convinced that she could not utter an articulate word, and scarce could hear or understand one, they named the king of Scots to her, *a liberty they dared not to have taken if she had been able to speak:* she put her hand to her head, which was probably at that time in agonising pain. *The lords, who interpreted her signs just as they pleased,* were immediately convinced that the *motion of her hand to her head was a declaration of James the Sixth as her successor.* What was this but the unanimous interpretations of persons who were adoring the rising sun?"

This is lively and plausible; but the noble editor did not recollect that "the speeches made

by Elizabeth on her death-bed," which he deems "forgeries," in consequence of the circumstance he had found in Cary's Memoirs, originate with Camden, and were only repeated by Rapin and Echard, &c. I am now to confirm the narrative of the elder historian, as well as the circumstance related by Cary, describing the sign of the queen a little differently, which happened on Wednesday 23d. A hitherto unnoticed document pretends to give a fuller and more circumstantial account of this affair, which commenced on *the preceding day*, when the queen retained the power of speech; and it will be confessed that the language here used has all that loftiness and concision which was the natural style of this queen. I have discovered a curious document in a manuscript volume formerly in the possession of Petyt, and seemingly his own hand-writing. I do not doubt its authenticity, and it could only have come from some of the illustrious personages who were the actors in that solemn scene, probably Cecil. This memorandum is entitled,

"Account of the last Words of Queen Elizabeth about her Successor.

"On the Tuesday before her death, being the twenty-third of March, the admiral being on the right side of her bed, the lord keeper on the left, and Mr. Secretary Cecil (afterwards Earl of Salisbury) at the bed's feet, all standing, the lord admiral put her in mind of her speech concerning the succession had at Whitehall, and that they, in the name of all the rest of her council, came unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed; whereunto she thus replied:

"*I told you my seat had been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me. And who should succeed me but a king?*

"The lords not understanding this dark speech, and looking one on the other; at length Mr. Secretary boldly asked her what she meant by those words, that *no rascal should succeed her.* Whereto she replied, that *her meaning was, that a king should succeed: and who,* quoth she, *should that be but our cousin of Scotland?*

"They asked her whether that were her absolute resolution? whereto she answered, *I pray you trouble me no more; for I will have none but him.* With which answer they departed.

"Notwithstanding, after again, about four o'clock in the afternoon the next day, being Wednesday, after the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other divines, had been with her, and left her in a manner speechless, the three lords aforesaid repaired unto her again, asking her if she remained in her former resolution, and who should succeed her? but not being able to speak, was asked by Mr. Secretary in this sort, 'We beseech your majesty, if you remain in your former resolution, and that you would have the king of Scots to succeed you in your kingdom, show some sign unto us: whereat, *suddenly heaving herself upwards in her bed, and putting her arms out of bed, she held her hands jointly over her head in manner of a crown;* whence, as they guessed, she signified that she did not only wish him the kingdom, but desire continuance of his estate: after which they departed, and the next morning she died. Immediately after her death, all the lords, as well of the council as other noblemen that were at the court, came from Richmond to Whitehall by six o'clock in the morning, where other noblemen that were in

London met them. Touching the succession, after some speeches of divers competitors and matters of state, at length the admiral rehearsed all the aforesaid premises which the late queen had spoken to him, and to the lord keeper, and Mr. Secretary (Cecil), with the manner thereof; which they being asked, did affirm to be true, upon their HONOUR."

Such is this singular document of secret history. I cannot but value it as authentic, because the one part is evidently alluded to by Camden, and the other is fully confirmed by Cary; and besides this, the remarkable expression of "rascal" is found in the letter of the French ambassador. There were two interviews with the queen, and Cary appears only to have noticed the last on Wednesday, when the queen lay speechless. Elizabeth all her life had persevered in an obstinate mysteriousness respecting the succession, and it harassed her latest moments. The second interview of her ministers may seem to us quite supernumerary; but Cary's "putting her hand to her head," too meanly describes the "joining her hands in manner of a crown."

JAMES THE FIRST, AS A FATHER AND A HUSBAND.

CALUMNIES and sarcasms have reduced the character of James the First to contempt among general readers; while historians, who have to relate facts in spite of themselves, are in perpetual contradiction with their own opinions. Perhaps no sovereign has suffered more by that art, which is described by an old Irish proverb, of "killing a man by lies." The surmises and the insinuations of one party, dissatisfied with the established government in church and state, and the misconceptions of more modern writers, who have not possessed the requisite knowledge, aided by anonymous libels, sent forth at a particular period to vilify the Stuarts, the philosopher cannot treasure up as the authorities of history. It is at least more honourable to resist popular prejudice than to yield to it a passive obedience; and what we can ascertain, it would be a dereliction of truth to conceal. Much can be substantiated in favour of the domestic af-

fections and habits of this pacific monarch; and those who are more intimately acquainted with the secret history of the times will perceive how erroneously the personal character of this sovereign is exhibited in our popular historians, and often even among the few, who, with better information, have re-echoed these preconceived opinions.

Confining myself here to his domestic character, I shall not touch on the many admirable public projects of this monarch, which have extorted the praise, and even the admiration, of some who have not spared their pens in his disparagement. James the First has been taxed with pusillanimity and foolishness; this monarch cannot, however, be reproached with having engendered them! All his children, in whose education their father was so deeply concerned, sustained through life a dignified character, and a high spirit. The short life of Henry was passed in a school of prowess, and amidst an academy of literature. Of the king's paternal solicitude, even to the hand and the letter-writing of Prince Henry when young, I have preserved a proof in

the article of "The History of Writing-masters." Charles the First, in his youth more particularly designed for a studious life, with a serious character, was, however, never deficient in active bravery, and magnanimous fortitude. Of Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, tried as she was by such vicissitudes of fortune, it is much to be regretted that her interesting story remains untold; her buoyant spirits rose always above the perpetual changes, of a princely to a private state—a queen to an exile! The father of such children derives some distinction for capacity, in having reared such a noble offspring; and the king's marked attention to the formation of the minds of his children was such as to have been pointed out by Ben Jonson, who, in his "Gipsies Metamorphosed," rightly said of James, using his native term,—

> "You are an honest, good man, and have care of YOUR BEARNS" (bairns).

Among the flouts and gibes so freely bespattering the personal character of James the First, is one of his coldness and neglect of his queen. It would, however, be difficult to prove by any

known fact, that James was not as indulgent a husband, as he was a father. Yet even a writer so well informed as Daines Barrington, who, as a lawyer, could not refrain from lauding the royal sage during his visit to Denmark, on his marriage, for having borrowed three statutes from the Danish code, found the king's name so provocative of sarcasm, that he could not forbear observing, that James "spent more time in those courts of judicature than in *attending upon his destined consort.*"—"Men of all sorts have taken a pride to gird at me," might this monarch have exclaimed. But every thing has two handles, saith the ancient adage. Had an austere puritan chosen to observe that James the First, when abroad, had lived jovially; and had this historian then dropped silently the interesting circumstance of the king's "spending his time in the Danish courts of judicature," the fact would have borne him out in his reproof; and Francis Osborne, indeed, has censured James for giving marks of his *uxoriousness!* There was no deficient gallantry in the conduct of James the First to his queen; the very circumstance, that

when the Princess of Denmark was driven by a storm back to Norway, the king resolved to hasten to the princess, and consummate his marriage in Denmark, was itself as romantic an expedition as afterwards was that of his son's into Spain, and betrays no mark of that tame pusillanimity with which he stands overcharged.

The character of the queen of James the First is somewhat obscure in our public history, for she makes no prominent figure there; while in secret history she is more apparent. Anne of Denmark was a spirited and enterprising woman; and it appears from a passage in Sully, whose authority should weigh with us, although we ought to recollect that it is the French minister who writes, that she seems to have raised a court faction against James, and inclined to favour the Spanish and catholic interests; yet it may be alleged as a strong proof of James's political wisdom, that the queen was never suffered to head a formidable party, though she latterly might have engaged Prince Henry in that court-opposition. The *bon-hommie* of the king, on this subject, expressed with a simplicity of style,

which, though it may not be royal, is something better, appears in a letter to the queen, which has been preserved in the appendix to Sir David Dalrymple's collections. It is without date, but written when in Scotland to quiet the queen's suspicions, that the Earl of Mar, who had the care of Prince Henry, and whom she wished to take out of his hands, had insinuated to the king that her majesty was strongly disposed to any "popish or Spanish course." This letter confirms the representation of Sully; but the extract is remarkable for the manly simplicity of style which the king used.

"I say over again, leave these froward womanly apprehensions, for I thank God, I carry that love and respect unto you, which, by the law of God and nature, I ought to do to my wife, and mother of my children; but not for that ye are a king's daughter; for whether ye were a king's daughter, or a cook's daughter, ye must be all alike to me, since my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear you is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker

of my honour, as of my other fortunes. I beseech you excuse my plainness in this, for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me (that is not pertinent). God is my witness, I ever preferred you to (for) my bairns, much more than to a subject."

In an ingenious historical dissertation, but one perfectly theoretical, respecting that mysterious transaction the Gowrie conspiracy, Mr. Pinkerton has attempted to show that Anne of Denmark was a lady somewhat inclined to intrigue, and that "the king had cause to be jealous." He confesses that "he cannot discover any positive charge of adultery against Anne of Denmark, but merely of coquetry*." To what these accusations amount it would be difficult to say. The progeny of James the First sufficiently bespeak their family resemblance. If it be true, that "the king had ever reason to be jealous," and yet that no single criminal act of the queen's

* This historical dissertation is appended to the first volume of Mr. Malcolm Laing's "History of Scotland," who thinks that "it has placed that obscure transaction in its genuine light."

has been recorded, it must be confessed that one or both of the parties were singularly discreet and decent; for the king never complained, and the queen was never accused, if we except this burthen of an old Scottish ballad,

> O the bonny Earl of Murray,
> He was the queen's love.

Whatever may have happened in Scotland, the queen in England appears to have lived occupied chiefly by the amusements of the court, and not to have interfered with the *arcana* of state. She appears to have indulged a passion for the elegancies and splendours of the age, as they were shown in those gorgeous court masques with which the taste of James harmonised, either from his gallantry for the queen or his own poetic sympathy. But this taste for court masques could not escape the slur and scandal of the puritanic, and these "high-flying fancies" are thus recorded by honest Arthur Wilson, whom we summon into court as an indubitable witness of the mutual cordiality of this royal couple. In the spirit of his party, and like Milton, he censures the taste, but likes it. He says, "The court

being a continued *maskarado*, where she (the queen) and her ladies, like so many sea-nymphs or Nereides, appeared often in various dresses to the ravishment of the beholders; the king himself not being a little delighted with such fluent elegancies as made the night more glorious than the day." This is a direct proof that James was by no means cold or negligent in his attentions to his queen; and the letter which has been given is the picture of his mind. That James the First was fondly indulgent to his queen, and could perform an act of chivalric gallantry with all the generosity of passion, and the ingenuity of an elegant mind, a pleasing anecdote which I have discovered in an unpublished letter of the day will show. I give it in the words of the writer.

August, 1613.

"At their last, being at Theobalds, about a fortnight ago, the queen, shooting at a deer, mistook her mark, and killed *Jewel*, the king's most principal and special hound; at which he stormed exceedingly awhile; but after he knew who did it, he was soon pacified, and with much

kindness wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse: and the next day sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds, as *a legacy from his dead dog*. Love and kindness increase daily between them."

Such is the history of a contemporary living at court, very opposite to that representation of coldness and neglect with which the king's temper has been so freely aspersed; and such too is the true portrait of JAMES the First in domestic life. His first sensations were thoughtless and impetuous; and he would ungracefully thunder out an oath, which a puritan would set down in his "tables," while he omitted to note that this king's forgiveness and forgetfulness of personal injuries was sure to follow the heat of their impression!

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

Mr. Maurice, in his animated memoirs, has recently acquainted us with a fact which may be deemed important in the life of a literary man. He tells us, "We have been just informed that Sir William Jones *invariably* read through every year the works of Cicero, whose life indeed was the great exemplar of his own." The same passion for the works of Cicero has been participated by others. When the best means of forming a good style were inquired of the learned Arnauld, he advised the daily study of Cicero; but it was observed that the object was not to form a Latin but a French style: "In that case," replied Arnauld, "you must still read Cicero."

A predilection for some great author, among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention, seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste: accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our favourite, we may possibly resemble him in this intimacy. It is to be feared, that if we do not form such a

permanent attachment, we may be acquiring knowledge, while our enervated taste becomes less and less lively. Taste embalms the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author, will always be found to be a formidable antagonist; he has saturated his mind with the excellencies of genius; he has shaped his faculties insensibly to himself by his model, and he is like a man who even sleeps in armour, ready at a moment! The old Latin proverb reminds us of this fact, *Cave ab homine unius libri:* be cautious of the man of one book.

Pliny and Seneca give very safe advice on reading; that we should read much, but not many books—but they had no "monthly lists of new publications!" Since their days others have favoured us with "Methods of Study," and "Catalogues of Books to be read." Vain attempts to circumscribe that invisible circle of human knowledge which is perpetually enlarging itself! The multiplicity of books is an evil for the many; for we now find an *helluo librorum,* not only among the learned, but, with their pardon, among the

unlearned; for those who, even to the prejudice of their health, persist only in reading the incessant book-novelties of our own time, will after many years acquire a sort of learned ignorance. We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read, rather than not to read them: such an art is practicable. But amidst this vast multitude still let us be "the man of one book," and preserve an uninterrupted intercourse with that great author with whose mode of thinking we sympathise, and whose charms of composition we can habitually retain.

It is remarkable that every great writer appears to have a predilection for some favourite author; and, with Alexander, had they possessed a golden casket, would have enshrined the works they so constantly turned over. Demosthenes felt such delight in the history of Thucydides, that to obtain a familiar and perfect mastery of his style, he re-copied his history eight times; while Brutus not only was in a constant perusal of Polybius even amidst the most busy periods of his life, but was abridging a copy of that author on the last awful night of his existence,

when on the following day he was to try his fate against Antony and Octavius. Selim the Second had the Commentaries of Cæsar translated for his use; and it is recorded that his military ardour was heightened by the perusal. We are told that Scipio Africanus was made a hero by the writings of Xenophon. When Clarendon was employed in writing his history, he was in a constant study of Livy and Tacitus, to acquire the full and flowing style of the one, and the portrait-painting of the other: he records this circumstance in a letter. Voltaire had usually on his table the *Athalie* of Racine, and the *Petit Careme* of Massillon; the tragedies of the one were the finest model of French verse, the sermons of the other of French prose. "Were I obliged to sell my library," exclaimed Diderot, "I would keep back Moses, Homer, and Richardson;" and by the *eloge* which this enthusiastic writer composed on our English novelist, it is doubtful, had the Frenchman been obliged to have lost two of them, whether Richardson had not been the elected favourite. Monsieur Thomas, a French writer, who at times displays high elo-

quence and profound thinking, Herault de Sechelles tells us, studied chiefly one author, but that author was Cicero; and never went into the country unaccompanied by some of his works. Fenelon was constantly employed on his Homer; he left a translation of the greater part of the Odyssey, without any design of publication, but merely as an exercise for style. Montesquieu was a constant student of Tacitus, of whom he must be considered a forcible imitator. He has, in the manner of Tacitus, characterised Tacitus: "That historian," he says, "who abridged every thing, because he saw every thing." The famous Bourdaloue re-perused every year Saint Paul, Saint Chrysostom, and Cicero. "These," says a French critic, "were the sources of his masculine and solid eloquence. Grotius had such a taste for Lucan, that he always carried a pocket edition about him, and has been seen to kiss his hand-book with the rapture of a true votary. If this anecdote be true, the elevated sentiments of the stern Roman were probably the attraction with the Batavian republican. The diversified reading of Leibnitz is well known; but he still

attached himself to one or two favourites: Virgil was always in his hand when at leisure, and Leibnitz had read Virgil so often, that even in his old age he could repeat whole books by heart; and Barclay's Argenis was his model for prose. When he was found dead in his chair, the Argenis had fallen from his hands. Quevedo was so passionately fond of the Don Quixote of Cervantes, that often in reading that unrivalled work he felt an impulse to burn his own inferior compositions: to be a sincere admirer and a hopeless rival is a case of authorship the hardest imaginable. Few writers can venture to anticipate the award of posterity; yet perhaps Quevedo had not even been what he was without the perpetual excitement he received from his great master. Horace was the friend of his heart to Malherbe; he laid the Roman poet on his pillow, took him in the fields, and called his Horace his breviary. Plutarch, Montaigne, and Locke, were the three authors constantly in the hands of Rousseau, and he has drawn from them the groundwork of his ideas in his Emilie. The favourite author of the great Earl of Chatham was Barrow; on his style

he had formed his eloquence, and had read his great master so constantly, as to be able to repeat his elaborate sermons from memory. The great Lord Burleigh always carried Tully's Offices in his pocket; and Davila was the perpetual study of Hampden: he seemed to have discovered in that historian of civil wars those which he anticipated in the land of his fathers.

These facts sufficiently illustrate the recorded circumstance of Sir William Jones's invariable habit of reading his Cicero through every year; and exemplify the happy result for him, who, amidst the multiplicity of his authors, still continues in this way to be "the man of one book."

A BIBLIOGNOSTE.

A STARTLING literary prophecy, recently sent forth from our oracular literature, threatens the annihilation of PUBLIC LIBRARIES, which are one day to moulder away!

Listen to the vaticinator! "As conservatories of mental treasures, their value in times of darkness and barbarity was incalculable; and even in these happier days, when men are incited to explore new regions of thought, they command respect, as depôts of methodical and well-ordered references for the researches of the curious. But what in one state of society is invaluable, may at another be worthless; and the progress which the world has made within a very few centuries has considerably reduced the estimation which is due to such establishments. We will say more—*" more than enough to terrify the bibliographical reader with the idea of striking into dust "the god of his idolatry," the Dagon of his

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxiv.—384.

devotion, and viewing this blind Samson pulling down the pillars of his temple!

This future universal inundation of books, this superfluity of knowledge, in billions and trillions, overwhelms the imagination! It is now about four hundred years that the art of multiplying books has been discovered; and an arithmetician has attempted to calculate the incalculable of these four ages of typography, which he discovers have actually produced 3,641,960 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning only each impression to consist of three hundred copies, which is too little, the actual amount from the presses of Europe will give to 1816—32,776,400 volumes! each of which being an inch thick, if placed on a line, would cover 6069 leagues! We are, however, indebted to the patriotic endeavours of our grocers and trunkmakers, alchemists of literature! they annihilate the gross bodies without injuring the finer spirits. We are still more indebted to that neglected race, the BIBLIOGRAPHERS!

The science of books, for so BIBLIOGRAPHY is sometimes dignified, may deserve the gratitude of

a public, who are yet insensible of the useful zeal of those book-practitioners, the nature of whose labours is yet so imperfectly comprehended. One would, however, like to know who is this vaticinator of the uselessness of public libraries. Is he a *bibliognoste*, or a *bibliographe*, or a *bibliomane*, or a *bibliophile*, or a *bibliotaphe?* A *bibliothecaire*, or a *bibliopole*, the prophet cannot be; for the *bibliothecaire* is too delightfully busied among his shelves, and the *bibliopole* is too profitably concerned in furnishing perpetual additions, to admit of this hyperbolical terror of annihilation!

We have unawares dropped into that professional jargon which was chiefly forged by one who, though seated in "the scorner's chair," was the Thaumaturgus of books and manuscripts. The abbé De la Rive had acquired a singular taste and curiosity, not without a fermenting dash of singular *charlatanerie*, in bibliography: the little volumes he occasionally put forth are things which but few hands have touched. He knew well, that for some books to be noised about, they should not be read: this was one of

those recondite mysteries of his, which we may have occasion farther to reveal. This bibliographical hero was librarian to the most magnificent of book-collectors, the Duke de la Valliere. De la Rive was a strong but ungovernable brute, rabid, surly, but *tres mordant.* His master, whom I have discovered to have been the partner of the cur's tricks, would often pat him; and when the *bibliognostes* and the *bibliomanes* were in the heat of contest, let his "bull-dog" loose among them, as the duke affectionately called his librarian. The "bull-dog" of bibliography appears, too, to have had the taste and appetite of the tiger of politics, but he hardly lived to join the festival of the guillotine. I judge of this by an expression he used to one complaining of his parish priest, whom he advised to give "une messe dans sa ventre!" He had tried to exhaust his genius in *La Chasse aux Bibliographes et aux Antiquaires mal avisés,* and acted Cain with his brothers! All Europe was to receive from him new ideas concerning books and manuscripts. Yet all his mighty promises fumed away in projects; and though he appeared for ever correcting the blunders of others,

this French Ritson left enough of his own to afford them a choice of revenge.

De la Rive was one of those men of letters, of whom there are not a few, who pass all their lives in preparations. Mr. Dibdin, since the above was written, has witnessed the confusion of the mind, and the gigantic industry, of our *bibliognoste*, which consisted of many trunks full of *memoranda*. The description will show the reader to what hard hunting these book-hunters voluntarily doom themselves, with little hope of obtaining fame! "In one trunk were about *six thousand* notices of MSS. of all ages. In another were wedged about *twelve thousand* descriptions of books in all languages, except those of French and Italian; sometimes with critical notes. In a third trunk was a bundle of papers relating to the *History of the Troubadours*. In a fourth was a collection of memoranda and literary sketches connected with the invention of arts and sciences, with pieces exclusively bibliographical. A fifth trunk contained between *two* and *three thousand* cards, written upon each side, respecting a collection of prints. In a sixth trunk were contained his

papers respecting earthquakes, volcanoes, and geographical subjects." This *Ajax flagellifer* of the bibliographical tribe, who was, as Mr. Dibdin observes, "the terror of his acquaintance, and the pride of his patron," is said to have been in private a very different man from his public character: all which may be true, without altering a shade of that public character. The French revolution showed how men, mild and even kind in domestic life, were sanguinary and ferocious in their public.

The rabid De la Rive gloried in terrifying, without enlightening his rivals; he exulted that he was devoting to "the rods of criticism and the laughter of Europe the *bibliopoles*," or dealers in books, who would not get by heart his "Catechism" of a thousand and one questions and answers: it broke the slumbers of honest De Bure, who had found that life was already too short for his own "Bibliographie Instructive."

De la Rive had contrived to catch the shades of the appellatives necessary to discriminate book-amateurs; and of the first term he is acknowledged to be the inventor.

A *bibliognoste*, from the Greek, is one knowing in title-pages and colophons, and in editions; the place and year when printed; the presses whence issued; and all the *minutiæ* of a book.

A *bibliographe* is a describer of books and other literary arrangements.

A *bibliomane* is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained, and purse-heavy!

A *bibliophile*, the lover of books, is the only one in the class who appears to read them for his own pleasure.

A *bibliotaphe* buries his books, by keeping them under lock, or framing them in glass-cases.

I shall catch our *bibliognoste* in the hour of book-rapture! It will produce a collection of bibliographical writers, and show to the second-sighted Edinburgher what human contrivances have been raised by the art of more painful writers than himself—either to postpone the day of universal annihilation, or to preserve for our posterity three centuries hence, the knowledge which now so busily occupies us, and to transmit to them something more than what Bacon calls "Inventories" of our literary treasures.

"Histories, and literary *bibliotheques* (or bibliothecas), will always present to us," says La Rive, "an immense harvest of errors, till the authors of such catalogues shall be fully impressed by the importance of their art; and, as it were, reading in the most distant ages of the future the literary good and evil which they may produce, force a triumph from the pure devotion to truth, in spite of all the disgusts which their professional tasks involve; still patiently enduring the heavy chains which bind down those who give themselves up to this pursuit, with a passion which resembles heroism.

"The catalogues of *bibliotheques fixes* (or critical, historical, and classified accounts of writers) have engendered that enormous swarm of bibliographical errors, which have spread their roots, in greater or less quantities, in all our bibliographers." He has here furnished a long list, which I shall preserve in the note *.

* Gesner — Simler — Bellarmin — L'Abbe — Mabillon—Montfaucon—Moreri—Bayle—Baillet—Niceron — Dupin — Cave — Warton — Casimir Oudin — Le Long—Goujet—Wolfius—John Albert Fabricius—

The list, though curious, is by no means complete. Such are the men of whom DE LA RIVE speaks with more respect than his accustomed courtesy. "If such," says he, "cannot escape from errors, who shall? I have only marked them out to prove the importance of bibliographical history. A writer of this sort must occupy himself with more regard for his reputation than his own profit, and yield himself up entirely to the study of books."

The mere knowledge of books, which has been called an erudition of title-pages, may be sufficient to occupy the life of some; and while the wits and "the million" are ridiculing these hunters of editions, who force their passage through secluded spots, as well as course in the open fields, it will be found that this art of book-knowledge may turn

ARGELATI—TIRABOSCHI—NICHOLAS ANTONIO—WALCHIUS—STRUVIUS—BRUCKER—SCHEUCHZER—LINNÆUS—SEGUIER—HALLER—ADAMSON—MANGET—KESTNER—ELOY—DOUGLAS—WEIDLER—HAILBRONNER—MONTUCLA—LALANDE—BAILLY—QUADRIO—MORKOFF—STOLLIUS—FUNCCIUS—SCHELHORN—ENGELS—BEYER—GERDESIUS—VOGTS FREYTAG—DAVID CLEMENT—CHEVILLIER—MAITTAIRE—ORLANDI—PROSPER MARCHAND—SCHOEPLIN—DE BOZE—Abbé SALLIER—and DE SAINT LEGER.

out to be a very philosophical pursuit, and that men of great name have devoted themselves to labours, more frequently contemned than comprehended. Apostolo ZENO, a poet, a critic, and a true man of letters, considered it as no small portion of his glory, to have annotated FONTANINI, who, himself an eminent prelate, had passed his life in forming his *Bibliotheca Italiana*. ZENO did not consider that to correct errors and to enrich by information this catalogue of Italian writers was a mean task. The enthusiasm of the Abbé Rive considered bibliography as a sublime pursuit, exclaiming on Zeno's Commentary on Fontanini—"He chained together the knowledge of whole generations for posterity, and he read in future ages."

There are few things by which we can so well trace the history of the human mind as by a classed catalogue, with dates of the first publication of books; even the relative prices of books at different periods, their decline and then their rise, and again their fall, form a chapter in this history of the human mind; we become critics even by this literary chronology, and this

appraisement of auctioneers. The favourite book of every age is a certain picture of the people. The gradual depreciation of a great author marks a change in knowledge or in taste.

But it is imagined that we are not interested in the history of indifferent writers, and scarcely in that of the secondary ones. If none but great originals should claim our attention, in the course of two thousand years we should not count twenty authors! Every book, whatever be its character, may be considered as a new experiment made by the human understanding; and as a book is a sort of individual representation, not a solitary volume exists but may be personified, and described as a human being. Hints start discoveries: they are usually found in very different authors who could go no further; and the historian of obscure books is often preserving for men of genius indications of knowledge, which, without his intervention, we should not possess! Many secrets we discover in bibliography. Great writers, unskilled in this science of books, have frequently used defective editions, as Hume did the castrated Whitelocke; or like Robertson,

they are ignorant of even the sources of the knowledge they would give the public; or they compose on a subject which too late they discover had been anticipated. Bibliography will show what has been done, and suggest to our invention what is wanted. Many have often protracted their journey in a road which had already been worn out by the wheels which had traversed it: bibliography unrolls the whole map of the country we purpose travelling over—the post-roads, and the by-paths.

Every half century, indeed, the obstructions multiply; and the Edinburgh prediction, should it approximate to the event it has foreseen, may more reasonably terrify a far distant posterity. Mazzuchelli declared after his laborious researches in Italian literature, that one of his more recent predecessors, who had commenced a similar work, had collected notices of forty thousand writers—and yet, he adds, my work must increase that number to ten thousand more! Mazzuchelli said this in 1753; and the amount of half a century must now be added, for the presses of Italy have not been inactive. But the litera-

ture of Germany, of France, and of England, has exceeded the multiplicity of the productions of Italy, and an appalling population of authors swarm before the imagination. Hail then the peaceful spirit of the literary historian, which trims the sepulchral lamps of the human mind! Hail to the literary Reaumur, who makes even the minute interesting, and, provided his glasses be true, will open to us the world of insects! These are guardian spirits, who at the close of every century standing on its ascent, trace out the old roads we had pursued, and with a lighter line indicate the new ones which are opening, from the imperfect attempts, and even the errors of our predecessors!

SECRET HISTORY OF AN ELECTIVE MONARCHY.

A POLITICAL SKETCH.

POLAND, once a potent and magnificent kingdom, when it sunk into an elective monarchy, became "venal thrice an age." That country must have exhibited many a diplomatic scene of intricate intrigue, which although they could not appear in its public, have no doubt been often consigned to its secret history. With us the corruption of a rotten borough has sometimes exposed the guarded proffer of one party, and the dexterous chaffering of the other: but a master-piece of diplomatic finesse and political invention, electioneering viewed on the most magnificent scale, with a kingdom to canvass for votes, and a crown to be won and lost, or lost and won in the course of a single day, exhibits a political drama, which, for the honour and happiness of mankind, is of rare and strange occurrence. There was one scene in this drama, which might appear somewhat too large for an ordinary theatre; the actors

apparently were not less than fifty to a hundred thousand; twelve vast tents were raised on an extensive plain, a hundred thousand horses were in the environs—and palatines and castellans, the ecclesiastical orders, with the ambassadors of the royal competitors, all agitated by the ceaseless motion of different factions during the six weeks of the election, and of many preceding months of preconcerted measures and vacillating opinions, now were all solemnly assembled at the diet.—Once the poet, amidst his gigantic conception of a scene, resolved to leave it out;

> "So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain—
> Then build a new, or *act it in a plain!*"

exclaimed "La Mancha's knight," kindling at a scene so novel and so vast!

Such an electioneering negotiation, the only one I am acquainted with, is opened in the "Discours" of Choisnin, the secretary of Montluc, bishop of Valence, the confidential agent of Catharine de Medicis, and who was sent to intrigue at the Polish diet, to obtain the crown of Poland for her son the Duke of Anjou, after-

wards Henry II. This bold enterprise at the first seemed hopeless, and in its progress encountered growing obstructions; but Montluc was one of the most finished diplomatists the genius of the Gallic cabinet ever sent forth. He was nick-named in all the courts of Europe, from the circumstance of his limping, "le Boiteux;" our political bishop was in cabinet intrigues the Talleyrand of his age, and sixteen embassies in Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and Constantinople, had made this "Connoisseur en hommes" an extraordinary politician!

Catharine de Medicis was infatuated with the dreams of judicial astrology: her pensioned oracles had declared that she should live to see each of her sons crowned, by which prediction probably they had only purposed to flatter her pride and her love of dominion. They, however, ended in terrifying the credulous queen; and she dreading to witness a disputed throne in France, among fratricides, anxiously sought for a separate crown for her three sons. She had been trifled with in her earnest negotiations with our Elizabeth; twice had she seen herself baffled in her views in

the Dukes of Alençon and of Anjou. Catharine then projected a new empire for Anjou, by incorporating into one kingdom Algiers, Corsica, and Sardinia; but the other despot, he of Constantinople, Selim II., dissipated this brilliant speculation of our female Machiavel. Charles IX. was sickly, jealous, and desirous of removing from the court the Duke of Anjou, whom two victories had made popular, though he afterwards sunk into a Sardanapalus. Montluc penetrated into the secret wishes of Catharine and Charles, and suggested to them the possibility that the diadem of Poland might encircle the brows of Anjou, the Polish monarch being in a state of visible decline. The project was approved; and like a profound politician, the bishop prepared for an event which might be remote, and always problematical, by sending into Poland a natural son of his, Balagny, as a disguised agent; his youth, his humble rank, and his love of pleasure, would not create any alarm among the neighbouring powers, who were alike on the watch to snatch the expected spoil; but as it was necessary to have a more dexterous politician

behind the curtain, he recommended his secretary Choisnin as a travelling tutor to a youth who appeared to want one.

Balagny proceeded to Poland, where, under the veil of dissipation, and in the midst of splendid festivities, with his trusty adjutant, this harebrained boy of revelry began to weave those intrigues which were afterwards to be knotted, or untied, by Montluc himself. He had contrived to be so little suspected, that the agent of the emperor had often disclosed important secrets to his young and amiable friend. On the death of Sigismond Augustus, Balagny, leaving Choisnin behind to trumpet forth the virtues of Anjou, hastened to Paris to give an account of all which he had seen or heard. But poor Choisnin found himself in a dilemma among those who had so long listened to his panegyrics on the humanity and meekness of character of the Duke of Anjou; for the news of St. Bartholomew's massacre had travelled faster than the post; and Choisnin complains that he was now treated as an impudent liar, and the French prince as a monster. In vain he assured them that the whole

was an exaggerated account, a mere insurrection of the people, or the effects of a few private enmities, praying the indignant Poles to suspend their decision till the bishop came: "Attendez le Boiteux!" cried he, in agony.

Meanwhile, at Paris, the choice of a proper person for this embassy had been difficult to settle. It was a business of intrigue, more than of form, and required an orator to make speeches and addresses in a sort of popular assembly; for though the people, indeed, had no concern in the Diet, yet the greater and the lesser nobles and gentlemen, all electors, were reckoned at one hundred thousand. It was supposed, that a lawyer who could negotiate in good Latin, and one, as the French proverb runs, who could *aller et parler*, would more effectually puzzle their heads, and satisfy their consciences to vote for his client. Catharine at last fixed on Montluc himself, from the superstitious prejudice, which, however, in this case accorded with philosophical experience, that "Montluc had ever been *lucky* in his negotiations."

Montluc hastened his departure from Paris;

and it appears that our political bishop had, by his skilful penetration into the French cabinet, foreseen the horrible catastrophe which occurred very shortly after he had left it; for he had warned the Count of Rochefoucault to absent himself; but this lord, like so many others, had no suspicions of the perfidious projects of Catharine and her cabinet. Montluc, however, had not long been on his journey, ere the news reached him, and it occasioned innumerable obstacles in his progress, which even his sagacity had not calculated on. At Strasburgh he had appointed to meet with some able coadjutors, among whom was the famous Joseph Scaliger; but they were so terrified by *les Matinés Parisiennes*, that Scaliger flew to Geneva, and would not budge out of that safe corner: and the others ran home, not imagining that Montluc would venture to pass through Germany, where the protestant indignation had made the roads too hot for a catholic bishop. But Montluc had set his cast on the die. He had already passed through several hair-breadth escapes from the stratagems of the Guise

faction, who more than once attempted to hang or drown the bishop, whom they cried out was a Calvinist; the fears and jealousies of the Guises had been roused by this political mission. Among all these troubles and delays, Montluc was most affected by the rumour that the election was on the point of being made, and that the plague was universal throughout Poland; so that he must have felt that he might be too late for the one, and too early for the other.

At last Montluc arrived, and found that the whole weight of this negotiation was to fall on his single shoulders; and further, that he was to sleep every night on a pillow of thorns. Our bishop had not only to allay the ferment of the popular spirit of the evangelists, as the protestants were then called, but even of the more rational catholics of Poland. He had also to face those haughty and feudal lords, of whom each considered himself the equal of the sovereign whom he created, and whose avowed principle was, and many were incorrupt, that their choice of a sovereign should be regulated solely by the public interest; and it was hardly to be ex-

pected that the emperor, the czar, and the King of Sweden, would prove unsuccessful rivals to the cruel, and voluptuous, and bigoted Duke of Anjou, whose political interests were too remote and novel to have raised any faction among these independent Poles.

The crafty politician had the art of dressing himself up in all the winning charms of candour and loyalty; a sweet flow of honied words melted on his lips, while his heart, cold and immovable as a rock, stood unchanged amidst the most unforeseen difficulties.

The emperor had set to work the Abbé Cyre in a sort of ambiguous character, an envoy for the nonce, to be acknowledged or disavowed as was convenient, and by his activity he obtained considerable influence among the Lithuanians, the Wallachians, and nearly all Prussia, in favour of the Arch-duke Ernest. Two Bohemians, who had the advantage of speaking the Polish language, had arrived with a state and magnificence as if they had come as kings rather than as ambassadors. The Moscovite had written letters full of golden promises to the nobility,

and was supported by a palatine of high character; a perpetual peace between two such great neighbours was too inviting a project not to find advocates; and this party, Choisnin observes, appeared at first the most to be feared. The King of Sweden was a close neighbour who had married the sister of their late sovereign, and his son urged his family claims as superior to those of foreigners. Among these parties was a patriotic one, who were desirous of a Pole for their monarch; a king of their father-land, speaking their mother-tongue, one who would not strike at the independence of his country, but preserve its integrity from the stranger. This popular party was even agreeable to several of the foreign powers themselves, who did not like to see a rival power strengthening itself by so strict an union with Poland; but in the choice of a sovereign from among themselves, there were at least thirty lords who equally thought that they were the proper wood of which kings might be carved out. The Poles therefore could not agree on the Pole who deserved to be a *Piaste;* an endearing title for a

native monarch, which originated in the name of the family of the *Piastis*, who had reigned happily over the Polish people for the space of five centuries! The remembrance of their virtues existed in the minds of the honest Poles in this affectionate title, and their party were called the *Piastis*.

Montluc had been deprived of the assistance he had depended on from many able persons, whom the massacre of St. Bartholomew had frightened away from every French political connexion. He found that he had himself only to depend on. We are told that he was not provided with the usual means which are considered most efficient in elections, nor possessed the interest nor the splendour of his powerful competitors: he was to derive all his resources from diplomatic finesse. The various ambassadors had fixed and distant residences, that they might not hold too close an intercourse with the Polish nobles. Of all things, he was desirous to obtain an easy access to these chiefs, that he might observe, and that they might listen. He who would seduce by his own ingenuity must come in

contact with the object he would corrupt. Yet Montluc persisted in not approaching them without being sought after, which answered his purpose at the end. One favourite argument which our Talleyrand had set afloat, was to show that all the benefits which the different competitors had promised to the Poles were accompanied by other circumstances which could not fail to be ruinous to the country; while the offer of his master, whose interests were remote, could not be adverse to those of the Polish nation: so that much good might be expected from him, without any fear of accompanying evil. Montluc procured a clever Frenchman to be the bearer of his first despatch, in Latin, to the diet; which had hardly assembled ere suspicions and jealousies were already breaking out. The emperor's ambassadors had offended the pride of the Polish nobles by travelling about the country without leave, and resorting to the infanta; and besides, in some intercepted letters the Polish nation was designated as *gens barbara et gens inepta*. "I do not think that the said letter was really written by the said ambassadors, who were

statesmen too politic to employ such unguarded language," very ingenuously writes the secretary of Montluc. However, it was a blow levelled at the imperial ambassadors; while the letter of the French bishop, composed "in a humble and modest style," began to melt their proud spirits, and two thousand copies of the French bishop's letter were eagerly spread.

"But this good fortune did not last more than four-and-twenty hours," mournfully writes our honest secretary; "for suddenly the news of the fatal day of St. Bartholomew arrived, and every Frenchman was detested."

Montluc, in this distress, published an apology for *les matinés Parisiennes*, which he reduced to some excesses of the people, the result of a conspiracy plotted by the protestants; and he adroitly introduced as a personage his master Anjou, declaring that "he scorned to oppress a party whom he had so often conquered with sword in hand." This pamphlet, which still exists, must have cost the good bishop some invention; but in elections the lie of the moment serves a purpose; and although Montluc was

in due time bitterly recriminated on, still the apology served to divide public opinion.

Montluc was a whole cabinet to himself: he dispersed another tract in the character of a Polish gentleman, in which the French interests were urged by such arguments, that the leading chiefs never met without disputing; and Montluc now found that he had succeeded in creating a French party. The Austrian then employed a real Polish gentleman to write for his party; but this was too genuine a production, for the writer wrote too much in earnest; and in politics we must not be in a passion.

The mutual jealousies of each party assisted the views of our negotiator; they would side with him against each other. The archduke and the czar opposed the Turk; the Moscovite could not endure that Sweden should be aggrandised by this new crown; and Denmark was still more uneasy. Montluc had discovered how every party had its vulnerable point, by which it could be managed. The cards had now got fairly shuffled, and he depended on his usual good play.

Our bishop got hold of a palatine to write for the French cause in the vernacular tongue; and appears to have held a more mysterious intercourse with another palatine, Albert Lasky. Mutual accusations were made in the open diet; the Poles accused some Lithuanian lords of having contracted certain engagements with the Czar; these in return accused the Poles, and particularly this Lasky, with being corrupted by the gold of France. Another circumstance afterwards arose; the Spanish ambassador had forty thousand *thalers* sent to him, but which never passed the frontiers, as this fresh supply arrived too late for the election. "I believe," writes our secretary with great simplicity, "that this money was only designed to distribute among the trumpeters and the tabourines." The usual expedient in contested elections was now evidently introduced; our secretary acknowledging that Montluc daily acquired new supporters, because he did not attempt to gain them over *merely by promises*—resting his whole cause on this argument, that the interest of the nation was concerned in the French election.

Still would ill fortune cross our crafty politician when every thing was proceeding smoothly. The massacre was refreshed with more damning particulars; some letters were forged, and others were but too true: all parties, with rival intrepidity, were carrying on a complete scene of deception. A rumour spread that the French king disavowed his accredited agent, and apologised to the emperor for having yielded to the importunities of a political speculator, whom he was now resolved to recall. This somewhat paralysed the exertions of those palatines who had involved themselves in the intrigues of Montluc, who was now forced patiently to wait for the arrival of a courier with renewed testimonials of his diplomatic character from the French court. A great odium was cast on the French in the course of this negotiation by a distribution of prints, which exposed the most inventive cruelties practised by the catholics on the reformed; such as women cleaved in half, in the act of attempting to snatch their children from their butchers; while Charles the Ninth, and the Duke of Anjou, were hideously represented in their persons, and

as spectators of such horrid tragedies, with words written in labels, complaining that the executioners were not zealous enough in this holy work. These prints, accompanied by libels and by horrid narratives, inflamed the popular indignation, and more particularly the women, who were affected to tears, as if these horrid scenes had been passing before their eyes.

Montluc replied to the libels as fast as they appeared, while he skilfully introduced the most elaborate panegyrics on the Duke of Anjou; and in return for the caricatures, he distributed two portraits of the king and the duke, to show the ladies, if not the diet, that neither of these princes had such ferocious and inhuman faces. Such are the small means by which the politician condescends to work his great designs; and the very means by which his enemies thought they should ruin his cause, Montluc adroitly turned to his own advantage. Any thing of instant occurrence serves electioneering purposes, and Montluc eagerly seized this favourable occasion to exhaust his imagination on an ideal sovereign, and to hazard, with address, anecdotes, whose authen-

ticity he could never have proved, till he perplexed even unwilling minds to be uncertain whether that intolerant and inhuman duke was not the most heroic and most merciful of princes. It is probable that the Frenchman abused even the licence of the French *eloge*, for a noble Pole told Montluc that he was always amplifying his duke with such ideal greatness, and attributing to him such immaculate purity of sentiment, that it was inferred there was no man in Poland who could possibly equal him; and that his declaration, that the duke was not desirous of reigning over Poland to possess the wealth and the grandeur of the kingdom, and that he was solely ambitious of the honour to be the head of such a great and virtuous nobility, had offended many lords, who did not believe that the duke sought the Polish crown *merely* to be the sovereign of a virtuous people.

These Polish statesmen appear, indeed, to have been more enlightened than the subtle politician perhaps calculated on; for when Montluc was over anxious to exculpate the Duke of Anjou from having been an actor in the Parisian massacre, a

noble Pole observed, "That he need not lose his time at framing any apologies; for if he could prove that it was the interest of the country that the duke ought to be elected their king, it was all that was required. His cruelty, were it true, would be no reason to prevent his election, for we have nothing to dread from it: once in our kingdom, he will have more reason to fear us than we him, should he ever attempt our lives, our property, or our liberty."

Another Polish lord, whose scruples were as pious as his patriotism was suspicious, however observed that, in his conferences with the French bishop, the bishop had never once mentioned God, whom all parties ought to implore to touch the hearts of the electors in their choice of God's "anointed." Montluc might have felt himself unexpectedly embarrassed at the religious scruples of this lord, but the politician was never at a fault. "Speaking to a man of letters, as his lordship was," replied the French bishop, "it was not for him to remind his lordship what he so well knew; but since he had touched on the subject, he would, however, say, that were a sick

man desirous of having a physician, the friend who undertook to procure one would not do his duty should he say it was necessary to call in one whom God had chosen to restore his health; but another who should say that the most learned and skilful is him whom God has chosen, would be doing the best for the patient, and evince most judgment. By a parity of reason we must believe that God will not send an angel to point out the man whom he would have his anointed; sufficient for us that God has given us a knowledge of the requisities of a good king; and if the Polish gentlemen choose such a sovereign, it will be him whom God has chosen." This shrewd argument delighted the Polish lord, who repeated the story in different companies, to the honour of the bishop. "And in this manner," adds the secretary with great *naïveté*, "did the *sieur*, strengthened by good arguments, divulge his opinions, which were received by many, and run from hand to hand."

Montluc had his inferior manœuvres. He had to equipoise the opposite interests of the Catholics and the Evangelists, or the Reformed: it was

mingling fire and water without suffering them to hiss, or to extinguish one another. When the imperial ambassadors gave *fêtes* to the higher nobility only, they consequently offended the lesser. The Frenchman gave no banquets, but his house was open to all at all times, who were equally welcome. "You will see that the *fêtes* of the imperialists will do them more harm than good," observed Montluc to his secretary.

Having gained over by every possible contrivance a number of the Polish nobles, and showered his courtesies on those of the inferior orders, at length the critical moment approached, and the finishing hand was to be put to the work. Poland, with the appearance of a popular government, was a singular aristocracy of a hundred thousand electors, consisting of the higher and the lower nobility, and the gentry; the people had no concern with the government. Yet still it was to be treated by the politician as a popular government, where those who possessed the greatest influence over such large assemblies were orators, and he who delivered himself with the utmost fluency, and the most pertinent argu-

ments, would infallibly bend every heart to the point he wished. The French bishop depended greatly on the effect which his oration was to produce when the ambassadors were respectively to be heard before the assembled diet; the great and concluding act of so many tedious and difficult negotiations—"which had cost my master," writes the ingenuous secretary, "six months daily and nightly labours; he had never been assisted or comforted by any but his poor servants; and in the course of these six months had written ten reams of paper, a thing which for forty years he had not used himself to."

Every ambassador was now to deliver an oration before the assembled electors, and thirty-two copies were to be printed to present one to each palatine, who, in his turn, was to communicate it to his lords. But a fresh difficulty occurred to the French negotiator; as he trusted greatly to his address influencing the multitude, and creating a popular opinion in his favour, he regretted to find that the imperial ambassador would deliver his speech in the Bohemian language, so that he would be understood by the

greater part of the assembly; a considerable advantage over Montluc, who could only address them in Latin. The inventive genius of the French bishop resolved on two things which had never before been practised; first, to have his Latin translated into the vernacular idiom; and secondly, to print an edition of fifteen hundred copies in both languages, and thus to obtain a vast advantage over the other ambassadors with their thirty-two manuscript copies, of which each copy was used to be read to 1200 persons. The great difficulty was to get it secretly translated and printed. This fell to the management of Choisnin, the secretary. He set off to the castle of the palatine, Solikotski, who was deep in the French interest; Solikotski despatched the version in six days. Hastening with the precious MS. to Cracow, Choisnin flew to a trusty printer, with whom he was connected; the sheets were deposited every night at Choisnin's lodgings, and at the end of the fortnight, the diligent secretary conducted the 1500 copies in secret triumph to Warsaw.

Yet this glorious labour was not ended!

Montluc was in no haste to deliver his wonder-working oration, on which the fate of a crown seemed to depend. When his turn came to be heard, he suddenly fell sick; for the fact was, that he wished to speak last, which would give him the advantage of replying to any objection raised by his rivals, and admit also of an attack on their weak points. He contrived to obtain copies of their harangues, and discovered five points which struck at the French interest. Our poor bishop had now to sit up through the night to re-write five leaves of his printed oration, and cancel five which had been printed; and worse! he had to get them by heart, and to have them translated and inserted, by employing twenty scribes day and night. "It is scarcely credible what my master went through about this time," saith the historian of his "gestes."

The council or diet was held in a vast plain. Twelve pavilions were raised to receive the Polish nobility and the ambassadors. One of a circular form was supported by a single mast, and was large enough to contain 6000 persons, without any one approaching the mast nearer than by

twenty steps, leaving this space void to preserve silence; the different orders were placed around; the archbishop and the bishops, the palatines, the castellans, each according to their rank. During the six weeks of the sittings of the diet, 100,000 horses were in the environs, yet forage and every sort of provisions abounded. There were no disturbances, not a single quarrel occurred, although there wanted not in that meeting for enmities of long standing. It was strange, and even awful, to view such a mighty assembly preserving the greatest order, and every one seriously intent on this solemn occasion.

At length the elaborate oration was delivered; it lasted three hours, and Choisnin assures us not a single auditor felt weary. "A cry of joy broke out from the tent, and was re-echoed through the plain, when Monthu ceased: it was a public acclamation; and had the election been fixed for that moment, when all hearts were warm, surely the duke had been chosen without a dissenting voice." Thus writes, in rapture, the ingenuous secretary; and in the spirit of the times communicates a delightful augury attending this

speech, by which evidently was foreseen its happy termination. "Those who disdain all things will take this to be a mere invention of mine," says honest Choisnin; "but true it is, that while the said *sieur* delivered his harangue, a lark was seen all the while upon the mast of the pavilion, singing and warbling, which was remarked by a great number of lords, because the lark is accustomed only to rest itself on the earth: the most impartial confessed this to be a good augury*. Also it was observed, that when the other ambassadors were speaking, a hare, and at another time a hog, ran through the tent; and when the Swedish ambassador spoke, the great tent fell half way down. This lark singing all the while, did no little good to our cause; for many of the nobles and gentry noted this curious particularity, because when a thing which does not commonly happen occurs in a public affair, such appearances give rise to hopes either of good or of evil."

* Our honest secretary reminds me of a passage in Geoffroy of Monmouth, who says, "at this place an *eagle spoke* while the wall of the town was building; and, indeed, I should not have failed *transmitting the speech to posterity*, had I thought it *true* as the rest of the history."

The singing of this lark in favour of the Duke of Anjou is not so evident, as the cunning trick of the other French agent, the political bishop of Valence, who now reaped the full advantage of his 1500 copies over the thirty-two of his rivals. Every one had the French one in hand, or read it to his friends; while the others, in manuscript, were confined to a very narrow circle.

The period from the 10th of April to the 6th of May, when they proceeded to the election, proved to be an interval of infinite perplexities, troubles, and activity: it is probable that the secret history of this period of the negotiations was never written. The other ambassadors were for protracting the election, perceiving the French interest prevalent: but delay would not serve the purpose of Montluc, he not being so well provided with friends and means on the spot as the others were. The public opinion which he ha[illegible] succeeded in creating, by some unforeseen ci[illegible] cumstance might change.

During this interval, the bishop had to p[illegible] several agents of the other parties *hors de comb*[illegible]

He got rid of a formidable adversary in the cardinal Commendon, an agent of the pope's, whom he proved ought not to be present at the election, and the cardinal was ordered to take his departure. A bullying colonel was set upon the French negotiator, and went about from tent to tent with a list of the debts of the Duke of Anjou, to show that the nation could expect nothing profitable from a ruined spendthrift. The page of a Polish count flew to Montluc for protection, entreating permision to accompany the bishop on his return to Paris. The servants of the count pursued the page; but this young gentleman had so insinuated himself into the favour of the bishop, that he was suffered to remain. The next day the page desired Montluc would grant him the full liberty of his religion, being an evangelist, that he might communicate this to his friends, and thus fix them to the French party. Montluc was too penetrating for this young political agent, whom he discovered to be a spy, and the pursuit of his fellows to have been a farce: he sent the page back to his master, the evangelical count, observing, that

such tricks were too gross to be played on one who had managed affairs in all the courts of Europe before he came into Poland.

Another alarm was raised by a letter from the grand vizier of Selim II., addressed to the diet, in which he requested that they would either choose a king from among themselves, or elect the brother of the king of France. Some zealous Frenchman at the Sublime Porte had officiously procured this recommendation from the enemy of Christianity; but an alliance with Mahometanism did no service to Montluc, either with the catholics or the evangelists. The bishop was in despair, and thought that his handy-work of six months' toil and trouble was to be shook into pieces in an hour. Montluc being shown the letter, instantly insisted that it was a forgery, designed to injure his master the duke. The letter was attended by some suspicious circumstances; and the French bishop, quick at expedients, snatched at an advantage which the politician knows how to lay hold of in the chapter of accidents. "The letter was not sealed with the golden seal, nor enclosed in a silken purse

or cloth of gold; and farther, if they examined the translation," he said, "they would find that it was not written on Turkish paper." This was a piece of the *sieur's* good fortune, for the letter was not forged; but owing to the circumstance that the boyar of Wallachia had taken out the letter, to send a translation with it which the vizier had omitted, it arrived without its usual accompaniments; and the courier, when inquired after, was kept out of the way: so that, in a few days, nothing more was heard of the great vizier's letter. "Such was our fortunate escape," says the secretary, "from the friendly but fatal interference of the sultan, than which the *sieur* dreaded nothing so much."

Many secret agents of the different powers were spinning their dark intrigues; and often, when discovered or disconcerted, the creatures were again at their "dirty work." These agents were conveniently disavowed or acknowledged by their employers. The abbé Cyre was an active agent of the emperor's, and though not publicly accredited, was still hovering about. In Lithuania he had contrived matters so well as to have

gained over that important province for the archduke; and was passing through Prussia to hasten to communicate with the emperor, but "some honest men," *quelques bons personages*, says the French secretary, and, no doubt, some good friends of his master, "took him by surprise, and laid him up safely in the castle of Mariemburgh, where truly he was a little uncivilly used by the soldiers, who rifled his portmanteau and sent us his papers, when we discovered all his foul practices." The emperor, it seems, was angry at the arrest of his secret agent; but as no one had the power of releasing the abbé Cyre at that moment, what with receiving remonstrances and furnishing replies, the time passed away, and a very troublesome adversary was in safe custody during the election. The dissensions between the catholics and the evangelists were always on the point of breaking out; but Montluc succeeded in quieting these inveterate parties by terrifying their imaginations with sanguinary civil wars, and invasions of the Turks and the Tartars. He satisfied the catholics with the hope that time would put an

end to heresy, and the evangelists were glad to obtain a truce from persecution. The day before the election Montluc found himself so confident, that he despatched a courier to the French court, and expressed himself in the true style of a speculative politician, that *des douze tables du Damier nous en avions les Neufs assurés.*

There were preludes to the election; and the first was probably in acquiescence with a saturnalian humour prevalent in some countries, where the lower orders are only allowed to indulge their taste for the mockery of the great at stated times and on fixed occasions. A droll scene of a mock election, as well as combat, took place between the numerous Polish pages, who, saith the grave secretary, are still more mischievous than our own: these elected among themselves four competitors, made a senate to burlesque the diet, and went to loggerheads. Those who represented the archduke were well beaten, the Swede was hunted down, and for the *Piastis*, they seized on a cart belonging to a gentleman, laden with provisions, broke it to pieces, and burnt the axle-tree, which in that

country is called a *piasti*, and cried out *The piasti is burnt!* nor could the senators at the diet that day command any order or silence. The French party wore white handkerchiefs in their hats, and they were so numerous, as to defeat the others.

The next day however opened a different scene; "the nobles prepared to deliberate, and each palatine in his quarters was with his companions on their knees, and many with tears in their eyes chanting a hymn to the Holy Ghost: it must be confessed, that this looked like a work of God," says our secretary, who probably understood the manœuvring of the mock combat, or the mock prayers, much better than we may. Every thing tells at an election, burlesque or solemnity.

The election took place, and the Duke of Anjou was proclaimed king of Poland—but the troubles of Montluc did not terminate. When they presented certain articles for his signature, the bishop discovered that these had undergone material alterations from the proposals submitted to him before the proclamation; these alterations

referred to a disavowal of the Parisian massacre; the punishment of its authors, and toleration in religion. Montluc refused to sign, and cross-examined his Polish friends about the original proposals; one party agreed that some things had been changed, but that they were too trivial to lose a crown for; others declared that the alterations were necessary to allay the fears, or secure the safety of the people. Our Gallic diplomatist was outwitted, and after all his intrigues and cunning, he found that the crown of Poland was only to be delivered on conditional terms.

In this dilemma, with a crown depending on a stroke of his pen,—remonstrating, entreating, arguing, and still delaying, like Pistol swallowing his onion, he witnessed with alarm some preparations for a new election, and his rivals on the watch with their protests. Montluc, in despair, signed the conditions—"assured, however," says the secretary, who groans over this *finale*, "that when the elected monarch should arrive, the states would easily be induced to correct them, and place things in *statu quo*, as before the proclamation. I was not a witness, being then

despatched to Paris with the joyful news, but I heard that the *sieur evesque* it was thought would have died in this agony, of being reduced to the hard necessity either to sign, or to lose the fruits of his labours. The conditions were afterwards for a long while disputed in France." De Thou informs us in lib. lvii. of his history, that Montluc after signing these conditions wrote to his master, that he was not bound by them, because they did not concern Poland in general, and that they had compelled him to sign, what at the same time he had informed them his instructions did not authorise. Such was the true Jesuistic conduct of a gray-haired politician, who at length found, that honest plain sense could embarrass and finally entrap the creature of the cabinet, the artificial genius of diplomatic finesse.

The secretary, however, views nothing but his master's glory in the issue of this most difficult negotiation; and the triumph of Anjou over the youthful archduke, whom the Poles might have moulded to their will, and over the King of Sweden, who claimed the crown by his queen's

side, and had offered to unite his part of Livonia with that which the Poles possessed. He labours hard to prove that the palatines and the castellans were not *praticqués*, i. e. their votes bought up by Montluc, as was reported; from their number and their opposite interests, he confesses that the *sieur evesque* slept little, while in Poland, and that he only gained over the hearts of men by that natural gift of God, which acquired him the title of *the happy ambassador*. He rather seems to regret that France was not prodigal of her purchase-money, than to affirm that all palatines were alike scrupulous of their honour.

One more fact may close this political sketch; a lesson of the nature of court gratitude! The French court affected to receive Choisnin with favour, but their suppressed discontent was reserved for "the happy ambassador!" Affairs had changed; Charles IX. was dying, and Catharine de Medicis in despair for a son, to whom she had sacrificed all; while Anjou, already immersed in the wantonness of youth and pleasure, considered his elevation to the throne of Poland as an exile which separated him from his depraved

enjoyments. Montluc was rewarded only by incurring disgrace; Catharine de Medicis and the Duke of Anjou now looked coldly on him, and expressed their dislike of his successful mission. "The mother of kings," as Choisnin designates Catharine of Medicis, to whom he addresses his Memoirs, with the hope of awakening her recollections of the zeal, the genius, and the success of his old master, had no longer any use for her favourite; and Montluc found, as the commentator of Choisnin expresses in few words, an important truth in political morality, that "at court the interest of the moment is the measure of its affections and its hatreds*."

* I have drawn up this article, for the curiosity of its subject and its details, from the "Discours au vray de tout ce qui s'est fait et passé pour l'entière negociation de l'election du Roi de Pologne, divisés en trois livres par Jehan Choisnin de Chatelleraud, nagueres secretaire de M. l'Evesque de Valence, 1574."

BUILDINGS IN THE METROPOLIS, AND RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

RECENTLY more than one of our learned judges from the bench perhaps astonished their auditors by impressing them with an old-fashioned notion of residing more on their estates than the fashionable modes of life, and the *esprit de societé*, now overpowering all other *esprit*, will ever admit. These opinions excited my attention to this curious circumstance in the history of our manners—the great anxiety of our government, from the days of Elizabeth till much later than those of Charles II., to preserve the kingdom from the evils of an overgrown metropolis. The people themselves indeed participated in the same alarm at the growth of the city; while, however, they themselves were perpetuating the grievance which they complained of.

It is amusing to observe, that although the government was frequently employing even their most forcible acts to restrict the limits of the metropolis, the suburbs were gradually incor-

porating with the city, and Westminster at length united itself to London. Since that happy marriage, their fertile progenies have so blended together, that little Londons are no longer distinguishable from the ancient parent; we have succeeded in spreading the capital into a county, and have verified the prediction of James the First, that "England will shortly be London, and London England."

"I think it a great object," said Justice Best, in delivering his sentiments in favour of the Game Laws, "that gentlemen should have a temptation *to reside in the country, amongst their neighbours and tenantry, whose interests must be materially advanced by such a circumstance.* The links of society are thereby better preserved, and *the mutual advantages and dependence of the higher and lower classes* on one another are better maintained. The baneful effects of our present system we have lately seen in a neighbouring county, and an ingenious French writer has lately shown the ill consequences of it on the Continent*."

* Morning Chronicle, January 23, 1820.

These sentiments of a living luminary of the Law afford some reason of policy for the dread which our government long entertained on account of the perpetual growth of the metropolis; the nation, like an hypochondriac, was ludicrously terrified that their head was too monstrous for their body, and that it drew all the moisture of life from the middle and the extremities. Proclamations warned and exhorted; but the very interference of a royal prohibition seemed to render the crowded city more charming. In vain the statute against new buildings was passed by Elizabeth; in vain during the reigns of James the First, and both the Charleses, we find proclamations continually issuing to forbid new erections.

James was apt to throw out his opinions in these frequent addresses to the people, who never attended to them: his majesty notices "those swarms of gentry, who through the instigation of their wives, or to new-model and fashion their daughters, (who if they were unmarried, marred their reputations, and if married, lost them), did neglect their country hospitality, and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom."—He

addressed the star-chamber to regulate "the exorbitancy of the new buildings about the city, which were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, lacqueys, and fine clothes like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses like Italians; but the honour of the English nobility and gentry is to be hospitable among their tenants." Once conversing on this subject, the monarch threw out that happy illustration, which has been more than once noticed, that "Gentlemen resident on their estates were like ships in port; their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged; but when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated."

A manuscript writer of the times complains of the breaking up of old family establishments, all crowding to "upstart London,"—"Every one strives to be a Diogenes in his house, and an emperor in the streets; not caring if they sleep in a tub, so they may be hurried in a coach: giving that allowance to horses and mares, that formerly maintained houses full of men; pinching many a belly to paint a few backs, and

burying all the treasures of the kingdom into a few citizens' coffers; their woods into wardrobes, their leases into laces, and their goods and chattels into guarded coats and gaudy toys." Such is the representation of an eloquent contemporary; and however contracted to his own age might be his knowledge of the principles of political economy, and of that prosperity which a wealthy nation is said to derive from its consumption of articles of luxury, the moral effects have not altered, nor has the scene in reality greatly changed.

The government not only frequently forbade new buildings within ten miles of London, but sometimes ordered them to be pulled down—after they had been erected for several years. Every six or seven years proclamations were issued. In Charles the First's reign, offenders were sharply prosecuted by a combined operation, not only against *houses*, but against *persons**. Many of the nobility and gentry, in 1632, were informed against for having resided in the city, contrary to

* Rushworth, vol. ii. p. 288.

the late proclamation. And the attorney-general was then fully occupied in filing bills of indictment against them, as well as ladies, for staying in town. The following curious "information" in the Star-chamber will serve our purpose.

The attorney-general informs his majesty, that both Elizabeth and James, by several proclamations, had commanded that "persons of livelihood and means should reside in their countries, and not abide or sojourn in the city of London, so that countries remained unserved." These proclamations were renewed by Charles the First, who had observed "a greater number of nobility and gentry, and abler sort of people, with their families, had resorted to the cities of London and Westminster, residing there, contrary to the ancient usage of the English nation"—"by their abiding in their several counties where their means arise, they would not only have served his majesty according to their ranks, but by their *housekeeping in those parts the meaner sort of people formerly were guided, directed, and relieved.*" He accuses them of wasting their estates in the metropolis, which would employ and relieve the

common people in their several counties. The loose and disorderly people that follow them, living in and about the cities, are so numerous, that they are not easily governed by the ordinary magistrates: mendicants increase in great number—the prices of all commodities are highly raised, &c. The king had formerly proclaimed that all ranks who were not connected with public offices, at the close of forty days' notice, should resort to their several counties, and with their families continue their residence there. And his majesty further warned them "Not to put themselves to unnecessary charge in providing themselves to return in winter to the said cities, as it was the king's firm resolution to withstand such great and growing evil." The information concludes with a most copious list of offenders, among whom are a great number of nobility, and ladies and gentlemen, who were accused of having lived in London for several months after the given warning of forty days. It appears that most of them, to elude the grasp of the law, had contrived to make a show of quitting the metropolis, and, after a short absence,

had again returned; "and thus the service of *your majesty* and *your people* in the several countries have been neglected and undone."

Such is the substance of this curious information, which enables us, at least, to collect the ostensible motives of this singular prohibition. Proclamations had hitherto been considered little more than the news of the morning, and three days afterwards were as much read as the last week's newspapers. They were now, however, resolved to stretch forth the strong arm of law, and to terrify by an example. The constables were commanded to bring in a list of the names of strangers, and the time they proposed to fix their residence in their parishes. A remarkable victim on this occasion was a Mr. Palmer, a Sussex gentleman, who was brought, *ore tenus*, into the star-chamber for disobeying the proclamation for living in the country. Palmer was a squire of a £1000 per annum, then a considerable income. He appears to have been some rich bachelor; for in his defence he alleged that he had never been married, never was a housekeeper, and had no house fitting for a man

of his birth to reside in, as his mansion in the country had been burnt down within two years. These reasons appeared to his judges to aggravate rather than extenuate his offence; and after a long reprimand for having deserted his tenants and neighbours, they heavily fined him in one thousand pounds*.

The condemnation of this Sussex gentleman struck a terror through a wide circle of sojourners in the metropolis. I find accounts, pathetic enough, of their "packing away on all sides for fear of the worst;" and gentlemen "grumbling that they should be confined to their houses:" and this was sometimes backed too by a second proclamation, respecting "their wives and families, and also widows," which was "*durus sermo* to the women. It is nothing pleasing to all," says the letter writer, "but least of all to the women." "To encourage gentlemen to live more willingly in the country," says another letter-writer, "all game-fowl, as pheasants, partridges, ducks, as also hares, are this day by proclamation forbidden

* From a manuscript letter from Sir George Gresley to Sir Thomas Puckering, Nov. 1632.

to be dressed or eaten in any inn." Here we discover the argument realised in favour of the game-laws of Mr. Justice Best.

It is evident this severe restriction must have produced great inconvenience to certain persons who found a residence in London necessary for their pursuits. This appears from the manuscript diary of an honest antiquary, Sir Symond D'Ewes: he has preserved an opinion which, no doubt, was spreading fast, that such prosecutions of the attorney-general were a violation of the liberty of the subject. "Most men wondered at Mr. Noy, the attorney-general, being accounted a great lawyer, that so strictly *took away men's liberties at one blow, confining them to reside at their own houses*, and not permitting them freedom to live where they pleased within the king's dominions. I was myself a little startled upon the first coming out of the proclamation; but having first spoken with the Lord Coventry, lord keeper of the great seal, at Islington, when I visited him; and afterwards with Sir William Jones, one of the king's justices of the bench, about my condition and residence at the said town of Islington, and they

both agreeing that I was not within the letter of the proclamation, nor the intention of it neither, I rested satisfied, and thought myself secure, laying in all my provisions for housekeeping for the year ensuing, and never imagined myself to be in danger, till this unexpected censure of Mr. Palmer passed in the star-chamber; so, having advised with my friends, I resolved for a remove, being much troubled not only with my separation from recordes, but with my wife, being great with child, fearing a winter journey might be dangerous for her*." He left Islington and the records in the Tower to return to his country-seat, to the great disturbance of his studies.

It is, perhaps, difficult to assign the cause of this marked anxiety of the government for the severe restriction of the limits of the metropolis, and the prosecution of the nobility and gentry to compel a residence on their estates. Whatever were the motives, they were not peculiar to the existing sovereign, but remained transmitted from cabinet to cabinet, and were even renewed under Charles

* Harl. MSS. 6. fo. 152.

the Second. At a time when the plague often broke out, a close and growing metropolis might have been considered to be a great evil; a terror expressed by the manuscript writer before quoted, complaining of "this deluge of building, that we shall be all poisoned with breathing in one another's faces." The police of the metropolis was long imbecile, notwithstanding their "strong watches and guards" set at times; and bodies of the idle and the refractory often assumed some mysterious title, and were with difficulty governed. We may conceive the state of the police, when "the London apprentices," growing in number and insolence, frequently made attempts on Bridewell, or pulled down houses. One day the citizens, in proving some ordnance, terrified the whole court of James the First with a panic, that there was "a rising in the city." It is possible that the government might have been induced to pursue this singular conduct, for I do not know that it can be paralleled, of pulling down new-built houses by some principle of political economy which remains to be explained, or ridiculed, by our modern adepts.

It would hardly be supposed that the present subject may be enlivened by a poem, the elegance and freedom of which may even now be admired. It is a great literary curiosity, and its length may be excused for several remarkable points.

AN ODE,

BY SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon Occasion of his Majesty's Proclamation in the Year 1630, *commanding the Gentry to reside upon their Estates in the Country.*

Now war is all the world about,
And every where Erynnis reigns;
Or of the torch so late put out
The stench remains.
Holland for many years hath been
Of christian tragedies the stage,
Yet seldom hath she play'd a scene
Of bloodier rage:
And France that was not long compos'd,
With civil drums again resounds,
And ere the old are fully clos'd,
Receives new wounds.
The great Gustavus in the west
Plucks the imperial eagle's wing,
Than whom the earth did ne'er invest
A fiercer king.
Only the island which we sow,
A world without the world, so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

White peace, the beautifull'st of things,
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spread her downy wings
Over the nest.
As when great Jove, usurping reign,
From the plagued world did her exile,
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest isle,
Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough,
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now;
Yet we, as if some foe were here,
Leave the despised fields to clowns,
And come to save ourselves, as 'twere,
In walled towns.
Hither we bring wives, babes, rich clothes,
And gems—till now my soveraign
The growing evil doth oppose:
Counting, in vain,
His care preserves us from annoy
Of enemies his realms to invade,
Unless he force us to enjoy
The peace he made,
To roll themselves in envied leisure;
He therefore sends the landed heirs,
Whilst he proclaims not his own pleasure
So much as their's.
The sap and blood of the land, which fled
Into the root, and chok'd the heart,
Are bid their quick'ning power to spread
Through every part.
O 'twas an act, not for my muse
To celebrate, nor the dull age,

Until the country air infuse
A purer rage.
And if the fields as thankful prove
For benefits receiv'd, as seed,
They will to 'quite so great a love
A Virgil breed.
Nor let the gentry grudge to go
Into those places whence they grew,
But think them blest they may do so.
Who would pursue
The smoky glory of the town,
That may go till his native earth,
And by the shining fire sit down
Of his own hearth,
Free from the griping scriveners' hands,
And the more biting mercers' books;
Free from the bait of oiled hands,
And painted looks?
The country too even chops for rain;
You that exhale it by your power,
Let the fat drops fall down again
In a full shower.
And you bright beauties of the time,
That waste yourselves here in a blaze,
Fix to your orb and proper clime
Your wandering rays.
Let no dark corner of the land
Be unembellish'd with one gem,
And those which here too thick do stand
Sprinkle on them.
Believe me, ladies, you will find
In that sweet life more solid joys,
More true contentment to the mind
Than all town-toys.

Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love,
Not feather'd with a sparrow's quill,
But of a dove.
There you shall hear the nightingale,
The harmless syren of the wood,
How prettily she tells a tale
Of rape and blood.
The lyric lark with all beside
Of Nature's feather'd quire, and all
The commonwealth of flowers in 'ts pride,
Behold you shall.
The lily queen, the royal rose,
The gillyflower, prince of the blood!
The courtier tulip, gay in clothes,
The regal bud;
The violet, purple senator,
How they do mock the pomp of state,
And all that at the surly door
Of great ones wait.
Plant trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your children, to be serv'd
To your clean boards, and the fairest fruit
To be preserv'd;
And learn to use their several gums;
'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
Of cherry, apricocks, and plums,
To be imbrued.

ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.

THE satires and the comedies of the age have been consulted by the historian of our manners, and the features of the times have been traced from those amusing records of folly. Daines Barrington enlarged this field of domestic history, in his very entertaining "Observations on the Statutes." Another source, which to me seems not to have been explored, is the PROCLAMATIONS which have frequently issued from our sovereigns, and were produced by the exigencies of the times.

These proclamations, or royal edicts, in our country were never armed with the force of laws —only as they enforce the execution of laws already established; and the proclamation of a British monarch may become even an illegal act, if it be in opposition to the laws of the land. Once, indeed, it was enacted, under the arbitrary government of Henry the Eighth, by the sanction of a pusillanimous parliament, to give to the

king's proclamations the force of acts of parliament; and at a much later period, the chancellor Lord Elsemere was willing to have advanced the king's proclamations into laws, on the sophistical maxim, that "all precedents had a time when they began;" but this chancellor argued ill, as he was told with spirit by Lord Coke, in the presence of James the First*, who probably did not think so ill of the chancellor's logic. Blackstone, who on this occasion I could not fail to turn to, observes, on the statute under Henry the Eighth, that it would have introduced the most despotic tyranny, and must have proved fatal to the liberties of this kingdom had it not been luckily repealed in the minority of his successor, whom he elsewhere calls an amiable prince—all our young princes, we discover, were amiable! Blackstone has not recorded the subsequent attempt of the Lord Chancellor under James the First, which tended to raise proclamations to the nature of an ukase of the autocrat of both the Russias. It seems that our national freedom, notwith-

* The whole story is in 12 Co. 746. I owe this curious fact to the author of Eunomus, ii. 116.

standing our ancient constitution, has had several narrow escapes.

Royal proclamations, however, in their own nature are innocent enough; for if the manner, time, and circumstances of putting laws in execution must frequently be left to the discretion of the executive magistrate, a proclamation that is not adverse to existing laws need not create any alarm: the only danger they incur is that they seem never to have been attended to, and rather testified the wishes of the government than the compliance of the subjects. They were not laws, and were therefore considered as sermons or pamphlets, or any thing forgotten in a week's time!

These proclamations are frequently alluded to by the letter-writers of the times, among the news of the day, but usually their royal virtue hardly kept them alive beyond the week. Some on important subjects are indeed noticed in our history. Many indications of the situation of affairs, the feelings of the people, and the domestic history of our nation, may be drawn from these singular records. I have never found them

to exist in any collected form, and they have been probably only accidentally preserved.

The proclamations of every sovereign would characterise his reign, and open to us some of the interior operations of the cabinet. The despotic will, yet vacillating conduct of HENRY the Eighth, towards the close of his reign, may be traced in a proclamation to abolish the translations of the scriptures, and even the reading of Bibles by the people; commanding all printers of English books and pamphlets to affix their names to them, and to forbid selling any English books printed abroad. When the people were not suffered to publish their opinions at home, all the opposition flew to foreign presses, and their writings were then smuggled into the country where they ought to have been printed. Hence many volumes printed in a foreign type at this period are found in our collections. The king shrunk in dismay from that spirit of reformation which had only been a party-business with him, and making himself a pope, decided that nothing should be learnt but what he himself deigned to teach!

The antipathies and jealousies, which our po-

pulace too long indulged by their incivilities to all foreigners, are characterised by a proclamation issued by MARY, commanding her subjects to behave themselves peaceably towards the strangers coming with King Philip; that noblemen and gentlemen should warn their servants to refrain from "strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance by mimicking them, &c." The punishment not only "her grace's displeasure, but to be committed to prison without bail or main-prise."

The proclamations of EDWARD the Sixth curiously exhibit the unsettled state of the reformation, where the rites and ceremonies of catholicism were still practised by the new religionists, while an opposite party, resolutely bent on an eternal separation from Rome, were avowing doctrines which afterwards consolidated themselves into puritanism, and others were hatching up that demoralizing fanaticism, which subsequently shocked the nation with those monstrous sects, the indelible disgrace of our country! In one proclamation the king denounces to the people "those who despise the sacrament by calling it

idol, or such other vile name." Another is against such "as innovate any ceremony," and who are described as "certain private preachers and other laiemen who rashly attempt of *their own and singular wit and mind*, not only to persuade the people from the old and accustomed rites and ceremonies, but also themselves bring in *new and strange orders according to their phantasies*. The which, as it is an evident token of pride and arrogancy, so it tendeth both to confusion and disorder." Another proclamation, to press "a godly conformity throughout his realm," where we learn the following curious fact, of "divers unlearned and indiscreet priests of a devilish mind and intent, teaching that a man may forsake his wife and marry another, his first wife yet living; likewise that the wife may do the same to the husband. Others that a man may have *two wives or more* at once, for that these things are not prohibited by God's law, but by the Bishop of Rome's law; so that by such evil and phantastical opinions some have not been afraid indeed to marry and keep *two wives*." Here, as in the bud, we may unfold those subsequent scenes of

our story, spread out in the following century; the non-conformists branching out into their various sects; and the indecent haste of our reformed priesthood, who, in their zeal to cast off the yoke of Rome, desperately submitted to the liberty of having "two wives or more!" There is a proclamation to abstain from flesh on Fridays and Saturdays; exhorted on the principle, not only that "men should abstain on those days, and forbear their pleasures and the meats wherein they have more delight, to the intent to subdue their bodies to the soul and spirit, but also for *worldly policy*. To use *fish* for the benefit of the commonwealth, and profit of many who be *fishers* and men using that trade, unto the which this realm, in every part environed with the seas, and so plentiful of fresh waters, be increased the nourishment of the land by saving flesh." It did not seem to occur to the king in council that the butchers might have had cause to petition against this monopoly of two days in the week granted to the fishmongers, and much less that it was better to let the people eat flesh or fish as suited their conveniency. In respect to the religious rite

itself, it was evidently not considered as an essential point of faith, since the king enforces it on the principle "for the profit and commodity of his realm." Burnet has made a just observation on religious fasts*.

A proclamation against excess of apparel, in the reign of ELIZABETH, and renewed many years after, shows the luxury of dress, which was indeed excessive: I shall shortly notice it in another article. A curious one against the *iconoclasts, or image-breakers and picture-destroyers,* for which the antiquary will hold her in high reverence. Her majesty informs us, that "several persons, ignorant, malicious, or covetous, of late years, have spoiled and broken ancient monuments, erected only *to show a memory to posterity,* and not to nourish any kind of *superstition.*" The queen laments, that what is broken and spoiled would be now hard to recover, but advises her good people to repair them; and commands them in future to desist from committing such injuries. A more extraordinary circumstance than the proclamation itself was the manifestation of her ma-

* History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 96, folio.

jesty's zeal, in subscribing her name with her own hand to every proclamation dispersed throughout England! First appeared these image-breakers in Elizabeth's reign; it was afterwards that they flourished in all the perfection of their handicraft, and have contrived that these monuments of art shall carry down to posterity the *memory of their* SHAME *and of their age.* These image-breakers, so famous in our history, had already appeared under Henry the Eighth, and continued their practical zeal, against all proclamations and remonstrances, still they accomplished their work. In 1641, an order was published by the commons, that they should "take away all scandalous pictures out of churches:" but more was intended than was expressed; and we are told, that the people did not at first carry their barbarous practice against all art, to the lengths they afterwards did, till they were instructed by *private information!* Dowsing's Journal has been published, and shows what the *order* meant. He was their giant-destroyer! Such are the Machiavelian secrets of revolutionary governments; they give a *public* order in moderate *words,* but

the *secret* one, for the *deeds*, is that of extermination! It was this sort of men who discharged their prisoners, by giving a secret sign to lead them to their execution!

The proclamations of JAMES the First, by their number, are said to have sunk their value with the people. He was fond of giving them gentle advice, and it is said by Wilson that there was an intention to have this king's printed proclamations bound up in a volume, that better notice might be taken of the matters contained in them. There is more than one to warn the people against "speaking too freely of matters above their reach," prohibiting all "undutiful speeches." I suspect that many of these proclamations are the composition of the king's own hand; he was often his own secretary. There is an admirable one against private duels and challenges. That curious one respecting Cowell's "Interpreter" is a sort of royal review of some of the arcana of state: I refer to the quotation*.

I will preserve a passage of a proclamation

* I have noticed it in Calamities of Authors, ii. 246.

"against excess of lavish and licentious speech." James was a king of words!

"Although the commixture of nations, confluence of ambassadors, and the relation which the affairs of our kingdoms have had towards the business and interests of foreign states, have caused, during our regiment (government), a greater openness and liberty of discourse, even concerning MATTERS OF STATE (which are *no themes or subjects fit for vulgar persons or common meetings)* than hath been in former times used or permitted; and although in our own nature and judgment we do well allow of *convenient freedom of speech,* esteeming any over-curious or restrained hands carried in that kind rather as a weakness, or else over-much severity of government than otherwise; yet for as much as it is come to our ears, by common report, that there is at this time a more licentious passage of *lavish discourse and bold censure in matters of state* than is fit to be suffered: We give this warning, &c. to take heed *how they intermeddle by pen or speech with causes of state and secrets of empire,* either at home or abroad, but contain themselves within that modest and reverent regard of matters above their reach and calling; nor to give any manner of applause to such discourse, without acquainting one of our privy council within the space of twenty-four hours."

It seems that "the bold speakers," as certain persons were then denominated, practised an old artifice of lauding his majesty, while they severely arraigned the counsels of the cabinet; on this JAMES observes, "Neither let any man mistake us so much as to think that by giving fair and

specious attributes to our person, they cover the scandals which they otherwise lay upon our government, but conceive that we make no other construction of them but as fine and artificial glosses, the better to give passage to the rest of their imputations and scandals."

This was a proclamation in the eighteenth year of his reign; he repeated it in the nineteenth, and he might have proceeded to "the crack of doom" with the same effect!

Rushworth, in his second volume of Historical Collections, has preserved a considerable number of the proclamations of CHARLES the First, of which many are remarkable; but latterly they mark the feverish state of his reign. One regulates access for cure of the king's evil—in which his majesty, it appears, "hath had good success therein;" but though ready and willing as any king or queen of this realm ever was to relieve the distresses of his good subjects, "his majesty commands to change the seasons for his 'sacred touch' from Easter and Whitsuntide to Easter and Michaelmas, as times more convenient for the temperature of the season," &c.

Another against "departure out of the realm without license." One to erect an office "for the suppression of cursing and swearing," to receive the forfeitures; against "libellous and seditious pamphlets and discourses from Scotland," framed by factious spirits, and republished in London—this was in 1640; and Charles, at the crisis of that great insurrection in which he was to be at once the actor and the spectator, fondly imagined that the possessors of these "scandalous" pamphlets would bring them, as he proclaimed, "to one of his majesty's justices of peace, to be by him sent to one of his principal secretaries of state!"

On the Restoration, CHARLES the Second had to court his people by his domestic regulations. He early issued a remarkable proclamation, which one would think reflected on his favourite companions, and strongly mark the moral disorders of those depraved and wretched times. It is against "vicious, debauched, and profane persons!" who are thus described.

"A sort of men of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed; who spend their time in taverns, tipling-houses and debauches; giving no *other evidence of their af-*

fection to us but in drinking our health, and inveighing against all others who are not of their own dissolute temper; and who, in truth, have *more discredited our cause*, by the license of their manners and lives, than they could ever advance it by their affection or courage. We hope all persons of honour, or in place and authority, will so far assist us in discountenancing such men, that their discretion and shame will persuade them to reform what their conscience would not; and that the displeasure of good men towards them may supply what the laws have not, and, it may be, cannot well provide against; there being by the licence and corruption of the times, and the depraved nature of man, many enormities, scandals, and impieties in practice and manners, which *laws cannot well describe, and consequently not enough provide against*, which may, by the example and severity of virtuous men, be easily discountenanced, and by degrees suppressed."

Surely the gravity and moral severity of Clarendon dictated this proclamation! which must have afforded some mirth to the gay, debauched circle, the loose cronies of royalty!

It is curious that in 1660 CHARLES the Second issued a long proclamation for the strict observance of Lent, and alleges for it the same reason as we found in Edward the Sixth's proclamation, "for the good it produces in the employment of *fishermen*." No ordinaries, taverns, &c. to make any supper *on Friday nights, either in Lent or out of Lent.*

CHARLES the Second issued proclamations "to repress the excess of gilding of coaches and chariots," to restrain the waste of gold, which, as they supposed, by the excessive use of gilding, had grown scarce. Against "the exportation and the buying and selling of gold and silver at higher rates than in our mint," alluding to a statute made in the ninth year of Edward the Third, called the Statute of Money. Against building in and about London and Westminster in 1661: "The inconveniences daily growing by increase of new buildings are, that the people increasing in such great numbers, are not well to be governed by the wonted officers; the prices of victuals are enhanced; the health of the subject inhabiting the cities much indangered, and many good towns and boroughs unpeopled, and in their trades much decayed—frequent fires occasioned by timber-buildings. It orders to build with brick and stone, which would beautify, and make an uniformity in the buildings; and which are not only more durable and safe against fire, but by experience are found to be of *little more if not less charge than the building with timber.*"

We must infer that by the general use of timber, it had considerably raised the cost, while brick and stone not then being generally used, became as cheap as wood!

The most remarkable proclamations of CHARLES the Second are those which concern the regulations of coffee-houses, and another for putting them down; to restrain the spreading of false news, and licentious talking of state and government, the speakers and the hearers were made alike punishable. This was highly resented as an illegal act by the friends of civil freedom; who, however, succeeded in obtaining the freedom of the coffee-houses, under the promise of not sanctioning treasonable speeches. It was urged by the court lawyers, as the high Tory, Roger North, tells us, that the retailing coffee might be an innocent trade, when not used in the nature of a common assembly to discourse of matters of state news and great persons, as a means "to discontent the people;" on the other side Kennet asserted that the discontents existed before they met at the coffee-houses, and that the proclamation was only intended to suppress an evil which

was not to be prevented. At this day we know which of those two historians exercised the truest judgment. It was not the coffee-houses which produced political feeling, but the reverse. Whenever government ascribes effects to a cause quite inadequate to produce them, they are only seeking means to hide the evil which they are too weak to suppress.

TRUE SOURCES OF SECRET HISTORY.

THIS is a subject which has been hitherto but imperfectly comprehended even by some historians themselves; and has too often incurred the satire, and even the contempt, of those volatile spirits who play about the superficies of truth, and want the industry to view it on more than one side; and those superficial readers who imagine that every tale is told when it is written!

SECRET HISTORY is the supplement of History itself, and its great corrector; and the combination of secret with public history has in itself a perfection, which each taken separately has not. The popular historian composes a plausible rather than an accurate tale; researches too fully detailed would injure the just proportions, or crowd the bold design of the elegant narrative; and facts, presented as they occurred, would not adapt themselves to those theoretical writers of history who arrange events not in a natural, but in a systematic order. But in secret history we are

more busied in seeing what passes than in being told of it. We are transformed into the contemporaries of the writers, while we are standing on "the 'vantage ground" of their posterity; and thus what to them appeared ambiguous, to us has become unquestionable; what was secret to them has been confided to us! They mark the beginnings, and we the ends! From the fulness of their accounts we recover much which had been lost to us in the general views of history, and it is by this more intimate acquaintance with persons and circumstances that we are enabled to correct the less distinct, and sometimes the fallacious appearances in the page of the popular historian. He who *only* views things in masses will have no distinct notion of any one particular; he may be a fanciful or a passionate historian, but he is not the historian who will enlighten while he charms.

But as secret history appears to deal in minute things, its connexion with great results is not usually suspected. The circumstantiality of its story, the changeable shadows of its characters, the redundance of its conversations, and many

careless superfluities which egotism or vanity may throw out, seem usually confounded with that small-talk familiarly termed *gossiping*. But the *gossiping* of a profound politician, or a vivacious observer, in one of their letters, or in their memoirs, often, by a spontaneous stroke, reveals the individual, or by a simple incident unriddles a mysterious event. We may discover the value of these pictures of human nature, with which secret history abounds, by an observation which occurred between two statesmen in office. Lord Raby, our ambassador, apologised to Lord Bolingbroke, then secretary of state, for troubling him with the minuter circumstances which occurred in his conferences; in reply, the minister requests the ambassador to continue the same manner of writing, and alleges an excellent reason. "Those *minute circumstances* give very great light to the general scope and design of the *persons* negotiated with. And I own that nothing pleases me more in that valuable collection of the Cardinal D'Ossat's letters, than the *naïve* descriptions which he gives of the looks, gestures, and even tones of voice, of the persons he conferred with."

I regret to have to record the opinions of another noble author, who recently has thrown out some degrading notions of secret history, and particularly of the historians. I would have silently passed by a vulgar writer, superficial, prejudiced, and uninformed; but as so many are yet deficient in correct notions of *secret history*, it is but justice that their representative should be heard before they are condemned.

His lordship says, that "Of late the appetite for *Remains* of all kinds has surprisingly increased. A story repeated by the Duchess of Portsmouth's waiting-woman to Lord Rochester's valet forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian; and you may hear of an assembly of scholars and authors discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour more than two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper. It is a matter of the greatest interest to see the *letters* of every busy trifler. Yet who does not laugh at such men?" This is the attack! but as if some half-sense and some half-

truths, like light through the cranny in a dark room just darted in a stream of atoms, this same scoffer of secret history reflects and concludes—"It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining; and here and there among the rubbish we find hints that may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better analysis of the human mind than a whole library of metaphysics!" The philosopher may well abhor all intercourse with wits! because the faculty of judgment is usually quiescent with them; in their orgasm they furiously decry what in their sober senses they as eagerly laud! Let me inform his lordship, that "the waiting-woman and the valet" of eminent persons are sometimes no unimportant personages in history. By the *Memoires de Mons. De la Porte, premier valet de chambre de Louis XIV*, we learn what before "the valet" wrote had not been known—the shameful arts which Mazarine allowed to be practised, to give a bad education to the prince, and to manage him by depraving his tastes. Madame De Motte-

ville in her Memoirs, "the waiting" lady of our Henrietta, has preserved for our own English history some facts which have been found so essential to the narrative, that they are referred to by our historians. Gui Joly, the humble dependant of Cardinal De Retz, we find an unconscious, but an useful commentator on the Memoirs of his master; and the most affecting personal anecdotes of Charles the First have been preserved by Herbert, his gentleman in waiting; as Clery, the valet of Louis XIV., with pathetic faithfulness has shown us the man, in the monarch whom he served!

Of SECRET HISTORY there are obviously two species; it is positive, or it is relative. It is positive, when the facts are first given to the world; a sort of knowledge which can only be drawn from our own personal experience, or from those contemporary documents preserved in their manuscript state in public or in private collections; or it is relative, in proportion to the knowledge of those to whom it is communicated, and will be more or less valued, according to the acquisitions of the reader; and this inferior

species of secret history is drawn from rare and obscure books and other published authorities, often as scarce as manuscripts.

Some experience I have had in those literary researches, where curiosity, ever-wakeful and vigilant, discovers among contemporary manuscripts new facts; illustrations of old ones; and sometimes detects, but not only by conjecture, the concealed causes of many events; often opens a scene in which some well-known personage is exhibited in a new character; and thus penetrating beyond those generalising representations which satisfy the superficial, and often cover the page of history with delusion and fiction.

It is only since the later institution of national libraries, that these immense collections of MANUSCRIPTS have been formed; with us they are an undescribable variety, usually classed under the vague title of "state-papers." The instructions of ambassadors, but more particularly their own despatches; charters and chronicles brown with antiquity, which preserved a world which had been else lost for us, like the one before the deluge; series upon series of private correspond-

ence, among which we discover the most confidential communications, designed by the writers to have been destroyed by the hand which received them; memoirs of individuals by themselves or by their friends, such as are now published by the pomp of vanity, or the faithlessness of their possessors; and the miscellaneous collections formed by all kinds of persons, characteristic of all countries and of all æras, materials for the history of man!—records of the force or of the feebleness of the human understanding, and still the monuments of their passions!

The original collectors of these dispersed manuscripts were a race of ingenuous men; silent benefactors of mankind, to whom justice has not yet been fully awarded; but in their fervour of accumulation, every thing in a manuscript state bore its spell; acquisition was the sole point aimed at by our early collectors, and to this these searching spirits sacrificed their fortunes, their ease, and their days; but life would have been too short to have decided on the intrinsic value of the manuscripts flowing in a stream to the collectors; and suppression, even of the disjointed reveries of madmen, or the

sensible madness of projectors, might have been indulging a capricious taste, or what has proved more injurious to historical pursuits, that party-feeling which has frequently annihilated the memorials of their adversaries *!

These manuscript collections now assume a formidable appearance; a toilsome march over these "Alps rising over Alps;" a voyage in "a sea without a shore!" has turned away most historians from their severer duties; those who have grasped at early celebrity have been satisfied to have given a new form to, rather than contributed to the new matter of history. The very sight of these masses of history has terrified some modern historians. When Pere Daniel undertook a history of France, the learned Boivin, the king's librarian, opened for his inspection an immense treasure of charters, and another of royal autograph letters, and another of private correspondence; treasures, reposing in fourteen hundred folios! The modern historian passed two hours impatiently looking over them, but frightened at another plunge into the gulf, this

* See what I have said "of Suppressors and Dilapidators of Manuscripts," Vol. I. 138.

Curtius of history would not immolate himself for his country! He wrote a civil letter to the librarian for his "supernumerary kindness," but insinuated that he could write a very readable history without any further aid of such *paperasses* or "paper-rubbish." Pere Daniel, therefore, "quietly sat down to his history," copying others—a compliment which was never returned by any one: but there was this striking novelty in his "readable history," that according to the accurate computation of Count Boulainvilliers, Pere Daniel's history of France contains ten thousand blunders! The same circumstance has been told me by a living historian of the late Gilbert Stuart; who, on some manuscript volumes of letters being pointed out to him when composing his history of Scotland, confessed that "what was already printed was more than he was able to read!" and thus much for his theoretical history, written to run counter to another theoretical history, being Stuart versus Robertson! They equally depend on the simplicity of their readers, charmed by their style! Another historian, Anquetil, the author of

L'Esprit de la Ligue, has described his embarrassment at an inspection of the contemporary manuscripts of that period. After thirteen years of researches to glean whatever secret history printed books afforded, the author, residing in the country, resolved to visit the royal library at Paris. Monsieur Melot receiving him with that kindness, which is one of the official duties of the public librarian towards the studious, opened the cabinets in which were deposited the treasures of French history.—"This is what you require! come here at all times, and you shall be attended!" said the librarian to the young historian, who stood by with a sort of shudder, while he opened cabinet after cabinet. The intrepid investigator repeated his visits, looking over the mass as chance directed, attacking one side, and then flying to another. The historian, who had felt no weariness during thirteen years among printed books, discovered that he was now engaged in a task, apparently always beginning, and never ending! The "Esprit de la Ligue" was however enriched by labours, which at the moment appeared so barren.

The study of these *paperasses* is not perhaps so disgusting as the impatient Pere Daniel imagined; there is a literary fascination in looking over the same papers which the great characters of history once held and wrote on; catching from themselves their secret sentiments; and often detecting so many of their unrecorded actions! By habit the toil becomes light; and with a keen inquisitive spirit, even delightful! For what is more delightful to the curious, than to make fresh discoveries every day? Addison has a true and pleasing observation on such pursuits. "Our employments are converted into amusements, so that even in those objects which were indifferent, or even displeasing to us, the mind not only gradually loses its aversion, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for them." Addison illustrates this case by one of the greatest geniuses of the age, who by habit took incredible pleasure in searching into rolls and records, till he preferred them to Virgil and Cicero! The faculty of curiosity is as fervid, and even as refined in its search after Truth, as that of Taste in the objects of Imagination, and the more it is indulged, the more exquisitely it is enjoyed!

The popular historians of England and of France have, in truth, made little use of manuscript researches. Life is very short for long histories; and those who rage with an avidity of fame or profit will gladly taste the fruit which they cannot mature. Researches too remotely sought after, or too slowly acquired, or too fully detailed, would be so many obstructions in the smooth texture of a narrative. Our theoretical historians write from some particular and preconceived result; unlike Livy, and De Thou, and Machiavel, who describe events in their natural order, these cluster them together by the fanciful threads of some political or moral theory, by which facts are distorted, displaced, and sometimes altogether omitted! One single original document has sometimes shaken into dust their palladian edifice of history. At the moment Hume was sending some sheets of his History to press, Murdin's State Papers appeared. And we are highly amused and instructed by a letter of our historian to his rival, Robertson, who probably found himself often in the same forlorn situation. Our historian discovered in that col-

lection what compelled him to retract his preconceived system—he hurries to stop the press, and paints his confusion and his anxiety with all the ingenuous simplicity of his nature. "We are all in the wrong!" he exclaims. Of Hume I have heard, that certain manuscripts at the state-paper office had been prepared for his inspection during a fortnight, but he never could muster courage to pay his promised visit. Satisfied with the common accounts, and the most obvious sources of history, when librarian at the Advocates' Library, where yet may be examined the books he used, marked by his hand; he spread the volumes about the sofa, from which he rarely rose to pursue obscure inquiries, or delay by fresh difficulties the page which every day was growing under his charming pen. A striking proof of his careless happiness I discovered in his never referring to the perfect edition of Whitelocke's Memorials of 1732, but to the old truncated and faithless one of 1682.

Dr. Birch was a writer with no genius for composition, but to whom British history stands more indebted than to any superior author; his incredible love of labour, in transcribing with his

own hand a large library of manuscripts from originals dispersed in public and in private repositories, has enriched the British Museum by thousands of the most authentic documents of genuine secret history. He once projected a collection of original historical letters, for which he had prepared a preface, where I find the following passage. "It is a more important service to the public to contribute *something not before known* to the general fund of history, than to give new form and colour to what we are already possessed of, by superadding refinement and ornament, which too often tend *to disguise the real state of the facts;* a fault not to be atoned for by the pomp of *style*, or even the fine *eloquence* of the historian." This was an oblique stroke aimed at Robertson, to whom Birch had generously opened the stores of history, for the Scotch historian had needed all his charity; but Robertson's attractive inventions, and highly-finished composition, seduced the public taste; and we may forgive the latent spark of envy in the honest feelings of the man, who was profoundly skilled in delving in the native beds of

ore, but not in fashioning it; and whose own neglected historical works, constructed on the true principle of secret history, we may often turn over to correct the erroneous, the prejudiced, and the artful accounts of those who have covered their faults by "the pomp of style, and the eloquence of the historian."

The large manuscript collections of original documents, from whence may be drawn what I have called *positive secret history*, are, as I have observed, comparatively of modern existence. Formerly they were widely dispersed in private hands; and the nature of such sources of historic discovery but rarely occurred to our writers. Even had they sought them, their access must have been partial and accidental. Lord Hardwicke has observed, that there are still many untouched manuscript collections within these kingdoms, which, through the ignorance or inattention of their owners, are condemned to dust and obscurity; but how valuable and essential they may be to the interests of authentic history and of sacred truth, cannot be more strikingly demonstrated than in the recent publications of

the Marlborough and the Shrewsbury papers by Archdeacon Coxe. The editor was fully authorised to observe, "It is singular that those transactions should either have been passed over in silence, or imperfectly represented by most of our national historians." Our modern history would have been a mere political romance, without the astonishing picture of William and his ministers, exhibited in those unquestionable documents. Burnet was among the first of our modern historians who showed the world the preciousness of such materials, in his History of the Reformation, which he largely drew from the Cottonian Collection. Our earlier historians only repeated a tale ten times told. Milton, who wanted not for literary industry, had no fresh stores to open for his History of England; while Hume despatches, comparatively in a few pages, a subject which has afforded to the fervent diligence of my learned friend Sharon Turner volumes precious to the antiquary, the lawyer, and the philosopher.

To illustrate my idea of the usefulness, and of the absolute necessity of SECRET HISTORY, I fix

first on *a public event,* and secondly on *a public character;* both remarkable in our own modern history, and both serving to expose the fallacious appearances of popular history by authorities indisputably genuine. The event is the restoration of Charles the Second: and the character is that of Mary, the queen of William the Third.

In history the Restoration of Charles appears in all its splendour—the king is joyfully received at Dover, and the shore is covered by men on their knees—crowds of the Great hurry to Canterbury—the army is drawn up, in number and with a splendour that had never been equalled—his enthusiastic reception is on his birth-day, for that was the lucky day fixed on for his entrance into the metropolis—in a word, all that is told in history describes a monarch the most powerful and the most happy. One of the tracts of the day, entitled "England's Triumph," in the mean quaintness of the style of the times, tells us, that "The soldiery, who had hitherto made *clubs* trump, resolve now to enthrone the *king of hearts.*" Turn to the faithful memorialist, who so well knew the secrets of the king's heart, and

who was himself an actor behind the curtain; turn to Clarendon, in his own life; and we shall find that the power of the king was then as dubious as when he was in exile; and his feelings were strained so much on the rack, that he had nearly resolved on a last flight.

Clarendon, in noticing the temper and spirit of that time, observes, "Whoever reflects upon all this composition of contradictory wishes and expectations, must confess that the king was not yet the master of the kingdom, nor his *authority* and *security* such as *the general noise and acclamation, the bells and the bonfires, proclaimed it to be.*"—"The first mortification the king met with was as soon as he arrived at Canterbury, within three hours after he landed at Dover." Clarendon then relates how many the king found there, who while they waited with joy to kiss his hand, also came with importunate solicitations for themselves; forced him to give them present audience, in which they reckoned up the insupportable losses undergone by themselves or their fathers; demanding some grant, or promise of such or such offices; some even for more!

"pressing for two or three with such confidence and importunity, and with such tedious discourses, that the king was extremely nauseated with their suits, though his modesty knew not how to break from them; that he no sooner got into his chamber, which for some hours he was not able to do, than *he lamented the condition to which he found he must be subject;* and did, in truth, from that minute, contract such a prejudice against some of those persons." But a greater mortification was to follow, and which had nearly put the king in despair.

General Monk had from the beginning to this instant acted very mysteriously, never corresponding with nor answering a letter of the king's, so that his majesty was frequently doubtful whether the general designed to act for himself or for the king; an ambiguous conduct which I attribute to the power his wife had over him, who was in the opposite interest. The general, in his rough way, presented him a large paper, with about seventy names for his privy council, of which not more than two were acceptable. "The king," says Clarendon, "was *in more than ordinary*

confusion, for he knew not well what to think of the general, in whose absolute power he was—so that at this moment his majesty was almost alarmed at the demand and appearance of things." The general afterwards undid this unfavourable appearance, by acknowledging that the list was drawn up by his wife, who had made him promise to present it; but he permitted his majesty to act as he thought proper. At that moment General Monk was more King, than Charles.

We have not yet concluded. When Charles met the army at Blackheath, 50,000 strong, "he knew well the ill constitution of the army, the distemper and murmuring that was in it, and how many diseases and convulsions their infant loyalty was subject to; that *how united soever their inclinations and acclamations seemed to be at Blackheath,* their *affections* were not the *same*—and *the very countenances* there of many *officers,* as well as *soldiers,* did sufficiently manifest that they were drawn thither to a service they were not delighted in. The *old soldiers* had little regard for their *new officers;* and it quickly appeared, by the select and affected mixtures of

sullen and melancholic parties of officers and soldiers"——And then the chancellor of human nature adds, " And in this *melancholic and perplexed condition* the king and all his hopes stood, *when he appeared most gay and exalted, and wore a pleasantness in his face* that became him, and looked like as full an assurance of his security as was possible to put on." It is imagined that Louis the Eighteenth would be the ablest commentator on this piece of secret history, and add another *twin* to Pierre de Saint Julien's " Gemelles ou Pareilles," an old French treatise of histories which resemble one another; a volume so scarce, that I have never met with it.

Burnet informs us, that when Queen Mary held the administration of government during the absence of William, it was imagined by some, that as " every woman of sense loved to be meddling, they concluded that she had but a small portion of it, because she lived so abstracted from all affairs." He praises her exemplary behaviour; " regular in her devotions, much in her closet, read a great deal, was often busy at

work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state. Her conversation was lively and obliging; every thing in her was easy and natural. The king told the Earl of Shrewsbury, that though he could not hit on the right way of pleasing England, he was confident she would, and that we should all be very happy under her." Such is the miniature of the queen which Burnet offers; we see nothing but her tranquillity, her simplicity, and her carelessness amidst the important transactions passing under her eye: but I lift the curtain from a larger picture. The distracted state amidst which the queen lived, the vexations, the secret sorrows, the agonies and the despair of Mary in the absence of William, nowhere appears in history! and, as we see, escaped the ken of the Scotch bishop! They were reserved for the curiosity and the instruction of posterity; and were found by Dalrymple, in the letters of Mary to her husband, in King William's cabinet. It will be well to place under the eye of the reader the suppressed cries of

this afflicted queen, at the time when "every thing in her was so easy and natural, employing her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state—often busy at work!"

I shall not dwell on the pangs of the queen for the fate of William—or her deadly suspicions that many were unfaithful about her: a battle lost might have been fatal; a conspiracy might have undone what even a victory had obtained; the continual terrors she endured were such, that we might be at a loss to determine who suffered most, those who had been expelled from, or those who had ascended, the throne.

So far was the queen from not "employing her thoughts" on "matters of state," that every letter, usually written towards evening, chronicles the conflicts of the day; she records not only events, but even dialogues and personal characteristics; hints her suspicions, and multiplies her fears: her attention was incessant.—"I never write but what I think others do not:" and her terrors were as ceaseless,—"I pray God, send you back quickly, for I see all breaking out into flames." The queen's difficulties were not eased

by a single confidential intercourse. On one occasion she observes, "As I do not know what I ought to speak, and when not, I am as silent as can be."—"I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you.—It seems to me that every one is afraid of themselves.—I am very uneasy in one thing, which is want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for it's a great constraint to think and be silent; and there is so much matter, that I am one of Solomon's fools, who am ready to burst. I must tell you again how Lord Monmouth endeavours to frighten me, and indeed things have but a melancholy prospect." She had indeed reason to fear Lord Monmouth, who, it appears, divulged all the secrets of the royal councils to Major Wildman, who was one of our old republicans; and, to spread alarm in the privy council, conveyed in lemon-juice all their secrets to France, often on the very day they had passed in council! They discovered the fact, and every one suspected the other as the traitor! Lord Lincoln even once assured her, that "the Lord President and all in general, who are in trust, were rogues." Her

council was composed of factions, and the queen's suspicions were rather general than particular; for she observes on them, "Till now I thought you had given me wrong characters of men; but now I see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body."—For a final extract, take this full picture of royal misery—"I must see company on my set days; I must play twice a week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will: I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me; at least, it is a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world; so that I have this misery added to that of your absence, that I must grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air; but then I never can be quite alone, neither can I complain—that would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree

with mine enough to speak my mind freely to. Besides, I must hear of business, which being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but break my brains the more, and not ease my heart."

Thus different from the representation of BURNET was the actual state of Queen Mary; and I suspect that our warm and vehement bishop had but little personal knowledge of her majesty, notwithstanding the elaborate character of the queen he has given in her funeral eulogium.—He must have known that she did not always sympathise with his party-feelings; for the queen writes, "The bishop of Salisbury has made a long thundering sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire to print; which I could not refuse, though I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him." BURNET (whom I am very far from calling what an inveterate Tory, Edward Earl of Oxford, does in one of his manuscript notes, "that lying Scot,") unquestionably has told many truths in his garrulous page; but the cause in which

he stood so deeply engaged, with his warm sanguine temper, may have sometimes dimmed his sagacity, so as to have mistaken, as in the present case, a mask for a face, particularly at a time when almost every individual appears to have worn one!

Both these cases of Charles the Second and Queen Mary show the absolute necessity of researches into SECRET HISTORY, to correct the appearances and the fallacies which so often deceive us in PUBLIC HISTORY.

"The appetite for Remains," as the noble author whom I have already alluded to calls it, may then be a very wholesome one, if it provides the only materials by which our popular histories can be corrected, and often infuse a freshness into a story which, after having been copied from book to book, inspires another to tell it for the tenth time! Thus are the *sources of* SECRET HISTORY unsuspected by the idler and the superficial, among those masses of untouched manuscripts —that subterraneous history!—which indeed may terrify the indolent, bewilder the inexperi-

enced, and confound the injudicious, if they have not acquired the knowledge which not only decides on facts and opinions, but on the authorities which have furnished them. Popular historians have written to their readers; each with different views, but all alike form the open documents of history; like feed advocates, they declaim, or like special pleaders, they keep only on one side of their case: they are seldom zealous to push on their cross-examinations; for they come to gain their cause, and not to hazard it!

Time will make the present age as obsolete as the last, for our sons will cast a new light over the ambiguous scenes which distract their fathers; they will know how some things happened, for which we cannot account; they will witness how many characters we have mistaken; they will be told many of those secrets which our contemporaries hide from us; they will pause at the ends of our beginnings; they will read the perfect story of man, which can never be told while it is proceeding. All this is the possession of posterity, because they will judge without our

passions; and all this we ourselves have been enabled to possess, by the SECRET HISTORY *of the last two ages*!*

* Since this article has been sent to press, I rise from reading one in the Edinburgh Review on Lord Orford's and Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs. This is one of the very rare articles which could only come from the hand of a master, long exercised in the studies he criticises. The critic, or rather the historian, observes, that of a period remarkable for the establishment of our present system of government, no authentic materials had yet appeared. Events of public notoriety are to be found, though often inaccurately told, in our common histories; but the secret springs of action, the private views and motives of individuals, &c. are as little known to us, as if the events to which they relate had taken place in China or Japan. The clear, connected, dispassionate, and circumstantial narrative, with which he has enriched the stores of English history, is drawn from *the sources of* SECRET HISTORY; from *published memoirs* and *contemporary correspondence.*

LITERARY RESIDENCES.

Men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest, under the roof of a garret; and few literary characters have lived, like Pliny and Voltaire, in a villa or *chateau* of their own. It has not therefore often happened, that a man of genius could raise local emotions by his own intellectual suggestions. Ariosto, who built a palace in his verse, lodged himself in a small house, and found that stanzas and stones were not put together at the same rate: old Montaigne has left a description of his library; "over the entrance of my house, where I view my court-yards, and garden, and at once survey all the operations of my family!"

There is, however, a feeling among literary men of building up their own elegant fancies, and giving a permanency to their own tastes: we dwell on their favourite scenes as a sort of portraits, and we eagerly collect those few prints,

which are their only vestiges. A collection might be formed of such literary residences chosen for their amenity and their retirement, and adorned by the objects of their studies. From the younger PLINY, who called his villa of literary leisure by the endearing term of *villula*, to CASSIODORUS, the prime minister of Theodoric, who has left so magnificent a description of his literary retreat, where all the elegancies of life were at hand; where the gardeners and the agriculturists laboured on scientific principles; and where, amidst gardens and parks, stood his extensive library, with scribes to multiply his manuscripts;—to TYCHO BRAHE, who built a magnificent astronomical house on an island, which he named after the sole objects of his musings, Uranienburgh, or the castle of the Heavens;—to EVELYN, who first began to adorn Wotton, by building "a little study," till many years after he dedicated the ancient house to contemplation, among the "delicious streams and venerable woods, the gardens, the fountains, and the groves most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse; and indeed

gave one of the first examples to that elegancy since so much in vogue;"—to POPE, whose little garden seemed to multiply its scenes by a glorious union of nobility and literary men conversing in groupes;—down to lonely SHENSTONE, whose "rural elegance," as he entitles one of his odes, compelled him to mourn over his hard fate, when

> ——— EXPENSE
> Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
> CONVENIENCE to perplex him, ART to pall,
> POMP to deject, and BEAUTY to displease.

We all have by heart the true and delightful reflection of Johnson on local associations, when the scene we tread suggests to us the men or the deeds, which have left their celebrity to the spot. We are in the presence of their fame, and feel its influence!

A literary friend, whom a hint of mine had induced to visit the old tower in the garden of BUFFON, where that sage retired every morning to compose, passed so long a time in that lonely apartment, as to have raised some solicitude among the honest folks of Montbar, who having

seen "the Englishman" enter, but not return, during a heavy thunder-storm which had occurred in the interval, informed the good mayor, who came in due form, to notify the ambiguous state of the stranger. My friend is, as is well known, a genius of that cast, who could pass two hours in the TOWER OF BUFFON, without being aware that he had been all that time occupied by suggestions of ideas and reveries, which such a locality may excite in some minds. He was also busied by his hand; for he has favoured me with two drawings of the interior and the exterior of this *old tower in the garden:* the nakedness within can only be compared to the solitude without. Such was the studying room of BUFFON, where his eye, resting on no object, never interrupted the unity of his meditations on Nature.

In return for my friend's kindness, it has cost me, I think, two hours, in attempting to translate the beautiful picture of this literary retreat, which Vicq D'Azyr has finished with all the warmth the subject inspired. "At Montbar, in the midst of an ornamented garden, is seen an antique tower; it was there that BUFFON wrote

the history of Nature, and from that spot his fame spread through the universe. There he came at sunrise, and no one, however importunate, was suffered to trouble him. The calm of the morning hour, the first warbling of the birds, the varied aspect of the country, all at that moment which touched the senses, recalled him to his model. Free, independent, he wandered in the walks; there was he seen with quickened or with slow steps, or standing rapt in thought, sometimes with his eyes fixed on the heavens in the moment of inspiration, as if satisfied with the thought that so profoundly occupied his soul; sometimes, collected within himself, he sought what would not always be found; or at the moments of producing, he wrote, he effaced, and re-wrote to efface once more; thus he harmonised, in silence, all the parts of his composition, which he frequently repeated to himself, till, satisfied with his corrections, he seemed to repay himself for the pains of his beautiful prose, by the pleasure he found in declaiming it aloud. Thus he engraved it in his memory, and would recite it to his friends, or induce some to read it to

him. At those moments he was himself a severe judge, and would again re-compose it, desirous of attaining to that perfection which is denied to the impatient writer."

A curious circumstance, connected with local associations, occurred to that extraordinary oriental student FOURMONT. Originally he belonged to a religious community, and never failed in performing his offices; but he was expelled by the superior for an irregularity of conduct, not likely to have become contagious through the brotherhood—he frequently prolonged his studies far into the night, and it was possible that the house might be burnt by such superfluity of learning. Fourmont retreated to the college of Montaign, where he occupied the very chambers which had formerly been those of Erasmus; a circumstance which contributed to excite his emulation, and to hasten his studies. He who smiles at the force of such emotions, only proves that he has not experienced what are real and substantial as the scene itself—for those who are concerned in them. POPE, who had far more enthusiasm in his poetical disposition than is generally under-

stood, was extremely susceptible of those literary associations with localities: one of the volumes of his Homer was began and finished in an old tower over the chapel at Stanton Harcourt; and he has perpetuated the event, if not consecrated the place, by scratching with a diamond on a pane of stained glass this inscription:

In the year 1718,
Alexander Pope
Finished HERE
The fifth volume of Homer.

It was the same feeling which induced him one day, when taking his usual walk with Harte in the Haymarket, to desire Harte to enter a little shop, where going up three pair of stairs into a small room, Pope said, "In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign!" Nothing less than a strong feeling impelled the poet to ascend this garret—it was a consecrated spot to his eye; and certainly a curious instance of the power of genius contrasted with its miserable locality! Addison, whose mind had fought through "a campaign" in a garret, could he have called about him "the pleasures of imagination," had

probably planned a house of literary repose, where all parts would have been in harmony with his mind.

Such residences of men of genius have been enjoyed by some; and the vivid descriptions which they have left us convey something of the delightfulness which charmed their studious repose.

The Italian PAUL JOVIUS has composed more than three hundred concise eulogies of statesmen, warriors, and literary men of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; but the occasion which induced him to compose them is perhaps more interesting than the compositions.

JOVIUS had a country-house, situated on a peninsula, bordered by the lake of Como. It was built on the ruins of the villa of Pliny, and in his time the foundations were still visible. When the surrounding lake was calm, the sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan, were still viewed in its lucid bosom. JOVIUS was the enthusiast of literature, and the leisure it loves. He

was an historian, with the imagination of a poet, and a christian prelate, almost a worshipper of the sweet fictions of pagan mythology; and when his pen was kept pure from satire or adulation, to which it was too much accustomed, it becomes a pencil. He paints with rapture his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake; the shade and freshness of his woods; his green slopes, his sparkling fountains, the deep silence and calm of his solitude! A statue was raised in his gardens to Nature! In his hall stood a fine statue of Apollo, and the Muses around, with their attributes. His library was guarded by a Mercury, and there was an apartment adorned with Doric columns, and with pictures of the most pleasing subjects, dedicated to the Graces! Such was the interior! Without, the transparent lake here spread its broad mirror, and there voluminously winding by banks covered with olives and laurels; in the distance, towns, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatre, blushing with vines, and the first elevation of the Alps, covered with woods and pasture, and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

It was in a central spot of this enchanting

habitation that a cabinet or gallery was erected, where Jovius had collected, with prodigal cost, the PORTRAITS of celebrated men; and it was to explain and to describe the characteristics of these illustrious names that he had composed his eulogies. This collection became so remarkable, that the great men his contemporaries presented our literary collector with their own portraits, among whom the renowned Fernandez Cortes sent Jovius his before he died, and probably others who were less entitled to enlarge the collection; but it is equally probable that our caustic Jovius would throw them aside. Our historian had often to describe men more famous than virtuous; sovereigns, politicians, poets, and philosophers, men of all ranks, countries, and ages, formed a crowded scene of men of genius or of celebrity: sometimes a few lines compress their character, and sometimes a few pages excite his fondness. If he sometimes adulates the living, we may pardon the illusions of a contemporary; but he has the honour of satirising some by the honest freedom of a pen which occasionally broke out into premature truths.

Such was the inspiration of literature and leisure which had embellished the abode of Jovius, and had raised in the midst of the lake of Como a CABINET OF PORTRAITS; a noble tribute to those who are "the salt of the earth."

We possess prints of Rubens's house at Antwerp. That princely artist perhaps first contrived for his *studio* the circular apartment with a dome, like the rotunda of the Pantheon, where the light descending from an aperture or window at the top, sent down a single equal light,—that perfection of light which distributes its magical effects on the objects beneath. Bellori describes it, *una stanza rotonda con un solo occhio in cima;* the *solo occhio* is what the French term *œil de bœuf;* we ourselves want this *single eye* in our technical language of art. This was his precious museum, where he had collected a vast number of books, which were intermixed with his marbles, statues, cameos, intaglios, and all that variety of the riches of art which he had drawn from Rome: but the walls did not yield in value; for they were covered by pictures of his own composition, or copies by his own hand, made at Venice and

Madrid, of Titian and Paul Veronese. No foreigners, men of letters, or lovers of the arts, and even princes, would pass through Antwerp without visiting the house of RUBENS, to witness the animated residence of genius, and the great man who had conceived the idea. Yet, great as was the mind, and splendid as were the habits of life of RUBENS, he could not resist the entreaties, or the hundred thousand florins of our Duke of Buckingham, to dispose of this *studio*. The great artist could not, however, abandon for ever the delightful contemplations he was depriving himself of; and as substitutes for the miracles of art he had lost, he solicited and obtained leave to replace them by casts, which were scrupulously deposited in the places where the originals had stood.

Of this feeling of the local residences of genius, the Italians appear to have been, not perhaps more susceptible than other people, but more energetic in their enthusiasm. Florence exhibits many monuments of this sort. In the neighbourhood of *Santa Maria Novella*, Zimmerman has noticed a house of the celebrated VIVIANI,

which is a singular monument of gratitude to his illustrious master GALILEO. The front is adorned with the bust of this father of science, and between the windows are engraven accounts of the discoveries of GALILEO; it is the most beautiful biography of genius! Yet another still more eloquently excites our emotions—the house of MICHAEL ANGELO: his pupils, in perpetual testimony of their admiration and gratitude, have ornamented it with all the leading features of his life; the very soul of this vast genius put in action: this is more than biography!—it is living as with a contemporary!

WHETHER ALLOWABLE TO RUIN ONESELF?

THE political economist replies that it is! ——

One of our old dramatic writers, who witnessed the singular extravagance of dress among the modellers of fashion, our nobility, condemns their "superfluous bravery," echoing the popular cry,

> "There are a sort of men, whose coining heads
> Are mints of all new fashions, that have done
> More hurt to the kingdom, by superfluous bravery
> Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war
> Or a long famine. *All the treasure by*
> *This foul excess is got into the merchants',*
> *Embroiderers', silk-men's, jewellers', taylors' hands*
> *And the third part of the land too;* the nobility
> Engrossing *titles only.*"——

Our poet might have been startled at the reply of our political economist. If the nobility, in follies such as these, only preserved their "titles," while their "lands" were dispersed among the industrious classes, the people were not sufferers. The silly victims ruining themselves by their

excessive luxury, or their costly dress, as it appears some did, was an evil which, left to its own course, must check itself; if the rich did not spend, the poor would starve. Luxury is the cure of that unavoidable evil in society—great inequality of fortune! Political economists therefore tell us, that any regulations would be ridiculous which, as Lord Bacon expresses it, should serve for "the repressing of waste and excess by *sumptuary laws*." Adam Smith is not only indignant at "sumptuary laws," but asserts, with a democratic insolence of style, that "it is the highest impertinence and presumption in kings and ministers to pretend to watch over the economy of private people, and to restrain their expense by sumptuary laws. They are themselves always the greatest spendthrifts in the society: let them look well after their own expense, and they may safely trust private people with theirs. If their own extravagance does not ruin the state, that of their subjects never will." We must therefore infer, that governments, by extravagance, may ruin a state, but that individuals enjoy the remarkable privilege of ruining

themselves, without injuring society! Adam Smith afterwards distinguishes two sorts of luxury; the one, exhausting itself in "durable commodities, as in buildings, furniture, books, statues, pictures," will increase "the opulence of a nation;" but of the other, wasting itself in dress and equipages, in frivolous ornaments, jewels, baubles, trinkets, &c., he acknowledges "no trace or vestige would remain; and the effects of ten or twenty years' profusion would be as completely annihilated as if they had never existed." There is, therefore, a greater and a lesser evil in this important subject of the opulent, unrestricted by any law, ruining his whole generation.

Where "the wealth of nations" is made the solitary standard of its prosperity, it becomes a fertile source of errors in the science of morals; and the happiness of the individual is then too frequently sacrificed to what is called the prosperity of the state. If an individual, in the pride of luxury and selfism, annihilates the fortunes of his whole generation, untouched by the laws as a criminal, he leaves behind him a race of the discontented and the seditious, who, having sunk

in the scale of society, have to reascend from their degradation by industry and by humiliation; but for the work of industry their habits have made them inexpert; and to humiliation, their very rank presents a perpetual obstacle.

Sumptuary laws, so often enacted, and so often repealed, and always eluded, were the perpetual, but inffectual, attempts of all governments, to restrain what, perhaps, cannot be restrained—criminal folly! And to punish a man for having ruined himself would usually be to punish a most contrite penitent!

It is not surprising that before "private vices were considered as public benefits," the governors of nations instituted sumptuary laws—for the passion for pageantry, and an incredible prodigality in dress, were continually impoverishing great families—more equality of wealth has now rather subdued the form of private ruin than laid this evil domestic spirit. The incalculable expenditure, and the blaze of splendour, of our ancestors, may startle the incredulity of our *élegantes*. We find men of rank exhausting their wealth, pawning their castles, and de-

sperately issuing from them, heroes for a crusade, or brigands for their neighbourhood!—and this frequently from the simple circumstance of having for a short time maintained some gorgeous chivalric festival on their own estates, or melting thousands of acres into cloth of gold, which have left their sons to beg their bread on the estates which they were to have inherited.

It was when the remains of chivalry still charmed the world by its seductive splendours, towards the close of the fifteenth century, that I find an instance of this kind occurring in the *Pas de Sandricourt,* which was held in the neighbourhood of the sieur of that name. It is a memorable affair, not only for us curious inquirers after manners and morals, but for the whole family of the Sandricourts; for though the said sieur is now receiving the immortality we bestow on him, and *la dame,* who presided in that magnificent piece of chivalry, was infinitely gratified, yet for ever after was the lord of Sandricourt ruined—and all for a short, romantic three months!

This story of the chivalric period may amuse.

A *pas d'armes*, though consisting of military exercises and deeds of gallantry, was a sort of festival distinct from a tournament. It signified a *pas* or passage to be contested by one or more knights against all comers. It was necessary that the road should be such that it could not be passed without encountering some guardian knight. The *chevaliers* who disputed the *pas* hung their blazoned shields on trees, pales, or on posts raised for this purpose. The aspirants after chivalric honours would strike with their lance one of these shields, and when it rung instantly it summoned the owner to the challenge. A bridge or a road would sometimes serve for this military sport, for such it was intended to be, whenever the heat of the rivals proved not too earnest. The sieur of Sandricourt was a fine dreamer of feats of chivalry, and in the neighbourhood of his castle he fancied that he saw a very spot adapted for every game: there was one admirably fitted for the barrier of a tilting-match; another embellished by a solitary pine-tree; another which was called the meadow of the thorn; there was a *carréfour*, where, in

four roads, four knights might meet; and, above all, there was a forest called *devoyable,* having no path, so favourable for errant knights, who might there enter for strange adventures, and, as chance directed, encounter others as bewildered as themselves. Our chivalric Sandricourt found nine young *seigneurs* of the court of Charles the Eighth of France, who answered all his wishes. To sanction this glorious feat it was necessary to obtain leave from the king, and a herald of the Duke of Orleans to distribute the *cartel* or challenge all over France, announcing, that from such a day, ten young lords would stand ready to combat, in those different places, in the neighbourhood of Sandricourt's *chateau.* The names of this flower of chivalry have been faithfully registered, and they were such as instantly to throw a spark into the heart of every lover of arms! The world of fashion, that is, the chivalric world, were set in motion. Four bodies of assailants soon collected, each consisting of ten combatants. The herald of Orleans having examined the arms of these gentlemen, and satisfied himself of their ancient lineage, and their military

renown, admitted their claims to the proffered honour. Sandricourt now saw with rapture, placed on the sides of his portals, the numerous shields of the assailants, corresponding with those of the challengers which hung above them. Ancient lords were elected judges of the feats of the knights, accompanied by the ladies, for whose honour only they declared they combated.

The herald of Orleans tells the history in no very intelligible verse; but the burthen of his stanza is still

Du pas d'armes du chasteau Sandricourt.

He sings, or says,

"Oncques, depuis le temps du roi Artus,
Ne furent tant les armes exaulcées—
Maint chevaliers et preux entreprenans—
Princes plusieurs ont terre déplacées
Pour y venir donner coups et poussées
Qui ont été là tenus si de court
Que par force n'ont prises et passées
Les barrieres, entrées, et passées
Du pas des armes du chasteau Sandricourt."

Doubtless, there many a Roland met with his Oliver, and could not pass the barriers. Cased as they were in steel, *de pied en cap*, we presume

that they could not materially injure themselves; yet, when on foot, the ancient judges discovered such symptoms of peril, that on the following day they advised our knights to satisfy themselves by fighting on horseback. Against this prudential counsel for some time they protested, as an inferior sort of glory. However, on the next day, the horse combat was appointed in the *carrefour*, by the pine-tree. On the following day they tried their lances in the meadow of the thorn; but, though on horseback, the judges deemed their attacks were so fierce, that this assault was likewise not without peril; for some horses were killed, and some knights were thrown, and lay bruised by their own mail; but the barbed horses, wearing only *des chantreins*, head-pieces magnificently caparisoned, found no protection in their ornaments. The last days were passed in combats of two to two, or in a single encounter, a-foot, in the *forêt devoyable*. These jousts passed without any accident, and the prizes were awarded in a manner equally gratifying to the claimants. The last day of the festival was concluded with a most sumptuous banquet. Two

noble knights had undertaken the humble office of *maîtres d'hotel;* and while the knights were parading in the *forêt devoyable* seeking adventures, a hundred servants were seen at all points, carrying white and red hypocras, and juleps, and *sirop de violars,* sweetmeats, and other spiceries, to comfort these wanderers, who, on returning to the *chasteau,* found a grand and plenteous banquet. The tables were crowded in the court-apartment, where some held one hundred and twelve gentlemen, not including the *dames* and the *damoiselles.* In the halls, and outside of the *chasteau,* were other tables. At that festival more than two thousand persons were, free of every expense, magnificently entertained; their attendants, their armourers, their *plumassiers,* and others. *La Dame de Sandricourt,* "fut moult aise d'avoir donné dans son chasteau si belle, si magnifique, et gorgiasse fête." Historians are apt to describe their personages as they appear, not as they are: if the lady of the Sieur Sandricourt really was "moult aise" during these gorgeous days, one cannot but sympathise with the lady, when her loyal knight and spouse

confessed to her, after the departure of the mob, of two thousand visitors, neighbours, soldiers, and courtiers,—the knights challengers, and the knights assailants, and the fine scenes at the pine-tree; the barrier in the meadow of the thorn; and the horse-combat at the *carrefour*; and the jousts in the *forêt devoyable;* the carousals in the castle-halls; the jollity of the banquet-tables, the morescoes danced till they were reminded "How the waning night grows old!"—in a word, when the costly dream had vanished,—that he was a ruined man for ever, by immortalising his name in one grand chivalric festival! The sieur de Sandricourt, like a great torch, had consumed himself in his own brightness; and the very land on which the famous *Pas de Sandricourt* was held—had passed away with it! Thus one man sinks generations by that wastefulness, which a political economist would assure us was committing no injury to society!—The moral evil goes for nothing in financial statements!

Similar instances of ruinous luxury we may find in the prodigal costliness of dress through the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles

the First. Not only in their massy grandeur they outweighed us, but the accumulation and variety of their wardrobe displayed such a gaiety of fancy in their colours and their ornaments, that the drawing-room in those days must have blazed at their presence, and changed colour as the crowd moved. But if we may trust to royal proclamations, the ruin was general among some classes. Elizabeth issued more than one proclamation against "the excess of apparel!" and among other evils which the government imagined this passion for dress occasioned, it notices "the wasting and undoing of a great number of young gentlemen, otherwise serviceable; and others, seeking by show of apparel to be esteemed as gentlemen, allured by the vain show of these things, they not only consume their goods and lands, but also run into such debts and shifts, as they cannot live out of danger of laws, without attempting of unlawful acts." The queen bids her own household "to look unto it for good example to the realm; and all noblemen, archbishops and bishops, all mayors, justices of peace, &c. should see them executed in their private

households." The greatest difficulty which occurred to regulate the wear of apparel was ascertaining the incomes of persons, or, in the words of the proclamation, "finding that it is very hard for any man's state of living and value to be truly understood by other persons." They were to be regulated, as they appear "sessed in the subsidy books." But if persons chose to be more magnificent in their dress, they were allowed to justify their means: in that case, if allowed, her majesty would not be the loser; for they were to be rated in the subsidy books according to such values as they themselves offered as a qualification for the splendour of their dress!

In my researches among manuscript letters of the times, I had frequent occasion to discover how persons of considerable rank appear to have carried their acres on their backs, and with their ruinous and fantastical luxuries sadly pinched their hospitality. It was this which so frequently cast them into the nets of the "goldsmiths," and other trading usurers. At the coronation of James the First, I find a simple knight whose cloak cost him five hundred pounds; but this was

not uncommon. At the marriage of Elizabèth, the daughter of James the First, "Lady Wotton had a gown of which the embroidery cost fifty pounds a yard. The Lady Arabella made four gowns, one of which cost 1500*l.* The Lord Montacute (Montague) bestowed 1500*l.* in apparel for his two daughters. One lady, under the rank of baroness, was furnished with jewels exceeding one hundred thousand pounds; and the Lady Arabella goes beyond her," says the letter-writer. "All this extreme cost and riches makes us all poor," as he imagined! I have been amused in observing grave writers of state-despatches jocular on any mischance or mortification to which persons are liable, whose happiness entirely depends on their dress. Sir Dudley Carleton, our minister at Venice, communicates, as an article worth transmitting, the great disappointment incurred by Sir Thomas Glover, "who was just come hither, and had appeared one day like a comet, all in crimson velvet and beaten gold, but had all his expectations marred on a sudden, by the news of Prince Henry's death." A similar mischance, from a different

cause, was the lot of Lord Hay, who made great preparations for his embassy to France, which, however, were chiefly confined to his dress. He was to remain there twenty days; and the letter-writer maliciously observes, that "He goes with twenty special suits of apparel for so many days' abode, besides his travelling robes; but news is very lately come that the French have lately altered their fashion, whereby he must needs be out of countenance, if he be not set out after the last edition!" To find himself out of fashion, with twenty suits for twenty days, was a mischance his lordship had no right to count on!

"The glass of fashion" was unquestionably held up by two very eminent characters, RAWLEIGH and BUCKINGHAM; and the authentic facts recorded of their dress will sufficiently account for the frequent "Proclamations" to control that servile herd of imitators—the smaller gentry!

There is a remarkable picture of Sir Walter, which will at least serve to convey an idea of the gaiety and splendour of his dress. It is a white

satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white, and buff shoes with white ribbon. Oldys, who saw this picture, has thus described the dress of Rawleigh. But I have some important additions; for I find that Rawleigh's shoes on great court days were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of six thousand six hundred pounds: and that he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; whose value was not so easily calculated. Rawleigh had no patrimonial inheritance; at this moment he had on his back a good portion of a Spanish galleon, and the profits of a monopoly of trade he was carrying on with the newly-discovered Virginia. Probably he placed all his hopes in his dress! The virgin queen, when she issued proclamations

against "the excess of apparel," pardoned, by her looks, that promise of a mine which blazed in Rawleigh's; and, parsimonious as she was, forgot the three thousand changes of dresses, which she herself left in the royal wardrobe.

Buckingham could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les dames de la cœur;* for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls.—This was, however, but for ordinary dances. "He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, beside a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword girdle, hat, and

spurs*. In the masques and banquets with which Buckingham entertained the court, he usually expended, for the evening, from one to five thousand pounds. To others I leave to calculate the value of money; the sums of this gorgeous wastefulness, it must be recollected, occurred before this million age of ours.

If, to provide the means for such enormous expenditure, BUCKINGHAM multiplied the grievances of monopolies, and pillaged the treasury for his eighty thousand pounds' coat; and RAWLEIGH was at length driven to his last desperate enterprise, to relieve himself of his creditors, for a pair of six thousand pounds' shoes—in both these cases, as in that of the chivalric SANDRICOURT, the political economist may perhaps acknowledge, that *there is a sort of luxury highly criminal.* All the arguments he may urge, the statistical accounts he may calculate, and the healthful state of his circulating medium among "the merchants,

* The Jesuit Drexelius, in one of his religious dialogues, notices the fact; but I am referring to an Harleian manuscript, which confirms the information of the Jesuit.

embroiderers, silk-men, and jewellers"—will not alter such a moral evil, which leaves an eternal taint in "the wealth of nations!" It is the principle that "private vices are public benefits," and that men may be allowed to ruin their generations without committing any injury to society.

DISCOVERIES OF SECLUDED MEN.

Those who are unaccustomed to the labours of the closet are unacquainted with those secret and silent triumphs obtained in the pursuits of studious men. That aptitude, which in poetry is sometimes called *inspiration,* in knowledge we may call *sagacity;* and it is probable, that the more vehement one does not excite more pleasure than the still tranquillity of the other: they are both, according to the strict signification of the Latin term from whence we have borrowed ours of *invention,* a finding out, the result of a combination which no other has formed but ourselves.

I will produce several remarkable instances of the felicity of this aptitude of the learned in making discoveries which could only have been effectuated by an uninterrupted intercourse with the objects of their studies, making things remote and dispersed familiar and present.

One of ancient date is better known to the

reader than those I am preparing for him. When the magistrates of Syracuse were showing to CICERO the curiosities of the place, he desired to visit the tomb of Archimedes; but, to his surprise, they acknowledged that they knew nothing of any such tomb, and denied that it had ever existed. The learned Cicero, convinced by the authorities of ancient writers, by the verses of the inscription which he remembered, and the circumstance of a sphere with a cylinder being engraven on it, requested them to assist him in the search. They conducted the obstinate but illustrious stranger to their most ancient burying-ground: amidst the number of sepulchres, they observed a small column overhung with brambles—Cicero, looking on while they were clearing away the rubbish, suddenly exclaimed, "Here is the thing we are looking for!" His eye had caught the geometrical figures on the tomb, and the inscription soon confirmed his conjecture. Cicero long after exulted in the triumph of this discovery.—"Thus!" he says, "one of the noblest cities of Greece, and once the most learned, had known nothing of the monument of its most deserving and in-

genious citizen, had it not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum!"

The great French antiquary PEIRESC exhibited a singular combination of learning, patience of thought, and a luminous sagacity, which could restore an "airy nothing" to "a local habitation and a name." There was found on an amethyst, and the same afterwards occurred on the front of an ancient temple, a number of *marks*, or indents, which had long perplexed inquirers, more particularly as similar marks or indents were frequently observed in ancient monuments. It was agreed on, as no one could understand them, and all would be satisfied, that they were secret hieroglyphics. It occurred to PEIRESC, that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened little *laminæ*, which represented so many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw lines from one hole to another; and he beheld the amethyst reveal the name of the sculptor, and the frieze of the temple the name of the god! This curious discovery has been since frequently applied; but it appears to have originated with

this great antiquary, who by his learning and sagacity explained a supposed hieroglyphic, which had been locked up in the silence of seventeen centuries *.

Learned men, confined to their study, have often rectified the errors of travellers; they have done more, they have found out paths for them to explore, or opened seas for them to navigate. The situation of the vale of Tempe had been mistaken by modern travellers; and it is singular, observes the Quarterly Reviewer, yet not so singular as it appears to that elegant critic, that the only good directions for finding it had been given by a person who was never in Greece. ARTHUR BROWNE, a man of letters of Trinity College, Dublin—it is gratifying to quote an Irish philosopher and man of letters, from the extreme rarity of the character—was the first to detect the inconsistencies of Pococke and Bus-

* The curious reader may view the marks, and the manner in which the Greek characters were made out, in the preface to Hearne's "Curious Discourses." The amethyst proved more difficult than the temple, from the circumstance, that in engraving on the stone the letters must be reversed.

ching, and to send future travellers to look for Tempe in its real situation, the defiles between Ossa and Olympus; a discovery subsequently realised. When Dr. Clarke discovered an inscription purporting that the pass of Tempe had been fortified by Cassius Longinus, Mr. Walpole, with equal felicity, detected, in Cæsar's History of the Civil War, the name and the mission of this very person.

A living geographer, to whom the world stands deeply indebted, does not read Herodotus in the original; yet, by the exercise of his extraordinary aptitude, it is well known that he has often corrected the Greek historian, and explained obscurities in a text which he never read, by his own happy conjectures, and confirmed his own discoveries by the subsequent knowledge which modern travellers have afforded.

Gray's perseverance in studying the geography of India and of Persia, at a time when our country had no immediate interests with those ancient empires, by a cynical observer, would have been placed among the curious idleness of a mere man of letters. These studies were in-

deed prosecuted, as Mr. Mathias observes, "on the disinterested principles of liberal investigation, not on those of policy, nor of the regulation of trade, nor of the extension of empire, nor of permanent establishments, but simply and solely on the grand view of what is, and of what is past. They were the researches of a solitary scholar in academical retirement." Since the time of Gray, these very pursuits have been carried on by two consummate geographers, Major RENNELL and Dr. VINCENT, who have opened to the classical and the political reader all he wished to learn, at a time when India and Persia had become objects interesting and important to us. The fruits of GRAY's learning, long after their author was no more, became valuable!

The studies of "the solitary scholar" are always useful to the world, although they may not always be timed to its present wants; with him, indeed, they are not merely designed for this purpose. GRAY discovered India for himself; but the solitary pursuits of a student, shaped to a particular end, [illegible] being useful to the world [illegible]

that a century shall elapse between the periods of the discovery and its practical utility.

HALLEY's version of an Arabic MS. on a mathematical subject offers an instance of the extraordinary sagacity I am alluding to; it may also serve as a demonstration of the peculiar and supereminent advantages possessed by mathematicians, observes Mr. Dugald Stewart, in their fixed relations, which form the objects of their science, and the correspondent precision in their language and reasonings:—as matter of literary history, it is highly curious. Dr. Bernard accidentally discovered in the Bodleian library an Arabic version of Apollonius *de Sectione Rationis*, which he determined to translate in Latin, but only finished about a tenth part. HALLEY, extremely interested by the subject, but with an entire ignorance of the Arabic language, resolved complete the imperfect version! Assisted only he manuscript which Bernard had left, it him as a key for investigating the sense ginal; he first made *a list of those words* ey occurred, with the *train of rea-* they were involved, to decypher,

by these very slow degrees, the import of the context; till at last HALLEY succeeded in mastering the whole work, and in bringing the translation, without the aid of any one, to the form in which he gave it to the public; so that we have here a difficult work translated from the Arabic, by one who was in no manner conversant with the language, merely by the exertion of his sagacity!

I give the memorable account, as Boyle has delivered it, of the circumstances which led HARVEY to the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

"I remember that when I asked our famous HARVEY, in the only discourse I had with him, which was but a little while before he died, what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood? he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins so many parts of the body were so placed that gave free passage to the blood towards the but opposed the passage of the venal contrary way, he was invited to t provident a cau as nature had

many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way."

The reason here ascribed to Harvey seems now so very natural and obvious, that some have been disposed to question his claim to the high rank commonly assigned to him among the improvers of science! Dr. William Hunter has said, that after the discovery of the valves in the veins, which HARVEY learned while in Italy from his master, Fabricius ab Aquapendente, the remaining step might easily have been made by any person of common abilities. "This discovery," he observes, "set Harvey to work upon the *use* of the heart and vascular system in animals; and in the *course of some years*, he was happy as to discover, and to prove beyond all possibility of doubt, the circulation of the blood." Hallam expresses his astonishment that [illegible] should have been left for Harvey.

though he acknowledges it occupied "a course of years;" adding, that "Providence meant to reserve it for *him*, and would not let men *see what was before them, nor understand what they read.*" It is remarkable that when great discoveries are effected, their simplicity always seems to detract from their originality; on these occasions we are reminded of the egg of Columbus!

It is said that a recent discovery, which ascertains that the Niger empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, was really anticipated by the geographical acumen of a student at Glasgow, who arrived at the same conclusion by a most persevering investigation of the works of travellers and geographers, ancient and modern, and examination of African captives; and had actually constructed, for the inspection of government, a map of Africa, on which he had traced the entire course of the Niger from the interior

FRANKLIN *conjectured* the identity of lightning and of electricity, before he had *realised* it by decisive experiment. The kite being raised, a considerable time elapsed before there was any appearance of its being electrified. One very

promising cloud had passed over it without any effect. Just as he was beginning to despair of his contrivance, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string to stand erect, and to avoid one another, just as if they had been suspended on a common conductor. Struck with this promising appearance, he immediately presented his knuckle to the key! And let the reader judge of the exquisite pleasure he must have felt at that moment when *the discovery was complete!* We owe to Priestley this admirable narrative—the strong sensation of delight which FRANKLIN experienced as his knuckle touched the key, and when he felt that a new world was opening, might have been equalled, but it was probably not surpassed, when the same hand signed the long-disputed independence of his country!

When LEIBNITZ was occupied in his philosophical reasonings on his *Law of Continuity*, his singular sagacity enabled him to predict a discovery which afterwards was realised—he imagined the necessary existence of the polypus!

It has been remarked of NEWTON, that several of his slight hints, some in the modest form of

queries, have been ascertained to be predictions, as among others was that of the inflammability of the diamond; and many have been eagerly seized upon as indisputable axioms. A hint, at the close of his optics, that "If natural philosophy should be continued to be improved in its various branches, the bounds of moral philosophy would be enlarged also," is, perhaps, among the most important of human discoveries—it gave rise to Hartley's *Physiological Theory of the Mind.* The queries, the hints, the conjectures of NEWTON, display the most creative sagacity; and demonstrate in what manner the discoveries of retired men, while they bequeath their legacies to the world, afford to themselves a frequent source of secret and silent triumph.

SENTIMENTAL BIOGRAPHY.

A PERIODICAL critic, probably one of the juniors, has thrown out a startling observation. "There is," says this literary senator, "something melancholy in the study of biography, because it is—a history of the dead!" A truism and a falsity mixed up together, is the temptation with some modern critics to commit that darling sin of theirs—novelty and originality! But we really cannot condole with the readers of Plutarch for their deep melancholy; we who feel our spirits refreshed amidst the mediocrity of society, when we are recalled back to the men and the women who WERE! illustrious in every glory! Biography with us is a re-union with human existence in its [illegible]st excellent state; and we find nothing dead [illegible]e past, while we retain the sympathies which [illegible]quire to be awakened.

It has [illegible]d have been more reasonable had the [illegible]ered that our country has not yet

had her Plutarch; and that our biography remains still little more than a mass of compilation.

In this study of biography there is a species which has not yet been distinguished—biographies composed by some domestic friend, or by some enthusiast who works with love. A term is unquestionably wanted for this distinct class. The Germans seem to have invented a platonic one, drawn from the Greek, *psyche*, or the soul; for they call this the *psychological life*. Another attempt has been made, by giving it the scientific term of *idiosyncrasy*, to denote a peculiarity of disposition. I would call it *sentimental biography!*

It is distinct from a *chronological* biography, for it searches for the individual's feelings amidst the ascertained facts of his life; so that facts, which occurred remotely from each other, are here brought at once together. The detail of events which completes the chronological biography contains many which are not connected with the peculiarity of the character itself. The *sentimental* is also distinct from the *auto-biography*, however this may seem a part of it. Whether a

man be entitled to lavish his panegyric on himself, I will not decide; but it is certain that he risks every thing by appealing to a solitary and suspected witness.

We have two lives of DANTE, by BOCCACCIO and by LEONARDO ARETINO, both interesting; but Boccaccio's is the *sentimental life!*

Aretino, indeed, finds fault, but with all the tenderness possible, with Boccaccio's affectionate sketch, *Origine, Vita, Studi e Costumi del clarissimo* DANTE, &c. "Origin, Life, Studies and Manner of the illustrious DANTE," &c. "It seems to me," he says, "that our Boccaccio, *dolcissimo e suavissimo uomo*, sweet and delightful man! has written the life and manners of this sublime poet, as if he had been composing the *Filocolo*, the *Filostrato*, or the *Fiametta*"—the romances of Boccaccio—"for all breathes of love and sighs, and is covered with warm tears, as if a man were born in this world only to live among the enamoured ladies and the gallant youths of the ten amorous days of his hundred novels."

Aretino, who wanted not all the feeling requisite for the delightful "costumi e studi" of Boc-

caccio's Dante, modestly requires that his own life of Dante should be considered as a supplement to, not as a substitute for Boccaccio's. Pathetic with all the sorrows, and eloquent with all the remonstrances of a fellow-citizen, who, while he wept, hung with anger over his country's shame in its apathy for the honour of its long-injured exile. Catching inspiration from the breathing pages of Boccaccio, it inclines one to wish that we possessed two biographies of an illustrious favourite character; the one strictly and fully historical, the other fraught with the very feelings of the departed, which we may have to seek in vain in the circumstantial and chronological biographer. Boccaccio, indeed, was overcome by his feelings. He either knew not, or he omits the substantial incidents of Dante's life; while his imagination throws a romantic tinge on occurrences raised on slight, perhaps on no foundation. Boccaccio narrates a dream of the mother of Dante so fancifully poetical, that probably Boccaccio forgot that none but a dreamer could have told it. Seated under a high laurel-tree, by the side of a vast fountain, the mother dreamt that she

gave birth to her son; she saw him nourished by its fruit, and refreshed by those clear waters; she soon beheld him a shepherd; approaching to pluck the boughs, she saw him fall! When he rose he had ceased to be a man, and was transformed into a peacock! Disturbed by her admiration, she suddenly awoke; but when the father found that he really had a son, in allusion to the dream he called him DANTE—or *given! e meritamente; perocchè ottimamente, siccome si vedra procedendo, segui al nome l'effetto;* " and deservedly! for greatly, as we shall see, the effect followed the name!" At nine years of age, on a May-day, whose joyous festival Boccaccio beautifully describes, when the softness of the heavens re-adorning the earth with its mingled flowers, waved the green boughs, and made all things smile, Dante mixed with the boys and girls in the house of the good citizen who on that day gave the feast, beheld little Bricè, as she was familiarly called, but named Beatrice. The little Dante might have seen her before, but he loved her then, and from that day never ceased to love; and thus DANTE *nella pargoletta età fatto*

d'amore ferventissimo servidore; so fervent a servant to Love in an age of childhood! Boccaccio appeals to Dante's own account of his long passion and his constant sighs, in the *Vita Nuova.* No look, no word, no sign, sullied the purity of his passion; but in her twenty-fourth year died "la bellissima Beatrice." Dante is then described as more than inconsolable; his eyes were long two abundant fountains of tears; careless of life, he let his beard grow wildly, and to others appeared a savage meagre man, whose aspect was so changed, that while this weeping life lasted, he was hardly recognised by his friends; all looked on a man so entirely transformed, with deep compassion. Dante, won over by those who could console the inconsolable, was at length solicited by his relations to marry a lady of his own condition in life; and that as the departed lady had occasioned him such heavy griefs, the new one might open a source of delight. The relations and friends of Dante gave him a wife that his tears for Beatrice might cease.

It is supposed that this marriage proved unhappy. Boccaccio, like a pathetic lover rather

than biographer, exclaims, "*Oh menti cieche! Oh tenebrosi intelletti! Oh argomenti vani di molti mortali quante sono le ruiscite in assai cose contrarie a' nostri avvisi!* &c. Oh blind men! Oh dark minds! Oh vain arguments of most mortals, how often are the results contrary to our advice! Frequently it is like leading one who breathes the soft air of Italy to refresh himself in the eternal shades of the Rhodopean mountains. What physician would expel a burning fever with fire, or put in the shivering marrow of the bones snow and ice? So certainly shall it fare with him, who, with a new love, thinks to mitigate the old. Those who believe this know not the nature of love, nor how much a second passion adds to the first. In vain would we assist or advise this forceful passion, if it has struck its root near the heart of him who long has loved."

Boccaccio has beguiled my pen for half an hour with all the loves and fancies which sprung out of his own affectionate and romantic heart. What airy stuff has he woven into the "Vita" of Dante! this *sentimental biography!* Whether he knew but little of the personal history of the

great man whom he idolised, or whether the dream of the mother—the May-day interview with the little Bice, and the rest of the children —and the effusions on Dante's marriage, were grounded on tradition, one would not harshly reject such tender incidents*. But let it not be imagined that the heart of Boccaccio was only susceptible to amorous impressions—bursts of enthusiasm and eloquence, which only a man of genius is worthy of receiving, and only a man of genius is capable of bestowing—kindle the masculine patriotism of his bold, indignant spirit!

Half a century had elapsed since the death of DANTE, and still the Florentines showed no sign of repentance for their ancient hatred of their persecuted patriot, nor any sense of the memory of the creator of their language, whose immor-

*"A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante," in English, printed in Italy, has just reached me. I am delighted to find that this biography of Love, however romantic, is true! In his *ninth year*, Dante was a lover and a poet! The tender sonnet, free from all obscurity, which he composed on Beatrice, is preserved in the above singular volume. There can be no longer any doubt of the story of Beatrice; but the sonnet and the passion must be "classed among curious natural phenomena."

tality had become a portion of their own glory. Boccaccio, impassioned by all his generous nature, though he regrets he could not raise a statue to Dante, has sent down to posterity more than marble, in the "life." I venture to give the lofty and bold apostrophe to his fellow-citizen; but I feel that even the genius of our language is tame by the side of the harmonised eloquence of the great votary of Dante!

"Ungrateful country! what madness urged thee, when thy dearest citizen, thy chief benefactor, thy only poet, with unaccustomed cruelty was driven to flight. If this had happened in the general terror of that time, coming from evil counsels, thou mightest stand excused; but when the passions ceased, didst thou repent? didst thou recall him? Bear with me, nor deem it irksome from me, who am thy son, that thus I collect what just indignation prompts me to speak, as a man more desirous of witnessing your amendment, than of beholding you punished! Seems it to you glorious, proud of so many titles and of such men, that the one whose like no neighbouring city can show, you have chosen to

chase from among you? With what triumphs, with what valorous citizens are you splendid? Your wealth is a removable and uncertain thing; your fragile beauty will grow old; your delicacy is shameful and feminine; but these make you noticed by the false judgments of the populace! Do you glory in your merchants and your artists? I speak imprudently; but the one are tenaciously avaricious in their servile trades; and art, which once was so noble, and became a second nature, struck by the same avarice, is now as corrupted, and nothing worth! Do you glory in the baseness and the listlessness of those idlers, who, because their ancestors are remembered, attempt to raise up among you a nobility to govern you, ever by robbery, by treachery, by falsehood! Ah! miserable mother! open thine eyes; cast them with some remorse on what thou hast done, and blush, at least, reputed wise as thou art, to have had in your errors so fatal a choice! Why not rather imitate the acts of those cities who so keenly disputed merely for the honour of the birth-place of the divine Homer? Mantua, our neighbour, counts as the greatest fame which re-

mains for her, that Virgil was a Mantuan! and holds his very name in such reverence, that not only in public places, but in the most private, we see his sculptured image! You only, while you were made famous by illustrious men, you only have shown no care for your great poet. Your Dante Alighieri died in exile, to which you unjustly, envious of his greatness, destined him! A crime not to be remembered, that the mother should bear an envious malignity to the virtues of a son! Now cease to be unjust! He cannot do you that, now dead, which living, he never did do to you! He lies under another sky than yours, and you never can see him again, but on that day, when all your citizens shall view him, and the great Remunerator shall examine, and shall punish! If anger, hatred, and enmity, are buried with a man, as it is believed, begin then to return to yourself; begin to be ashamed to have acted against your ancient humanity; begin, then, to wish to appear a mother, and not a cold negligent step-dame Yield your tears to your son; yield your maternal piety to him whom once you repulsed, and, living, cast away from you! At least think of possess-

ing him dead, and restore your citizenship, your award, and your grace, to his memory. He was a son who held you in reverence, and though long an exile, he always called himself, and would be called, a Florentine! He held you ever above all others; ever he loved you! What will you then do? Will you remain obstinate in iniquity? Will you practise less humanity than the barbarians? You wish that the world should believe that you are the sister of famous Troy, and the daughter of Rome; assuredly the children should resemble their fathers and their ancestors. Priam, in his misery, bought the corpse of Hector with gold; and Rome would possess the bones of the first Scipio, and removed them from Linternum, which, dying, so justly he had denied her. Seek then to be the true guardian of your Dante, claim him! show this humane feeling, claim him! you may securely do this: I am certain he will not be returned to you; but thus at once you may betray some mark of compassion, and, not having him again, still enjoy your ancient cruelty! Alas! what comfort am I bringing you! I almost believe, that if the dead could feel, the body of

DANTE would not rise to return to you, for he is lying in Ravenna, whose hallowed soil is everywhere covered with the ashes of saints. Would DANTE quit this blessed company to mingle with the remains of those hatreds and iniquities which gave him no rest in life? The relics of DANTE, even among the bodies of emperors and of martyrs, and of their illustrious ancestors, is prized as a treasure, for there his works are looked on with admiration; those works of which you have not yet known to make yourselves worthy. His birth-place, his origin, remains for you, spite of your ingratitude! and this Ravenna envies you, while she glories in your honours which she has snatched from you through ages yet to come!"

Such was the deep emotion which opened Boccaccio's heart in this sentimental biography, and awoke even shame and confusion in the minds of the Florentines; they blushed for their old hatreds, and, with awakened sympathies, they hastened to honour the memory of their great bard. By order of the city, the *Divina Commedia* was publicly read and explained to the people. Boccaccio, then sinking under the in-

firmities of age, roused his departing genius: still was there marrow in the bones of the aged lion, and he engaged in the task of composing his celebrated Commentaries on the *Divina Commedia.*

In this class of *sentimental biography* I would place a species which the historian Carte noticed in his literary travels on the continent, in pursuit of his historical design. He found, preserved among several ancient families of France, their domestic annals. "With a warm, patriotic spirit, worthy of imitation, they have often carefully preserved in their families the acts of their ancestors." A custom which we have not adopted; but we may be confident that many a name has not been inscribed on the roll of national glory, only from wanting a few drops of ink! This delight and pride of the modern Gauls in the great and good deeds of their ancestors, preserved in domestic archives, will be ascribed to their folly or vanity; yet in that folly there is so much wisdom, and in that vanity there is so much greatness, that the one will amply redeem the other.

The nation has lost many a noble example of men and women acting a great part on great occasions, and then retreating to the shade of privacy. Such domestic annals may yet be viewed in the family records at Appleby Castle! Anne, Countess of Pembroke, was a glorious woman, the descendant of two potent northern families, the Veteriponts and the Cliffords.—She lived in a state of regal magnificence and independence, inhabiting five castles; yet though her magnificent spirit poured itself out in her extended charities, and though her independence mated that of monarchs, yet she herself, in her domestic habits, lived as a hermit in her own castles; and though only acquainted with her native language, she had cultivated her mind in many parts of learning; and as Donne, in his way, observes, "she knew how to converse of every thing; from predestination to slea-silk." Her favourite design was to have materials collected for the history of those two potent northern families to whom she was allied; and at a considerable expense employed learned persons to make collections for this purpose, from

the records in the Tower, the Rolls, and other depositories of manuscripts; all these, we are informed by Gilpin, he had seen fairly transcribed in three large volumes. Anecdotes of a great variety of characters, who had exerted themselves on very important occasions, compose these family records—and induce one to wish that the public were in possession of such annals of the domestic life of heroes and of sages, who have only failed in obtaining an historian!

A biographical monument of this nature, which has passed through the press, will sufficiently prove the utility of this class of *sentimental biography*. It is the life of Robert Price, a Welsh lawyer, and an ancestor of the gentleman whose ingenuity, in our days, has refined the principles of the picturesque in art. This life is announced as "printed by the appointment of the family;" but it must not be considered merely as a tribute of private affection; and how we are at this day interested in the actions of a Welsh lawyer in the reign of William the Third, whose name has probably never been consigned to the page of history, remains to be told.

ROBERT PRICE, after having served Charles the Second, lived latterly in the eventful times of William the Third—he was probably of Tory principles, for on the arrival of the Dutch prince, he was removed from the attorney-generalship of Glamorgan. The new monarch has been accused of favouritism, and of an eagerness in showering exorbitant grants on some of his foreigners, which soon raised a formidable opposition in the jealous spirit of Englishmen. The grand favourite, William Bentinck, after being raised to the title of Earl of Portland, had a grant bestowed on him of three lordships, in the county of Denbigh. The patriot of his native country—a title which the Welsh had already conferred on ROBERT PRICE—then rose to assert the rights of his father-land, and his speeches are as admirable for their knowledge as their spirit. "The submitting of 1500 freeholders to the will of a Dutch lord was," as he sarcastically declared, "putting them in a worse posture than their former estate, when under William the Conqueror and his Norman lords. England must not be tributary to strangers—we must, like patriots,

stand by our country—otherwise, when God shall send us a Prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him, as a Pope did to King John, who was surnamed *sans terre*, and was by his father made Lord of Ireland, which grant was confirmed by the Pope, who sent him a crown of peacock's feathers, in derogation of his power, and the poverty of his country." Robert Price asserted that the king could not, by the Bill of Rights, alien or give away the inheritance of a Prince of Wales, without the consent of parliament. He concluded a copious and patriotic speech, by proposing that an address be presented to the king, to put an immediate stop to the grant now passing to the Earl of Portland for the lordships, &c.

This speech produced such an effect, that the address was carried unanimously; and the king, though he highly resented the speech of Robert Price, sent a civil message to the commons, declaring that he should not have given Lord Portland those lands, had he imagined the House of Commons could have been concerned; "I will therefore recal the grant!" On receiving the royal

message, Robert Price drew up a resolution to which the house assented, that "to procure or pass exorbitant grants by any member of the privy council, &c. was a high crime and misdemeanour." The speech of Robert Price contained truths too numerous and too bold to suffer the light during that reign; but this speech against foreigners was printed the year after King William's death, with this title, "*Gloria Cambriæ*, or the speech of a bold Briton in parliament, against a Dutch prince of Wales," with this motto, *Opposuit et Vicit.* Such was the great character of Robert Price, that he was made a Welsh judge by the very sovereign whose favourite plans he had so patriotically thwarted.

Another marked event in the life of this English patriot was a second noble stand he made against the royal authority, when in opposition to the public good. The secret history of a quarrel between George the First and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, on the birth of a son, appears in this life; and when the prince in disgrace left the palace, his royal high-

ness proposed taking his children with him and the princess; but the king detained the children, claiming the care of the royal offspring as a royal prerogative. It now became a legal point to ascertain "whether the education of his majesty's grandchildren, and the care of their marriages, &c. belonged of right to his majesty as king of this realm, or not?" Ten of the judges obsequiously allowed of the prerogative to the full. Robert Price and another judge decided that the education, &c. was the right of the father, although the marriages was that of his majesty as king of this realm, yet not exclusive of the prince, their father. He assured the king, that the ten obsequious judges had no authority to support their precipitate opinion; all the books and precedents cannot form a prerogative for the king of this realm to have the care and education of his grand-children during the life and without the consent of their father—a prerogative unknown to the laws of England! He pleads for the rights of a father, with the spirit of one who feels them, as well as with legal science, and curiosity of historical knowledge.

Such were the two great incidents in the life of this Welsh judge! Yet had the family not found one to commemorate these memorable events in the life of their ancestor, we had lost the noble picture of a constitutional interpreter of the laws, an independent country gentleman, and an Englishman jealous of the excessive predominance of ministerial or royal influence.

Another class of this *sentimental biography* was projected by the late Elizabeth Hamilton. This was to have consisted of a series of what she called *comparative biography*, and an ancient character was to have been paralleled by a modern one. Occupied by her historical romance with the character of *Agrippina*, she sought in modern history for a partner of her own sex, and "one who, like her, had experienced vicissitudes of fortune;" and she found no one better qualified than the princess palatine, *Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First.* Her next life was to have been that of *Seneca*, with "the scenes and persons of which her life of Agrippina had familiarized her;" and the contrast or the parallel was to have been *Locke;* which, well managed, she thought, would

have been sufficiently striking. It seems to me, that it would rather have afforded an evidence of her invention! Such a biographical project reminds one of Plutarch's Parallels, and might incur the danger of displaying more ingenuity than truth. The sage of Cheronea must often have racked his invention to help out his parallels, bending together the most unconnected events and the most distinct feelings, to make them similar; and, to keep his parallels in two straight lines, he probably made a free use of augmentatives and diminutives to help out his pair, who might have been equal, and yet not alike!

We were once promised, that the pathetic sweetness of Mr. Southey's prose would not fail to realise the very ideal of SENTIMENTAL BIOGRAPHY—our father-land is prodigal of immortal names, or names which might be made immortal! It would be that sort of work which Gibbon once contemplated with complacency, and of which we may regret that he has only left the project. "I have long revolved in my mind a volume of biographical writing; the lives or

rather the characters of the most eminent persons in arts and arms, in church and state, who have flourished in Britain, from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present age. The subject would afford a rich display of human nature and domestic history, and powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman."

LITERARY PARALLELS.

An opinion on this subject in the preceding article has led me to a further investigation. It may be right to acknowledge that so attractive is this critical and moral amusement of comparing great characters with one another, that, among others, Bishop Hurd once proposed to write *a book of Parallels*, and has furnished a specimen in that of Petrarch and Rousseau, and intended for another that of Erasmus with Cicero. It is amusing to observe how a lively and subtle mind can strike out resemblances, and make contraries accord, and at the same time show the pinching difficulties through which a parallel is pushed, till it ends in a paradox.

Hurd says of Petrarch and Rousseau—"Both were impelled by an equal enthusiasm, though directed towards different objects: Petrarch's towards the glory of the Roman name, Rousseau's towards his idol of a state of Nature; the one religious, the other *un esprit fort;* but may not

Petrarch's spite to Babylon be considered, in his time, as a species of free-thinking?"—and concludes, that "both were mad, but of a different nature." Unquestionably there were features much alike, and almost peculiar to these two literary characters; but I doubt if Hurd has comprehended them in the parallel.

I now give a specimen of those parallels which have done so much mischief in the literary world, when drawn by a hand which covertly leans on one side. An elaborate one of this sort was composed by Longolius or Longueil, between BUDÆUS and ERASMUS*. This man, though of Dutch origin, affected to pass for a Frenchman, and, to pay his court to his chosen people, gives the preference obliquely to the French Budæus; though, to make a show of impartiality, he acknowledges that Francis the First had awarded it to Erasmus; but probably he did not infer that kings were the most able reviewers! This parallel was sent forth during the lifetime of both these great scholars, who had long been

* It is noticed by Jortin, in his Life of Erasmus, vol. i. p. 160.

correspondents, but the publication of the parallel interrupted their friendly intercourse. Erasmus returned his compliments and thanks to Longolius, but at the same time insinuates a gentle hint, that he was not over-pleased. "What pleases me most," Erasmus writes, "is the just preference you have given Budæus over me; I confess you are even too economical in your praise of him, as you are too prodigal in mine. I thank you for informing me what it is the learned desire to find in me; my self-love suggests many little excuses, with which, you observe, I am apt *to favour my defects*. If I am careless, it arises partly from my ignorance, and more from my indolence; I am so constituted, that I cannot conquer my nature; I precipitate rather than compose, and it is far more irksome for me to revise than to write."

This parallel between ERASMUS and BUDÆUS, though the parallel itself was not of a malignant nature, yet disturbed the quiet, and interrupted the friendship of both. When Longolius discovered that the Parisian surpassed the Hollander in Greek literature and the knowledge

of the civil law, and wrote more learnedly and laboriously, how did this detract from the finer genius and the varied erudition of the more delightful writer? The parallelist compares Erasmus to "a river swelling its waters and often overflowing its banks; Budæus rolled on like a majestic stream, ever restraining its waves within its bed. The Frenchman has more nerve and blood, and life, and the Hollander more fulness, freshness, and colour."

This taste for *biographical parallels* must have reached us from Plutarch; and there is something malicious in our nature which inclines us to form *comparative estimates*, usually with a view to elevate one great man at the cost of another, whom we would secretly depreciate. Our political parties at home have often indulged in these fallacious parallels, and Pitt and Fox once balanced the scales, not by the standard weights and measures which ought to have been used, but by the adroitness of the hand that pressed down the scale. In literature these comparative estimates have proved most prejudicial. A finer model exists not than the *parallel of Dryden and*

Pope, by Johnson; for, without designing any undue preference, his vigorous judgment has analysed them by his contrasts, and rather shown their distinctness than their similarity. But literary *parallels* usually end in producing *parties;* and, as I have elsewhere observed, often originate in undervaluing one man of genius, for his deficiency in some eminent quality possessed by the other man of genius; and not unfrequently proceed from adverse tastes, with the concealed design of establishing their own favourite one. The world of literature has been deeply infected with this folly. Virgil probably was often vexed in his days by a parallel with Homer, and the *Homerians* combated with the *Virgilians.* Modern Italy was long divided into such literary sects: a perpetual skirmishing is carried on between the *Ariostoists* and the *Tassoists;* and feuds as dire as those between two Highland clans were raised concerning the *Petrarchists* and the *Chiabrerists.* Old *Corneille* lived to bow his venerable genius before a parallel with *Racine;* and no one has suffered more unjustly by those arbitrary criticisms than

Pope, for a strange unnatural civil war has often been renewed between the *Drydenists* and the *Popists*. Two men of great genius should never be depreciated by the misapplied ingenuity of a parallel; on such occasions we ought to conclude, that they are *magis pares quam similes*.

THE PEARL BIBLES, AND SIX THOUSAND ERRATA.

As a literary curiosity, I notice a subject which might rather enter into the history of religion. It relates to the extraordinary state of our English Bibles, which were for some time suffered to be so corrupted, that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errata!

These errata unquestionably were in great part voluntary commissions, interpolated passages, and meanings forged for certain purposes; sometimes to sanction the new creed of some half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all scriptural authority by a confusion, or an omission, of texts—the whole was left open to the option or the malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine-merchants, contrived to accommodate "the waters of life" to their customers' peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in as contracted a form as they possibly could, for the common people; and they proceeded till

it nearly ended with having no Bible at all: and, as Fuller, in his "Mixt Contemplations on better Times," alluding to this circumstance, with not one of his lucky quibbles, observes, "The *small price* of the Bible hath caused the *small prizing* of the Bible."

This extraordinary attempt on the English Bible began even before Charles the First's dethronement, and probably arose from an unusual demand for Bibles, as the sectarian fanaticism was increasing. Printing of English Bibles was an article of open trade; every one printed at the lowest price, and as fast as their presses would allow. Even those who were dignified as "his Majesty's Printers" were among these manufacturers; for we have an account of a scandalous omission by them of the important negative in the seventh commandment! The printers were summoned before the court of High Commission, and this *not* served to bind them in a fine of three thousand pounds! A prior circumstance, indeed, had occurred, which induced the government to be more vigilant on the Biblical press. The learned Usher, one day hastening to preach at

Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers, as booksellers were then called, and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror, he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the king of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press; and, says the manuscript writer of this anecdote, first bred that great contest which followed, between the University of Cambridge and the London stationers, about the right of printing Bibles *.

The secret bibliographical history of these times would show the extraordinary state of the press in this new trade of Bibles. The writer of a curious pamphlet exposes the combination of those called the king's printers, with their contrivances to keep up the prices of Bibles; their correspondence with the booksellers of Scotland and Dublin, by which means they retained the privilege in their own hands: the king's *London* printers got Bibles printed cheaper at Edinburgh.

* Harl. MS. 6395.

In 1629, when folio Bibles were wanted, the Cambridge printers sold them at ten shillings in quires; on this the Londoners set six printing houses at work, and, to annihilate the Cambridgians, printed a similar *folio* Bible, but sold with it five hundred *quarto* Roman Bibles, and five hundred *quarto* English, at five shillings a book; which proved the ruin of the folio Bibles, by keeping them down under the cost price. Another competition arose among those who printed English Bibles in Holland, in *duodecimo*, with an English colophon, for half the price even of the lowest in London. Twelve thousand of these *duodecimo* Bibles, with notes, fabricated in Holland, usually by our fugitive sectarians, were seized by the king's printers, as contrary to the statute *. Such was this shameful war of

* "Scintilla, or a Light broken into darke Warehouses; of some Printers, sleeping Stationers, and combining Booksellers; in which is only a touch of their forestalling and ingrossing of Books in Pattents, and raysing them to excessive prises. Left to the consideration of the high and honourable House of Parliament, now assembled. London: No where to be sold, but some where to be given. 1641."

Bibles—folios, quartos, and duodecimos, even in the days of Charles the First. The public spirit of the rising sect was the real occasion of these increased demands for Bibles.

During the civil wars they carried on the same open trade and competition, besides the private ventures of the smuggled Bibles. A large impression of these Dutch English Bibles were burnt by order of the Assembly of Divines, for these *three errors*:—

Gen. xxxvi. 24.—This is that *ass* that found rulers in the wilderness—for *mule*.

Ruth iv. 13.—The Lord gave her *corruption*—for *conception*.

Luke xxi. 28.—Look up, and lift up your hands, for your *condemnation* draweth nigh—for *redemption*.

These errata were none of the printers; but, as a writer of the times expresses it, "egregious blasphemies, and damnable errata" of some sectarian, or some Bellamy editor of that day!

The printing of Bibles at length was a privilege conceded to one William Bentley; but he was opposed by Hills and Field; and a paper

war arose, in which they mutually recriminated on each other, with equal truth.

Field printed in 1653 what was called the PEARL BIBLE; alluding, I suppose, to that diminutive type in printing, for it could not derive its name from its worth. It is a twenty-fours; but to contract the mighty BOOK into this dwarfishness, all the original Hebrew text prefixed to the Psalms, explaining the occasion and the subject of their composition, is wholly expunged. This Pearl Bible, which may be inspected among the great collection of our English Bibles at the British Museum, is set off by many notable *errata*, of which these are noticed:—

Romans vi. 13.—Neither yield ye your members as instruments of *righteousness* unto sin—for *unrighteousness*.

First Corinthians vi. 9.—Know ye not that the unrighteous *shall inherit* the kingdom of God?—for *shall not inherit*.

This *erratum* served as the foundation of a dangerous doctrine; for many libertines urged the text from this corrupt Bible, against the reproofs of a divine.

This Field was a great forger; and it is said that he received a present of £1500 from the *independents* to corrupt a text in Acts vi. 3, to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. The corruption was the easiest possible; it was only to put a *ye* instead of a *we;* so that the right in Field's Bible emanated from the people, not from the apostles. The only account I recollect of this extraordinary state of our Bibles is a happy allusion in a line of Butler:—

> Religion spawn'd a various rout
> Of petulant, capricious sects,
> THE MAGGOTS OF CORRUPTED TEXTS.

In other Bibles by Hills and Field we may find such abundant errata, reducing the text to nonsense or to blasphemy, making the Scriptures contemptible to the multitude, who came to pray, and not to scorn.

It is affirmed, in the manuscript account already referred to, that one Bible swarmed with *six thousand faults!* Indeed, from another source we discover that "Sterne, a solid scholar, was the first who summed up the *three thousand and six hundred* faults, that were in our printed

Bibles of London *. If one book can be made to contain near four thousand errors, little ingenuity was required to reach to six thousand; but perhaps this is the first time so remarkable an incident in the history of literature has ever been chronicled. And that famous edition of the Vulgate by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, a memorable book of blunders, which commands such high prices, ought now to fall in value, before the PEARL BIBLE, in twenty-fours, of Messrs. Hills and Field!

Mr. Field, and his worthy coadjutor, seem to have carried the favour of the reigning powers over their opponents; for I find a piece of their secret history. They engaged to pay £500 per annum to some, "whose names I forbear to mention," warily observes the manuscript writer; and above £100 per annum to Mr. *Marchmont Needham and his wife*, out of the profits of the sales of their Bibles; deriding, insulting, and triumphing over others, out of their confidence in their great friends and purse, as if they were lawless

* G. Garrard's Letter to the Earl of Strafford, Vol. I. p. 208.

and free, both from offence and punishment *. This Marchmont Needham is sufficiently notorious, and his secret history is probably true; for in a Mercurius Politicus of this unprincipled Cobbett of his day, I found an elaborate puff of an edition published by the annuity-grantor to this Worthy and his Wife!

Not only had the Bible to suffer these indignities of size and price, but the Prayer-book was once printed in an illegible and worn out type; on which the printer being complained of, he stoutly replied, that "it was as good as the price afforded; and being a book which all persons ought to have by heart, it was no matter whether it was read or not, so that it was worn out in their hands." The puritans seem not to have been so nice for the source of purity itself.

These hand-bibles of the sectarists, with their six thousand errata, like the false Duessa, covered their crafty deformity with a fair raiment; for when the great Selden, in the assembly of divines, delighted to confute them in their own learning,

* Harl. MS. 7580.

he would say, as Whitelock reports, when they had cited a text to prove their assertion, "Perhaps in your little pocket-bible, with gilt leaves," which they would often pull out and read, "the translation may be so, but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies this."

While these transactions were occurring, it appears that the authentic translation of the Bible, such as we now have it, by the learned translators in James the First's time, was suffered to lie neglected in manuscript! The manuscript copy was in the possession of two of the king's printers, who, from cowardice, consent, and connivance, suppressed the publication; considering that a Bible full of errata, and often, probably, accommodated to the notions of certain sectarists, was more valuable than one authenticated by the hierarchy! Such was the state of the English Bible till 1660*!

The proverbial expression of *chapter and verse* seems peculiar to ourselves, and, I suspect, originated in the puritanic period, probably just be-

* See the London Printers' Lamentation on the Press oppressed, Harl. Coll. III. 280.

fore the civil wars under Charles the First, from the frequent use of appealing to the Bible on the most frivolous occasions, practised by those whom South calls "those mighty men at *chapter and verse.*" With a sort of religious coquetry, they were vain of perpetually opening their gilt pocket Bibles; they perked them up with such self-sufficiency and perfect ignorance of the original, that the learned Selden found considerable amusement in going to their "assembly of divines," and puzzling or confuting them, as we have noticed. A ludicrous anecdote on one of these occasions is given by a contemporary, which shows how admirably that learned man amused himself with this "assembly of divines!" They were discussing the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, with a perfect ignorance of sacred or of ancient geography; one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be only seven, for this strange reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market! Selden observed, that "possibly the fish in question was salted," and silenced these acute disputants.

It would probably have greatly discomposed these "chapter and verse" men, to have informed them that the Scriptures had neither chapter nor verse! It is by no means clear how the holy writings were anciently divided, and still less how quoted or referred to. The honour of the invention of the present arrangement of the Scriptures is ascribed to Robert Stephens, by his son, in the preface to his Concordance, a task which he performed during a journey on horseback, from Paris to London, in 1551; and whether it was done as Yorick would, lounging on his mule, or in his intermediate baits, he has received all possible thanks for this employment of his time. Two years afterwards he concluded with the Bible. But that the honour of every invention may be disputed, Sanctus Pagninus's Bible, printed at Lyons in 1527, seems to have led the way to these convenient divisions; Stephens however improved on Pagninus's mode of paragraphical marks and marginal verses; and our present "chapter and verse" more numerous and more commodiously numbered, were the project of this learned printer, to *recommend his edition of the*

phor. This quaker, however, was not the only victim to the letter of the text; for the famous Origen, by interpreting in too literal a way the 12th verse of the 19th of St. Matthew, which alludes to those persons who become eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven, armed himself with his own hands against himself, as is sufficiently known. "*Retournons à nos moutons.*" The parliament afterwards had both periodical and occasional fasts; and Charles the First opposed "the hypocritical fast of every Wednesday in the month, by appointing one for the second Friday:" the two unhappy parties, who were hungering and thirsting for each other's blood, were fasting in spite one against the other.

Without inquiring into the causes, even if we thought that we could ascertain them, of that frightful dissolution of religion which so long prevailed in our country, and of which the very corruption it has left behind still breeds in monstrous shapes, it will be sufficient to observe, that the destruction of the monarchy and the ecclesiastical order was a moral earthquake, overturning all minds, and opening all changes.—

A theological logomachy was substituted by the sullen and proud ascetics who ascended into power. These, without wearying themselves, wearied all others, and triumphed over each other by their mutual obscurity. The two great giants in this theological war were the famous Richard Baxter and Dr. Owen. They both wrote a library of books; but the endless controversy between them was the extraordinary and incomprehensible subject, whether the death of Christ was *solutio ejusdem,* or only *tantundem;* that is, whether it was a payment of the very thing, which by law we ought to have paid, or of something held by God to be equivalent. Such was the point on which this debate lasted without end, between Owen and Baxter!

Yet these metaphysical absurdities were harmless, compared to what was passing among the more hot fanatics, who were for acting the wild fancies which their melancholy brains engendered; men, who from the places into which they had thrust themselves, might now be called "the higher orders of society!" These two parties alike sent forth an evil spirit to walk among the multitude.

Every one would become his own law-maker, and even his own prophet; the meanest aspired to give his name to his sect. All things were to be put into motion according to the St. Vitus's dance of the last new saint. "Away with the Law! which cuts off a man's legs and then bids him walk!" cried one from his pulpit. "Let believers sin as fast as they will, they have a fountain open to wash them," declared another teacher. We had the *Brownists,* from Robert Brown, the *Vaneists,* from Sir Harry Vane, till we sink down to Mr. Traske, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Robinson, and H. N., whose name has never been revealed, besides Mrs. Hutchinson, and the Grindletonian family, who preferred "motions to motives," and conveniently assumed, that "their spirit is not to be tried by the Scripture, but the Scripture by their spirit." Edwards, the author of "Gangræna," the adversary of Milton, whose work may still be preserved for its curiosity, though immortalised by the scourge of genius, has furnished a list of about two hundred of such sects in these times. A divine of the church of England observed to a great sectary, "You talk of the idolatry of

Rome; but each of you, whenever you have made and set up a calf, will dance about it."

This confusion of religions, if, indeed, these pretended modes of faith could be classed among religions, disturbed the consciences of good men, who read themselves in and out of their vacillating creed. It made, at last, even one of the puritans themselves, who had formerly complained that they had not enjoyed sufficient freedom under the bishops, cry out against "this cursed intolerable toleration." And the fact is, that when the presbyterians had fixed themselves into the government, they published several treatises against toleration! The parallel between these wild notions of reform, and those of another character, run closely together. About this time well-meaning persons, who were neither enthusiasts from the ambition of founding sects, nor of covering their immorality by their impiety, were infected with the *religiosa insania.* One case may stand for many. A Mr. Greswold, a gentleman of Warwickshire, whom a Brownist had by degrees enticed from his parish church, was afterwards persuaded to return to it—but

he returned with a troubled mind, and lost in the prevalent theological contests. A horror of his future existence shut him out, as it were, from his present one: retiring into his own house, with his children, he ceased to communicate with the living world. He had his food put in at the window; and when his children lay sick, he admitted no one for their relief. His house, at length, was forced open; and they found two children dead, and the father confined to his bed. He had mangled his Bible, and cut out the titles, contents, and every thing but the very text itself; for it seems that he thought that every thing human was sinful, and he conceived that the titles of the books, and the contents of the chapters, were to be cut out of the sacred Scriptures, as having been composed by men*.

More terrible it was when the insanity, which had hitherto been more confined to the better classes, burst forth among the common people. Were we to dwell minutely on this period, we should start from the picture with horror: we

* The Hypocrite discovered and cured, by Sam. Torshall, 4to, 1644.

might, perhaps, console ourselves with a disbelief of its truth; but the drug bitter in the mouth we must sometimes suffer to digest. To observe the extent to which the populace can proceed, disfranchised of law and religion, will always leave a memorable recollection.

What occurred in the French revolution had happened here—an age of impiety! Society itself seemed dissolved, for every tie was unloosened of private affection and of public duty. Even nature was strangely violated! From the first opposition to the decorous ceremonies of the national church, by the simple puritans, the next stage was that of ridicule, and the last of obloquy. They began by calling the surplice a linen rag on the back; baptism a Christ-cross on a baby's face; and the organ was likened to the bellow, the grunt, and the barking of the respective animals. They actually baptized horses in churches at the fonts; and the jest of that day was, that the Reformation was now a thorough one in England, since our horses went to church*. St.

* There is a pamphlet which records a strange fact. "News from Powles; or the new Reformation of the Army, with a

Paul's cathedral was turned into a market, and the aisles, the communion table, and the altar, served for the foulest purposes. The liberty which every one now assumed of delivering his own opinions led to acts so execrable, that I can find no parallel for them except in the mad times of the French Revolution. Some maintained that there existed no distinction between moral good and moral evil; and that every man's actions were prompted by the Creator. Prostitution was professed as a religious act; a glazier was declared to be a prophet, and the woman he cohabited with was said to be ready to lie in of the Messiah. A man married his father's wife. Murders of the most extraordinary nature were occurring; one woman crucified her mother, another sacrificed her child,

true Relation of a Colt that was foaled in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in London, and how it was publiquely baptized, and the name (because a bald Colt) was called Baal-Rex! 1649." The water they sprinkled from the soldier's helmet on this occasion is described. The same occurred elsewhere. See Foulis's History of the Plots, &c. of our pretended Saints. These men who baptized horses and pigs in the name of the Trinity, sang psalms when they marched. One cannot easily comprehend the nature of fanaticism, except when we learn that they refused to pay rents!

in imitation of Abraham: we hear, too, of parricides. Amidst the slaughters of civil wars, spoil and blood had accustomed the people to contemplate the most horrible scenes. One madman of the many, we find drinking a health on his knees, in the midst of a town, "to the devil! that it might be said that his family should not be extinct without doing some infamous act." A Scotchman, one Alexander Agnew, commonly called "Jock of broad Scotland," whom one cannot call an atheist, for he does not seem to deny the existence of the Creator, nor a future state, had a shrewdness of local humour in his strange notions. Omitting some offensive things, others as strange may exhibit the state to which the re-action of an hypocritical system of religion had driven the common people. Jock of broad Scotland said he was nothing in God's common, for God had given him nothing; he was no more obliged to God than to the devil, for God was very greedy. Neither God nor the devil gave the fruits of the ground; the wives of the country gave him his meat. When asked wherein he believed, he answered, "He believed in white

meal, water, and salt. Christ was not God, for he came into the world after it was made, and died as other men. He declared that "he did not know whether God or the devil had the greatest power, but he thought the devil was the greatest. When I die, let God and the devil strive for my soul, and let him that is strongest take it." He no doubt had been taught by the presbytery to mock religious rites; and when desired to give God thanks for his meat, he said, "Take a sackful of prayers to the mill and grind them, and take your breakfast of them." To others he said, "I will give you a two-pence, and pray until a boll of meal, and one stone of butter, fall from heaven through the house rigging to you." When bread and cheese were laid on the ground by him, he said, "If I leave this, I will long cry to God before he give it me again." To others he said, "Take a bannock, and break it in two, and lay down one half thereof, and you will long pray to God before he put the other half to it again!" He seems to have been an anti-trinitarian. He said he received every thing from nature, which had ever reigned and ever would.

He would not conform to any religious system, nor name the three Persons—"At all these things I have long shaken my cap," he said. Jock of broad Scotland seems to have been one of those who imagine that God should have furnished them with bannocks ready baked.

The extravagant fervour then working in the minds of the people is marked by the story told by Clement Walker, of the soldier who entered a church with a lantern and a candle burning in it, and in the other hand four candles not lighted. He said he came to deliver his message from God, and show it by these types of candles. Driven into the churchyard, and the wind blowing strong, he could not kindle his candles, and the new prophet was awkwardly compelled to conclude his five denouncements, abolishing the Sabbath, tythes, ministers, magistrates, and, at last, the Bible itself, without putting out each candle, as he could not kindle them; observing, however, each time—"And here I should put out the first light, but the wind is so high that I cannot kindle it."

A perfect scene of the effects which this state of

irreligious society produced among the lower orders, I am enabled to give from the manuscript life of John Shaw, vicar of Rotheram, who a little tediously, but with infinite *naiveté*, has told what happened to himself. This honest divine was puritanically inclined, but there can be no exaggeration in a plain detail of facts. He tells a remarkable story of the state of religious knowledge in Lancashire, at a place called Cartmel: some of the people appeared desirous of religious instruction, declaring that they were without any minister, and had entirely neglected every religious rite, and therefore pressed him to quit his situation at Lymm for a short period. He may now tell his own story.

"I found a very large spacious church, scarce any seats in it; a people very ignorant, and yet willing to learn; so as I had frequently some thousands of hearers. I catechised in season and out of season. The churches were so thronged at nine in the morning, that I had much ado to get to the pulpit. One day, an old man about sixty, sensible enough in other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, coming to me on some business, I told him that he belonged to my care and charge, and I desired to be informed in his knowledge of religion. I asked him how many Gods there were? He said he knew not.

I informing him, asked again how he thought to be saved? He answered he could not tell. Yet thought that was a harder question than the other. I told him that the way to salvation was by Jesus Christ, God-man, who as he was man shed his blood for us on the cross, &c. Oh sir, said he, I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendall, called Corpus-Christ's play, where there was a man on a tree and blood run down, &c. And afterwards he professed he could not remember that he ever heard of salvation by Jesus, but in that play."

The scenes passing in the metropolis, as well as in the country, are opened to us in one of the chronicling poems of George Withers. Our sensible Rhimer wrote in November 1652, "a Dark Lanthorne" on the present subject.

After noticing that God, to mortify us, had sent preachers from "the shop-board and the plough,"

——Such as we seem justly to contemn,
As making truths abhorred, which come from them:

he seems, however, inclined to think, that these self-taught "Teachers and Prophets" in their darkness might hold a certain light within them.

——— Children, fools,
Women and madmen, we do often meet
Preaching, and threatening judgments in the street,
Yea by strange actions, postures, tones and cries
Themselves they offer to our ears and eyes
As signs unto this nation.—
They act, as men in extacies have done—
Striving their cloudy visions to declare,
Till they have lost the notions which they had,
And want but few degrees of being mad.

Such is the picture of the folly and of the wickedness, which after having been preceded by the piety of a religious age, were succeeded by a dominion of hypocritical sanctity, and then closed in all the horrors of immorality and impiety. The parliament at length issued one of their ordinances for "punishing blasphemous and execrable opinions," and this was enforced with greater power than the slighted proclamations of James and Charles; but the curious wording is a comment on our present subject. The preamble notices that "men and women had lately discovered *monstrous opinions,* even such as tended to *the dissolution of human society, and have abused, and turned into licentiousness, the liberty given in matters of religion.*" It punishes any person not

distempered in his brains, who shall maintain any mere creature to be God; or that all acts of unrighteousness are not forbidden in the Scriptures; or that God approves of them; or that there is no real difference between moral good and evil," &c.

To this disordered state was the public mind reduced, for this proclamation was only describing what was passing among the people! The view of this subject embraces more than one point, which I leave for the meditation of the politician, as well as of the religionist.

BUCKINGHAM'S POLITICAL COQUETRY WITH THE PURITANS.

BUCKINGHAM, observes Hume, "in order to fortify himself against the resentment of James"—on the conduct of the duke in the Spanish match, when James was latterly hearing every day Buckingham against Bristol, and Bristol against Buckingham—"had affected popularity, and entered into the cabals of the puritans; but afterwards, being secure of the confidence of Charles, he had since abandoned this party; and on that account was the more exposed to their hatred and resentment."

The political coquetry of a minister coalescing with an opposition party, when he was on the point of being disgraced, would doubtless open an involved scene of intrigue; and what one exacted, and the other was content to yield, towards the mutual accommodation, might add one more example to the large chapter on political infirmity. Both workmen attempting to con-

vert each other into tools, by first trying their respective malleability on the anvil, are liable to be disconcerted by even a slight accident, whenever that proves to perfect conviction, how little they can depend on each other, and that each party comes to cheat, and not to be cheated!

This piece of secret history is in part recoverable from good authority. The two great actors were the Duke of Buckingham and Dr. Preston, the master of Emmanuel College, and the head of the puritan party.

Dr. Preston was an eminent character, who from his youth was not without ambition. His scholastic learning, the subtilty of his genius, and his more elegant accomplishments, had attracted the notice of James, at whose table he was perhaps more than once honoured as a guest; a suspicion of his puritanic principles was perhaps the only obstacle to his court preferment; yet Preston unquestionably designed to play a political part. He retained the favour of James by the king's hope of withdrawing the doctor from the opposition party; and commanded the favour of Buckingham by the fears of that

minister; when, to employ the quaint style of Hacket, the duke foresaw that "he might come to be tried in the furnace of the next sessions of parliament, and he had need to make the refiners his friends:" most of these "refiners" were the puritanic or opposition party. Appointed one of the chaplains of Prince Charles, Dr. Preston had the advantage of being in frequent attendance; and as Hacket tells us, "this politic man felt the pulse of the court, and wanted not the intelligence of all dark mysteries through the Scotch in his highness's bed-chamber." A close communication took place between the duke and Preston, who, as Hacket describes, was "a good crow to smell carrion." He obtained an easy admission to the duke's closet at least thrice a week, and their notable conferences Buckingham appears to have communicated to his confidential friends. Preston, intent on carrying all his points, skilfully commenced with the smaller ones. He winded the duke circuitously,—he worked at him subterraneously. This wary politician was too sagacious to propose what he had at heart—the extirpation of the hierarchy! The thunder of James's voice,

"no bishop! no king!" in the conference at Hampton-Court, still echoed in the ear of the puritan. He assured the duke that the love of the people was his only anchor, which could only be secured by the most popular measures. A new sort of reformation was easy to execute. Cathedrals and collegiate churches maintained by vast wealth, and the lands of the chapter, only fed "fat, lazy, and unprofitable drones." The dissolution of the foundations of deans and chapters would open an ample source to pay the king's debts, and scatter the streams of patronage. "You would then become the darling of the commonwealth;" I give the words as I find them in Hacket. "If a crum stick in the throat of any considerable man that attempts an opposition, it will be easy to wash it down with manors, woods, royalties, tythes, &c." It would be furnishing the wants of a number of gentlemen, and he quoted a Greek proverb, "that when a great oak falls, every neighbour may scuffle for a faggot."

Dr. Preston was willing to perform the part which Knox had acted in Scotland! He might

be certain of a party to maintain this national violation of property; for he who calls out "Plunder!" will ever find a gang. These acts of national injustice, so much desired by revolutionists, are never beneficial to the people; they never partake of the spoliation, and the whole terminates in private rapacity.

It was not, however, easy to obtain such perpetual access to the minister, and at the same time escape from the watchful: Archbishop Williams, the lord keeper, got sufficient hints from the king; and in a tedious conference with the duke, he wished to convince him that Preston had only offered him "flitten milk, out of which he should churn nothing!" The duke was, however, smitten by the new project, and made a remarkable answer: "You lose yourself in generalities: make it out to me in particular, if you can, that the motion you pick at will find repulse, and be baffled in the house of commons. I know not how you bishops may struggle, but I am much deluded if a great part of the knights and burgesses would not be glad to see this alteration." We are told on this, that Archbishop Williams took

out a list of the members of the house of commons, and convinced the minister that an overwhelming majority would oppose this projected revolution, and that in consequence the duke gave it up.

But this anterior decision of the duke may be doubtful, since Preston still retained the high favour of the minister, after the death of James. When James died at Theobalds, where Dr. Preston happened to be in attendance, he had the honour of returning to town in the new king's coach with the Duke of Buckingham. The doctor's servile adulation of the minister gave even great offence to the over-zealous puritans. That he was at length discarded is certain; but this was owing not to any deficient subserviency on the side of our politician, but to one of those unlucky circumstances which have often put an end to temporary political connexions, by enabling one party to discover what the other thinks of him.

I draw this curious fact from a manuscript narrative in the hand-writing of the learned William Wotton. When the puritanic party foolishly became jealous of the man who seemed

to be working at root and branch for their purposes, they addressed a letter to Preston, remonstrating with him for his servile attachment to the minister; on which he confidentially returned an answer, assuring them that he was as fully convinced of the vileness and profligacy of the Duke of Buckingham's character as any man could be, but that there was no way to come at him but by the lowest flattery, and that it was necessary for the glory of God, that such instruments should be made use of as could be had; and for that reason, and that alone, he showed that respect to the reigning favourite, and not for any real honour that he had for him. This letter proved fatal; some officious hand conveyed it to the duke! When Preston came as usual, the duke took his opportunity of asking him what he had ever done to disoblige him, that he should describe him in such black characters to his own party? Preston, in amazement, denied the fact, and poured forth professions of honour and gratitude. The duke showed him his own letter. Dr. Preston instantaneously felt a political apoplexy: the labours of some years had been lost

in a single morning. The baffled politician was turned out of Wallingford House, never more to see the enraged minister! And from that moment Buckingham wholly abandoned the Puritans, and cultivated the friendship of Laud. This happened soon after James the First's death. Wotton adds, "This story I heard from one who was extremely well versed in the secret history of the time *."

* Wotton delivered this memorandum to the literary antiquary, Thomas Baker; and Kennet transcribed it in his Manuscript Collections. Lansdowne MSS. No. 932—88. The life of Dr. Preston, in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, may be consulted with advantage.

SIR EDWARD COKE'S EXCEPTIONS AGAINST THE HIGH SHERIFF'S OATH.

A CURIOUS fact will show the revolutionary nature of human events, and the necessity of correcting our ancient statutes, which so frequently hold out punishments and penalties for objects which have long ceased to be criminal; as well as for persons against whom it would be barbarous to allow some unrepealed statute to operate.

When a political stratagem was practised by Charles the First to keep certain members out of the house of commons, by pricking them down as sheriffs in their different counties, among them was the celebrated Sir EDWARD COKE, whom the government had made High Sheriff for Bucks. It was necessary, perhaps, to be a learned and practised lawyer to discover the means he took, in the height of his resentment, to elude the insult. This great lawyer, who himself, perhaps, had often administered the oath to the sheriffs,

and which had, century after century, been usual for them to take, to the surprise of all persons, drew up Exceptions against the Sheriff's Oath, declaring that no one could take it. COKE sent his Exceptions to the attorney-general, who, by an immediate order in council, submitted them to "all the judges of England." Our legal luminary had condescended only to some ingenious cavilling in three of his exceptions; but the fourth was of a nature which could not be overcome. All the judges of England assented, and declared, that there was one part of this ancient oath which was perfectly irreligious, and must ever hereafter be left out! This article was, "That you shall do all your pain and diligence to destroy and make to cease all manner of heresies, commonly called *Lollaries*, within your bailiwick, &c.*" The Lollards were the most ancient of protestants, and had practised Luther's sentiments; it was, in fact, condemning the established religion of the country! An order was issued from Hampton

* Rushworth's Historical Collections, Vol. I. p. 199.

Court, for the abrogation of this part of the oath; and at present all high sheriffs owe this obligation to the resentment of Sir EDWARD COKE, for having been pricked down as Sheriff of Bucks, to be kept out of parliament! The merit of having the oath changed, *instanter*, he was allowed; but he was not excused taking it, after it was accommodated to the conscientious and lynx-eyed detection of our enraged lawyer.

SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES I. AND HIS FIRST PARLIAMENTS.

THE reign of CHARLES THE FIRST, succeeded by the COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, forms a period unparalleled by any preceding one in the annals of mankind. It was for the English nation the great result of all former attempts to ascertain and to secure the just freedom of the subject. The prerogative of the sovereign, and the rights of the people, were often imagined to be mutual incroachments; and were long involved in contradiction, in an age of unsettled opinions and disputed principles. At length the conflicting parties of monarchy and democracy, in the weakness of their passions, discovered how much each required the other for its protector. This age offers the finest speculations in human nature; it opens a protracted scene of glory and of infamy; all that elevates, and all that humiliates our kind, wrestling together, and expiring in a career of glorious deeds, of revolting crimes, and even of ludicrous infirmities!

The French Revolution is the commentary of the English; and a commentary at times more important than the text which it elucidates. It has thrown a freshness over the antiquity of our own history; and, on returning to it, we seem to possess the feelings, and to be agitated by the interests, of contemporaries. The circumstances and the persons which so many imagine had passed away, have been reproduced under our own eyes. In other histories we accept the knowledge of the characters and the incidents on the evidence of the historian; but here we may take them from our own conviction, since to extinct names and to past events we can apply the reality which we ourselves have witnessed.

Charles the First had scarcely ascended the throne ere he discovered, that in his new parliament he was married to a sullen bride: the youthful monarch, with the impatience of a lover, warm with hope and glory, was ungraciously repulsed even in the first favours! The prediction of his father remained, like the handwriting on the wall; but, seated on the throne,

Hope was more congenial to youth than Prophecy.

As soon as Charles the First could assemble a parliament, he addressed them with that earnestness, whose simplicity of words and thoughts strongly contrasted with the oratorical harangues of the late monarch. It cannot be alleged against Charles the First, that he preceded the parliament in the war of words. He courted their affections; and even in his manner of reception, amidst the dignity of the regal office, studiously showed his exterior respect by the marked solemnity of their first meeting. As yet uncrowned, on the day on which he first addressed the Lords and Commons, he wore his crown, and vailed it at the opening, and on the close of his speech; a circumstance to which the parliament had not been accustomed. Another ceremony gave still greater solemnity to the meeting; the king would not enter into business till they had united in prayer. He commanded the doors to be closed, and a bishop to perform the office. The suddenness of this unexpected command

disconcerted the catholic lords, of whom the less rigid knelt, and the moderate stood: there was one startled papist who did nothing but cross himself*!

The speech may be found in Rushworth; the friendly tone must be shown here.

"I hope that you do remember that you were pleased to employ me to advise my father to break off the treaties (with Spain). I came into this business willingly and freely, like a young man, and consequently rashly; but it was by your interest—your engagement. I pray you remember, that this being my *first action*, and begun by *your advice and entreaty*, what a great dishonour it were to you and me that it should fail for that assistance you are able to give me!"

This effusion excited no sympathy in the house. They voted not a seventh part of the expenditure necessary to proceed with a war, into which they themselves had forced the king, as a popular measure.

At Oxford the king again reminded them that he was engaged in a war "from their desires and advice." He expresses his disappointment at their insufficient grant, "far short to set forth

* From manuscript letters of the times.

the navy now preparing." The speech preserves the same simplicity.

Still no echo of kindness responded in the house. It was, however, asserted, in a vague and quibbling manner, that "though a former parliament did engage the king in a war, yet (if things were managed by a contrary design, and the treasure misemployed) *this parliament is not bound by another parliament:*" and they added a cruel mockery, that "the king should help the cause of the Palatinate with *his own money!*" —this foolish war, which James and Charles had so long bore their reproaches for having avoided as hopeless, but which the puritanic party, as well as others, had continually urged as necessary for the maintenance of the protestant cause in Europe.

Still no supplies! but protestations of duty, and petitions about grievances, which it had been difficult to specify. In their "Declaration" they style his Majesty "Our dear and dread sovereign," and themselves "his poor Commons:" but they concede no point—they offer no aid! The king was not yet disposed to quarrel, though

he had in vain pressed for despatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy; again reminding them, that "it was the *first request* that ever he made unto them!" On the pretence of the plague at Oxford, Charles prorogued parliament, with a promise to reassemble in the winter.

There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to vibrate with the distresses of a youthful monarch, perplexed by a war which they themselves had raised. But others, of a more republican complexion, rejected "*Necessity* as a dangerous counsellor, which would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. If the king was in danger and necessity, those ought to answer for it who have put both king and kingdom into this peril: and if the state of things would not admit a redress of grievances, there cannot be so much *necessity for money.*"

The first parliament abandoned the king!

Charles now had no other means to despatch the army and fleet, in a bad season, but by borrowing money on privy seals: these were letters, where the loan exacted was as small as the style

was humble. They specified, that "this loan, without inconvenience to any, is only intended for the service of the public. Such private helps for public services, which cannot be deferred," the king premises had been often resorted to; but this "being the *first time* that we have required any thing in this kind, we require but *that sum which few men would deny a friend.*" As far as I can discover, the highest sum assessed from great personages was twenty pounds! The king was willing to suffer any mortification, except that one, of parliament! All donations were received, from ten pounds to five shillings: this was the mockery of an alms-basket! Yet, with contributions and savings so trivial, and exacted with such a warm appeal to their feelings, was the king to send out a fleet with ten thousand men—to take Cadiz!

This expedition, like so many similar attempts from the days of Charles the First to those of the great Lord Chatham, and to our own—concluded in a nullity! Charles, disappointed in this predatory attempt, in despair called his *second* parliament—as he says, "In the midst of

his necessities—and to learn from them how he was to frame his course and counsels?"

The Commons, as duteously as ever, profess that "No king was ever dearer to his people; and that they really intend to assist his majesty in such a way, as may make him safe at home, and feared abroad"—but it was to be on condition, that he would be graciously pleased to accept "the information and advice of parliament, in discovering the causes of the great evils, and redress their grievances." The king accepted this "as a satisfactory answer;" but Charles comprehended their drift—"You specially aim at the Duke of Buckingham; what he hath done to change your minds I wot not." The style of the king now first betrays angried feelings; the secret cause of the uncomplying conduct of the Commons was hatred of the favourite—but the king saw that they designed to control the executive government, and he would ascribe their antipathy to Buckingham to the capriciousness of popular favour; for not long ago he had heard Buckingham hailed as "their saviour." In the zeal and firmness of his affections, Charles always

considered that he himself was aimed at, in the person of his confidant, his companion, and his minister!

Some of "the bold speakers," as the heads of the opposition are frequently designated in the manuscript letters, had now risen into notice. Sir John Elliot, Dr. Turner, Sir Dudley Digges, Mr. Clement Coke, poured themselves forth in a vehement, not to say seditious style, with invectives more daring than had ever before thundered in the House of Commons! The king now told them, "I come to show your errors, and, as I may call it, *unparliamentary proceedings of parliament.*" The lord keeper then assured them, that "when the irregular humours of *some particular persons* were settled, the king would hear and answer all just grievances: but the king would have them also to know, that he was equally jealous to the contempt of his royal rights, which his majesty would not suffer to be violated by any pretended course of parliamentary liberty. The king considered the parliament as his council; but there was a difference between councilling and controlling, and between liberty

and the abuse of liberty." He finished, by noticing their extraordinary proceedings in their impeachment of Buckingham. The king, resuming his speech, remarkably reproached the parliament.

'Now that you have all things according to your wishes, and that *I am so far engaged that you think there is no retreat, now you begin to set the dice, and make your own game!* But I pray you be not deceived: it is not a parliamentary way, nor is it a way to deal with a king. Mr. Clement Coke told you, 'It was better to be eaten up by a foreign enemy than to be destroyed at home!' Indeed, I think it more honour for a king to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy than *to be despised by his own subjects.*"

The king concluded by asserting his privilege, to call or to forbid parliaments.

The style of "the bold speakers" appeared at least as early as in April; I trace their spirit in letters of the times, which furnish facts and expressions that do not appear in our printed documents.

Among the earliest of our patriots, and finally the great victim of his exertions, was Sir JOHN ELLIOT, vice-admiral, of Devonshire. He, in a tone which "rolled back to Jove his own

bolts," and startled even the writer, who was himself biassed to the popular party, "made a resolute, I doubt whether a timely speech." He adds, ELLIOT asserted that "They came not thither either to do what the king should command them, nor to abstain when he forbade them; they came to continue constant, and to maintain their privileges. They would not give their posterity a cause to curse them for losing their privileges by restraint, which their forefathers had left them*."

On the eighth of May, the impeachment of the duke was opened by Sir DUDLEY DIGGES, who compared the duke to a meteor exhaled out of putrid matter. He was followed by GLANVILLE, SELDEN, and others. On this first day the duke sat out-facing his accusers and outbraving their accusations, which the more highly exasperated the house. On the following day the duke was absent, when the epilogue to this mighty piece was elaborately delivered by Sir JOHN ELLIOT, with a force of declamation, and a

* Sloane MSS. 4177. Letter 317.

boldness of personal allusion, which have not been surpassed in the invectives of the modern Junius.

ELLIOT, after expatiating on the favourite's ambition in procuring and getting into his hands the greatest offices of strength and power in the kingdom, and the means by which he had obtained them, drew a picture of "the inward character of the duke's mind." The duke's plurality of offices reminded him "of a chimerical beast called by the ancients *Stellionatus*, so blurred, so spotted, so full of foul lines, that they knew not what to make of it! In setting up himself he hath set upon the kingdom's revenues, the fountain of supply, and the nerves of the land—He intercepts, consumes, and exhausts the revenues of the crown; and, by emptying the veins the blood should run in, he hath cast the kingdom into a high consumption." He descends to criminate the duke's magnificent tastes; he who had something of a congenial nature; for ELLIOT was a man of fine literature. "Infinite sums of money, and mass of land exceeding the value of money, contributions in parliament have been heaped upon him; and how have they been

employed? Upon costly furniture, sumptuous feasting, and magnificent building, *the visible evidence of the express exhausting of the state!*"

ELLIOT eloquently closes—

"Your lordships have an *idea* of the man, what he is in himself, what in his affections! You have seen his power, and some, I fear, have felt it. You have known his practice, and have heard the effects. Being such, what is he in reference to king and state; how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the king, he must be styled the canker in his treasure; in reference to the state, the moth of all goodness. I can hardly find him a parallel; but none were so like him as Sejanus, who is described by Tacitus, *Audax, sui obtegens, in alios criminator, juxta adulator et superbus.* Sejanus's pride was so excessive, as Tacitus saith, that, he neglected all councils, mixed his business and service with the prince, seeming to confound their actions, and was often styled *Imperatoris laborum socius.* Doth not this man the like? Ask England, Scotland, and Ireland—and they will tell you! How lately and how often hath this man commixed his actions in discourses with actions of the king's! My lords! I have done—you see the man!"

The parallel of the duke with Sejanus electrified the house; and, as we shall see, touched Charles on a convulsive nerve.

The king's conduct on this speech was the beginning of his troubles, and the first of his more open attempts to crush the popular party.

In the House of Lords the king defended the duke, and informed them, "I have thought fit to take order for the *punishing some insolent speeches,* lately spoken." I find a piece of secret history inclosed in a letter, with a solemn injunction that it might be burnt. "The king this morning complained of Sir JOHN ELLIOT for comparing the duke to *Sejanus,* in which he said, implicitly he must intend *me* for *Tiberius!*" On that day the prologue and the epilogue orators, Sir Dudley Digges, who had opened the impeachment against the duke, and Sir John Elliot, who had closed it, were called out of the house by two messengers, who showed their warrants for committing them to the Tower*.

On this memorable day a philosophical politician might have presciently marked the seed-plots of events, which not many years afterwards

* Our printed historical documents, Kennet, Frankland, &c. are confused in their details, and facts seem misplaced for want of dates. They all equally copy Rushworth, the only source of our history of this period. Even Hume is involved in the obscurity. The king's speech was on the *eleventh* of May. As Rushworth has not furnished dates, it would seem that the two orators had been sent to the Tower *before the king's speech* to the lords.

were apparent to all men. The passions of kings are often expatiated on; but, in the present anti-monarchical period, the passions of parliaments are not imaginable! The democratic party in our constitution, from the meanest of motives, their egotism, their vanity, and their audacity, hate kings; they would have an abstract being, a chimerical sovereign on the throne—as a statue, the mere ornament of the place it fills,—and insensible, like a statue, to the invectives they would heap on the pedestal!

The commons, with a fierce spirit of re-action for the king's "punishing some insolent speeches," at once sent up to the lords for the commitment of the duke! But when they learnt the fate of the patriots, they instantaneously broke up! In the afternoon they assembled in Westminster-hall, to interchange their private sentiments on the fate of the two imprisoned members, in sadness and indignation.

The following day the commons met in their own house. When the speaker reminded them of the usual business, they all cried out, "Sit down! sit down!" They would touch on no

business till they were "righted in their liberties*!" An open committee of the whole house was formed, and no member suffered to quit the house; but either they were at a loss how to commence this solemn conference, or expressed their indignation by a sullen silence. To soothe and subdue "the bold speakers" was the unfortunate attempt of the vice-chamberlain, Sir Dudley Carleton, who had long been one of our foreign ambassadors; and who, having witnessed the despotic governments on the continent, imagined that there was no deficiency of liberty at home. "I find," said the vice-chamberlain, "by the great silence in this house, that it is a fit time to be heard, if you will grant me the patience." Alluding to one of the king's messages, where it was hinted that, if there was "no correspondency between him and the parliament, he should be forced *to use new counsels*," "I pray you con-

* Frankland, an inveterate royalist, in copying Rushworth, inserts "their *pretended* liberties;" exactly the style of catholic writers when they mention protestantism, by "la religion *pretendue reformée*." All party writers use the same style!

sider what these new counsels are and may be: I fear to declare those I conceive!" However, Sir Dudley plainly hinted at them, when he went on observing, that "when monarchs began to know their own strength, and saw the turbulent spirit of their *parliaments*, they had overthrown them in all Europe, except here only with us." Our old ambassador drew an amusing picture of the effects of despotic governments in that of France—"If you knew the subjects in foreign countries as well as myself, to see them look, not like our nation, with store of flesh on their backs, but like so many ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet, so that they cannot eat meat, or wear good clothes, but they must pay the king for it; this is a misery beyond expression, and that which we are yet free from!" A long residence abroad had deprived Sir Dudley Carleton of any sympathy with the high tone of freedom, and the proud jealousy of their privileges, which, though yet unascertained, undefined, and still often contested, was breaking forth among the commons

of England. It was fated that the celestial spirit of our national freedom should not descend among us in the form of the mystical dove!

Hume observes on this speech, that "these imprudent suggestions rather gave warning than struck terror." It was evident that the event, which implied "new counsels," meant what subsequently was practised—the king governing without a parliament! As for "the ghosts who wore wooden shoes," to which the house was congratulated that they had not *yet* been reduced, they would infer that it was the more necessary to provide against the possibility of so strange an occurrence! Hume truly observes, "The king reaped no further benefit from this attempt than to exasperate the house still further." Some words, which the duke persisted in asserting had dropped from Digges, were explained away, DIGGES declaring that they had not been used by him; and it seems probable that he was suffered to eat his words. ELLIOT was made of "sterner stuff;" he abated not a jot of whatever he had spoken of "that man," as he affected to call Buckingham.

The commons, whatever might be their patriotism, seem at first to have been chiefly moved by a personal hatred of the favourite; and their real charges against him amounted to little more than pretences and aggravations. The king, whose personal affections were always strong, considered his friend innocent; and there was a warm, romantic feature in the character of the youthful monarch, which scorned to sacrifice his faithful companion to his own interests, and to immolate the minister to the clamours of the commons. Subsequently, when the king did this in the memorable case of the guiltless Strafford, it was the only circumstance which weighed on his mind at the hour of his own sacrifice! Sir Robert Cotton told a friend, on the day on which the king went down to the House of Lords, and committed the two patriots, that "he had of late been often sent for to the king and duke, and that the king's affection towards him was very admirable, and no whit lessened. Certainly," he added, "the king will never yield to the duke's fall, being a young man, resolute, magnanimous, and tenderly and firmly

affectionate where he takes*." This authentic character of Charles the First by that intelligent and learned man, to whom the nation owes the treasures of its antiquities, is remarkable. Sir Robert Cotton, though holding no rank at court, and in no respect of the duke's party, was often consulted by the king, and much in his secrets. How the king valued the judgment of this acute and able adviser, acting on it in direct contradiction and to the mortification of the favourite, I shall probably have occasion to show.

The commons did not decline in the subtle spirit with which they had begun; they covertly aimed at once to subjugate the sovereign, and to expel the minister! A remonstrance was prepared against the levying of tonnage and poundage, which constituted half of the crown revenues; and a petition, "equivalent to a command," for removing Buckingham from his majesty's person and councils†. The remonstrance is wrought up with a high spirit of invective against "the un-

* Manuscript letter.

† Rushworth, I. 400. Hume, VI. 221, who enters widely into the views and feelings of Charles.

bridled ambition of the duke," whom they class "among those vipers and pests to their king and commonwealth, as so expressly styled by your most royal father." They request that "he would be pleased to remove this person from access to his sacred presence, and that he would not balance this one man with all these things, and with the affairs of the Christian world."

The king hastily dissolved this *second* parliament; and when the lords petitioned for its continuance, he warmly and angrily exclaimed, "Not a moment longer!" It was dissolved in June, 1626.

The patriots abandoned their sovereign to his fate, and retreated home sullen, indignant, and ready to conspire among themselves for the assumption of their disputed or their defrauded liberties. They industriously dispersed their remonstrance, and the king replied by a declaration; but an attack is always more vigorous than a defence. The declaration is spiritless, and evidently composed under suppressed feelings, which, perhaps, knew not how to shape themselves. The "Remonstrance" was commanded every where

to be burnt; and the effect which it produced on the people we shall shortly witness.

The king was left amidst the most pressing exigencies. At the dissolution of the first parliament, he had been compelled to practise a humiliating economy. Hume has alluded to the numerous wants of the young monarch; but he certainly was not acquainted with the king's extreme necessities. His coronation seemed rather a private than a public ceremony. To save the expenses of the procession from the Tower through the city to Whitehall, that customary pomp was omitted; and the reason alleged was, "to save the charges for more noble undertakings;" that is, for means to carry on the Spanish war without supplies! But now the most extraordinary changes appeared at court. The king mortgaged his lands in Cornwall to the aldermen and companies of London. A rumour spread that the small pension list must be revoked; and the royal distress was carried so far, that all the tables at court were laid down, and the courtiers put on board wages! I have seen a letter which gives an account of "the funereal supper at White-

hall, whereat twenty-three tables were buried, being from henceforth converted to board-wages;" and there I learn, that "since this dissolving of house-keeping, his majesty is but slenderly attended." Another writer, who describes himself to be only a looker-on, regrets, that while the men of the law spent ten thousand pounds on a single masque, they did not rather make the king rich; and adds, "I see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the crown poor!" This strange poverty of the court of Charles seems to have escaped the notice of our general historians. Charles was now to victual his fleet with the savings of the board-wages! for this "surplusage" was taken into account!

The fatal descent on the isle of Rhé sent home Buckingham discomfited, and spread dismay through the nation. The best blood had been shed from the wanton bravery of an unskilful and romantic commander, who, forced to retreat, would march, but not fly, and was the very last man to quit the ground which he could not occupy. In the eagerness of his hopes, Buckingham had once dropped, as I learn, that "be-

fore Midsummer he should be more honoured and beloved of the commons than ever was the Earl of Essex:" and thus he rocked his own and his master's imagination in cradling fancies. This volatile hero, who had felt the capriciousness of popularity, thought that it was as easily regained as it was easily lost; and that a chivalric adventure would return to him that favour which at this moment might have been denied to all the wisdom, the policy, and the arts of an experienced statesman.

The king was now involved in more intricate and desperate measures; and the nation was thrown into a state of agitation, of which the page of popular history yields but a faint impression.

The spirit of insurrection was stalking forth in the metropolis and in the country. The scenes which I am about to describe occurred at the close of 1626: an inattentive reader might easily mistake them for the revolutionary scenes of 1640. It was an unarmed rebellion.

An army and a navy had returned unpaid, and sore with defeat. The town was scoured by

mutinous seamen and soldiers, roving even into the palace of the sovereign. Soldiers without pay form a society without laws. A band of captains rushed into the duke's apartment as he sat at dinner; and when reminded by the duke of a late proclamation, forbidding all soldiers coming to court in troops, on pain of hanging, they replied, that "Whole companies were ready to be hanged with them! that the king might do as he pleased with their lives; for that their reputation was lost, and their honour forfeited, for want of their salary to pay their debts." When a petition was once presented, and it was inquired who was the composer of it? a vast body tremendously shouted, "All! all!" A multitude, composed of seamen, met at Tower-hill, and set a lad on a scaffold, who, with an "Oyes!" proclaimed that King Charles had promised their pay, or the duke had been on the scaffold himself! These, at least, were grievances more apparent to the sovereign than those vague ones so perpetually repeated by his unfaithful commons. But what remained to be done? It was only a choice of difficulties between the

disorder and the remedy. At the moment, the duke got up what he called "The council of the sea;" was punctual at the first meeting, and appointed three days in a week to sit—but broke his appointment the second day—they found him always otherwise engaged; and "the council of the sea" turned out to be one of those shadowy expedients which only lasts while it acts on the imagination. It is said that thirty thousand pounds would have quieted these disorganised troops; but the exchequer could not supply so mean a sum. Buckingham, in despair, and profuse of life, was planning a fresh expedition for the siege of Rochelle; a new army was required. He swore, "If there was money in the kingdom, it should be had!"

Now began that series of contrivances and artifices and persecutions to levy money. Forced loans, or pretended free-gifts, kindled a resisting spirit. It was urged by the court party, that the sums required were, in fact, much less in amount than the usual grants of subsidies; but the cry, in return for "a subsidy," was always "A Parliament!" Many were heavily fined for

declaring, that "They knew no law, besides that of parliament, to compel men to give away their own goods." The king ordered, that those who would not subscribe to the loans should not be forced; but it seems there were orders in council to specify those householders' names who would not subscribe; and it further appears, that those who would not pay in purse should in person. Those who were pressed were sent to the *depôt;* but either the soldiers would not receive these good citizens, or they found easy means to return. Every mode which the government invented seems to have been easily frustrated, either by the intrepidity of the parties themselves, or by that general understanding which enabled the people to play into one another's hands. When the common council had consented that an imposition should be laid, the citizens called the Guild-hall the *Yield-all!* And whenever they levied a distress, in consequence of refusals to pay it, nothing was to be found but "Old ends, such as nobody cared for." Or if a severer officer seized on commodities, it was in vain to offer penny-worths where no customer was to be had.

A wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a cheesemonger, was summoned to appear before the privy council, and required to lend the king two hundred pounds, or else to go himself to the army, and serve it with cheese. It was not supposed that a merchant, so aged and wealthy, would submit to resume his former mean trade; but the old man, in the spirit of the times, preferred the hard alternative, and balked the new project of finance, by shipping himself with his cheese. At Hicks's Hall the duke and the Earl of Dorset sat to receive the loans; but the duke threatened, and the earl affected to treat with levity, men who came before them, with all the suppressed feelings of popular indignation. The Earl of Dorset asking a fellow, who pleaded inability to lend money, of what trade he was, and being answered, a tailor, said: "Put down your name for such a sum; one snip will make amends for all!" The tailor quoted scripture abundantly, and shook the bench with laughter or with rage by his anathemas, till he was put fast into a messenger's hands. This was one Ball, renowned through the parish of St. Clements; and not

only a tailor, but a prophet. Twenty years after tailors and prophets employed messengers themselves *!

These are instances drawn from the inferior classes of society; but the same spirit actuated the country gentlemen: one instance represents many. George Catesby, of Northamptonshire, being committed to prison as a loan-recusant, alleged, among other reasons for his non-com-

* The Radicals of that day differed from ours in the means, though not in the end. They at least referred to their Bible, and rather more than was required; but superstition is as mad as atheism! Many of the puritans confused their brains with the study of the Revelations; believing Prince Henry to be prefigured in the Apocalypse; some prophesied that he should overthrow "the beast." Ball, our tailor, was this very prophet; and was so honest as to believe in his own prophecy. Osborn tells, that Ball put out money on adventure; *i. e.* to receive it back, double or treble, when King James should be elected pope! So that though he had no money for a loan, he had to spare for a prophecy.

This Ball has been confounded with a more ancient radical, Ball, a priest, and a principal mover in Wat Tyler's insurrection. Our Ball must have been very notorious, for Jonson has noticed his "admired discourses." Mr. Gifford, without any knowledge of my account of this tailor-prophet, by his active sagacity has rightly indicated him.—See Jonson's Works, Vol. V. p. 241.

pliance, that "he considered that this loan might become a precedent; and that every precedent, he was told by the lord president, was a flower of the prerogative." The lord president told him that "he lied!" Catesby shook his head, observing, "I come not here to contend with your lordship, but to suffer!" Lord Suffolk then interposing, entreated the lord president would not too far urge his kinsman, Mr. Catesby. This country gentleman waived any kindness he might owe to kindred, declaring, that "he would remain master of his own purse!" The prisons were crowded with these loan-recusants, as well as with those who had sinned in the freedom of their opinions. The country gentlemen insured their popularity by their committals; and many stout resisters of the loans were returned in the following parliament against their own wishes*.

* It is curious to observe, that the Westminster elections, in the fourth year of Charles's reign, were exactly of the same turbulent character as those which we witness in our days. The duke had counted by his interest to bring in Sir Robert Pye. The contest was severe, but accompanied by some of those ludicrous electioneering scenes, which still amuse the mob. Whenever Sir Robert Pye's party cried—

The friends of these knights and country gentlemen flocked to their prisons; and when they petitioned for more liberty and air during the summer, it was policy to grant their request. But it was also policy that they should not reside in their own counties: this relaxation was only granted to those who, living in the south, consented to sojourn in the north; while the dwellers in the north were to be lodged in the south!

In the country the disturbed scenes assumed even a more alarming appearance than in London. They not only would not provide money, but when money was offered by government, the men refused to serve; a conscription was not then known: and it became a question, long debated in the privy council, whether those who would not accept press-money should not be tried by martial law. I preserve in the note a curious

"A Pye! a Pye! a Pye!" the adverse party would cry—"A pudding! a pudding! a pudding!" and others—"A lie! a lie! a lie!" This Westminster election, of nearly two hundred years ago, ended as we have seen some; they rejected all who had urged the payment of the loans; and, passing by such men as Sir Robert Cotton, and their last representative, they fixed on a brewer and a grocer for the two members for Westminster.

piece of secret information *. The great novelty and symptom of the times was the scattering of letters. Sealed letters, addressed to the leading men of the county, were found hanging on bushes; anonymous letters were dropt in shops and streets, which gave notice, that the day was fast approaching, when "Such a work was to be wrought in England, as never was the like, which will be

* Extract from a manuscript letter.—"On Friday last I hear, but as a secret, that it was debated at the council-table, whether our Essex-men, who refused to take press-money, should not be punished by martial-law, and hanged up on the next tree to their dwellings, for an example of terror to others. My lord keeper, who had been long silent, when, in conclusion, it came to his course to speak, told the lords, that as far as he understood the law, *none were liable to martial law, but martial men.* If these had taken press-money, and afterwards run from their colours, they might then be punished in that manner; but yet they were no soldiers, and refused to be. Secondly, he thought a subsidy, new by law, could not be pressed against his will for a foreign service; it being supposed in law, the service of his purse excused that of his person, unless his own country were in danger; and he appealed to my lord treasurer, and my lord president, whether it was not so, who both assented it was so, though some of them faintly, as unwilling to have been urged to such an answer. So it is thought that proposition is dashed; and it will be tried what may be done in the Star-Chamber against these refractories."

for our good." Addresses multiplied "To all true-hearted Englishmen!" A groom detected in spreading such seditious papers, and brought into the inexorable star-chamber, was fined three thousand pounds! The leniency of the punishment was rather regretted by two bishops; if it was ever carried into execution, the unhappy man must have remained a groom who never after crossed a horse!

There is one difficult duty of an historian, which is too often passed over by every party-writer; it is to pause whenever he feels himself warming with the passions of the multitude, or becoming the blind apologist of arbitrary power! An historian must transform himself into the characters which he is representing, and throw himself back into the times which he is opening; possessing himself of their feelings and tracing their actions, he may then at least hope to discover truths which may equally interest the honourable men of all parties.

This reflection has occurred from the very difficulty into which I am now brought. Shall we at once condemn the king for these arbitrary

measures? It is, however, very possible that they were never in his contemplation! Involved in inextricable difficulties, according to his feelings, he was betrayed by parliament; and he scorned to barter their favour by that vulgar traffic of treachery—the immolation of the single victim who had long attached his personal affections; a man at least as much envied as hated! That hard lesson had not yet been inculcated on a British sovereign, that his bosom must be a blank of all private affection; and had that lesson been taught, the character of Charles was destitute of all aptitude for it. To reign without a refractory parliament, and to find among the people themselves subjects more loyal than their representatives, was an experiment—and a fatal one! Under Charles, the liberty of the subject, when the necessities of the state pressed on the sovereign, was matter of discussion, disputed as often as assumed; the divines were proclaiming as rebellious those who refused their contributions to aid the government*;

* A member of the House, in James the First's time, called this race of divines "Spaniels to the court and wolves to the

and the law-sages alleged precedents for raising supplies in the manner which Charles had adopted. Selden, whose learned industry was as vast as the amplitude of his mind, had to seek for the freedom of the subject in the dust of the records of the Tower—but the omnipotence of parliaments, if any human assembly may be invested with such supernatural greatness, had not yet awakened the hoar antiquity of popular liberty.

people."—Dr. Mainwairing, Dr. Sibthorpe, and Dean Bargrave were seeking for ancient precedents to maintain absolute monarchy, and inculcating passive obedience. Bargrave had this passage in his sermon: "It was the speech of a man renowned for wisdom in our age, that if he were *commanded* to put forth to sea in a ship that had neither mast nor tackling, he would do it:" and being asked what wisdom that were, replied, "The wisdom must be in him that hath power to command, not in him that conscience binds to obey." Sibthorpe, after he published his sermon, immediately had his house burnt down. Dr. Mainwaring, says a manuscript letter-writer, "sent the other day to a friend of mine, to help him to all the ancient precedents he could find, to strengthen his opinion (for absolute monarchy), who answered him he could help him in nothing but only to hang him, and that if he lived till a parliament, or &c., he should be sure of a halter." Mainwaring afterwards submitted to parliament; but after the dissolution got a free pardon. The panic of popery was a great evil. The divines, under Laud, appeared to approach to

A general spirit of insurrection, rather than insurrection itself, had suddenly raised some strange appearances through the kingdom. "The remonstrance" of parliament had unquestionably quickened the feelings of the people; but yet the lovers of peace and the reverencers of royalty were not a few: money and men were procured, to send out the army and the fleet. More concealed causes may be suspected to have been at work. Many of the heads of the op-

catholicism; but it was probably only a project of reconciliation between the two churches, which Elizabeth, James, and Charles equally wished. Mr. Cosins a letter-writer censures for "superstition" in this bitter style: "Mr. Cosins has impudently made three editions of his prayer-book, and one which he gives away in private, different from the published ones. An audacious fellow, whom my Lord of Durham greatly admireth. I doubt if he be a sound protestant: he was so blind at even-song on Candlemass-day, that he could not see to read prayers in the minster with less than three hundred and forty candles, whereof sixty he caused to be placed about the high-altar; besides he caused the picture of our Saviour, supported by two angels, to be set in the choir. The committee is very hot against him, and no matter if they trounce him." This was Cosins who survived the revolution, and, returning with Charles the Second, was raised to the see of Durham: the charitable institutions he has left are most munificent.

position were pursuing some secret machinations: about this time I find many mysterious stories—indications of secret societies—and other evidences of the intrigues of the popular party.

Little matters, sometimes more important than they appear, are suitable to our minute sort of history. In November, 1626, a rumour spread that the king was to be visited by an ambassador from "the President of the Society of the Rosy-cross." He was indeed an heteroclite ambassador, for he is described "as a youth with never a hair on his face;" in fact, a child who was to conceal the mysterious personage which he was for a moment to represent. He appointed Sunday afternoon to come to court, attended by thirteen coaches. He was to proffer to his majesty, provided the king accepted his advice, three millions to put into his coffers; and by his secret councils to unfold matters of moment and secrecy. A Latin letter was delivered to "David Ramsey of the clock" to hand over to the king: a copy of it has been preserved in a letter of the times; but it is so unmeaning, that it could have had no effect on the king, who, however, declared that he would not

admit him to an audience, and that if he could tell where "the President of the Rosy-cross" was to be found, unless he made good his offer, he would hang him at the court-gates. This served the town and country for talk till the appointed Sunday had passed over, and no ambassador was visible! Some considered this as the plotting of crazy brains, but others imagined it to be an attempt to speak with the king in private, on matters respecting the duke. There was also discovered, by letters received from Rome, "a whole parliament of Jesuits sitting" in "a fair-hanged vault" in Clerkenwell: Sir John Cooke would have alarmed the parliament, that on St. Joseph's day these were to have occupied their places; ministers are supposed to have conspirators for "the nonce;" Sir Dudley Digges, in the opposition, as usual, would not believe in any such political necromancers; but such a party were discovered; Cooke would have insinuated that the French ambassador had persuaded Louis, that the divisions between Charles and his people had been raised by his ingenuity, and

was rewarded for the intelligence; this is not unlikely. The parliament of Jesuits might have been a secret college of theirs; for, among other things seized on, was a considerable library.

When the parliament was sitting, a sealed letter was thrown under the door, with this superscription, *Cursed be the man that finds this letter, and delivers it not to the House of Commons.* The serjeant at arms delivered it to the speaker, who would not open it till the House had chosen a committee of twelve members to inform them whether it was fit to be read. Sir Edward Coke, after having read two or three lines, stopped, and, according to my authority, "durst read no further, but immediately sealing it, the committee thought fit to send it to the king, who they say, on reading it through, cast it into the fire, and sent the House of Commons thanks for their wisdom in not publishing it, and for the discretion of the committee in so far tendering his honour, as not to read it out, when they once perceived that it touched his majesty*.

* I deliver this fact as I find it in a private letter; but it is

Others besides the freedom of speech, introduced another form, "A speech without doors," which was distributed to the members of the House. It is in all respects a remarkable one, occupying ten folio pages in the first volume of Rushworth.

Some in office appear to have employed extraordinary proceedings of a similar nature. An intercepted letter written from the Arch-duchess to the King of Spain was delivered by Sir H. Martyn at the council-board on New-year's day, who found it in some papers relating to the navy. The duke immediately said he would show it to the king; and, accompanied by several lords, went into his majesty's closet. The letter was written in French; it advised the Spanish

noticed in the Journals of the House of Commons, 23 Junii, 4°. Caroli Regis. "Sir Edward Coke reporteth that they find that, inclosed in the letter, to be unfit for any subjects' ear to hear. Read but one line and a half of it, and could not endure to read more of it. It was ordered to be sealed and delivered into the king's hands by eight members, and to acquaint his majesty with the place and time of finding it; particularly that upon the reading of one line and a half at most, they would read no more, but sealed it up, and brought it to the House."

court to make a sudden war with England, for several reasons; his Majesty's want of skill to govern of himself; the weakness of his council in not daring to acquaint him with the truth; want of money; disunion of the subjects' hearts from their prince, &c. The king only observed, that the writer forgot that the Arch-duchess writes to the King of Spain in Spanish, and sends her letters overland.

I have to add an important fact. I find certain evidence that the heads of the opposition were busily active in thwarting the measures of government. Dr. Samuel Turner, the member for Shrewsbury, called on Sir John Cage, and desired to speak to him privately; his errand was to intreat him to resist the loan, and to use his power with others to obtain this purpose. The following information comes from Sir John Cage himself. Dr. Turner "being desired to stay, he would not a minute, but instantly took horse, saying he had more places to go to, and time pressed; *that there was a company of them had divided themselves into all parts, every one having had a quarter assigned to him, to perform this*

service for the commonwealth." This was written in November, 1626. This unquestionably amounts to a secret confederacy watching out of parliament as well as in; and those strange appearances of popular defection exhibited in the country, which I have described, were in great part the consequences of the machinations and active intrigues of the popular party.

The king was not disposed to try a *third* parliament. The favourite, perhaps to regain that popular favour which his greatness had lost him, is said in private letters to have been twice on his knees to intercede for a new one. The elections however foreboded no good; and a letter-writer connected with the court, in giving an account of them, prophetically declared, "we are without question undone!"

The king's speech opens with the spirit which he himself felt, but which he could not communicate.

"The times are for action; wherefore, for example's sake, I mean not to spend much time in words!—If you, which God forbid, should not do your duties in contributing what the state at this time needs, I must, in discharge of my conscience,

use those other means which God hath put into my hands, to save that, which the follies of some particular men may otherwise hazard to lose." He added, with the loftiness of ideal majesty—"Take not this as a threatening, for I scorn to threaten any but my equals; but as an admonition from him, that, both out of nature and duty, hath most care of your preservations and prosperities;" and in a more friendly tone he requested them, "To remember a thing to the end that we may forget it. You may imagine that I come here with a doubt of success, remembering the distractions of the last meeting; but I assure you that I shall very easily forget and forgive what is past."—

A most crowded house now met, composed of the wealthiest men; for a lord, who probably considered that property was the true balance of power, estimated that they were able to buy the upper-house, his majesty only excepted! The aristocracy of wealth had already began to be felt. Some ill omens of the parliament appeared. Sir Robert Philips moved for a general fast: "we had one for the plague which it pleased God to deliver us from, and we have now so many plagues of the commonwealth about his majesty's person, that we have need of such an act of humiliation." Sir Edward Coke held it most necessary, "because there are, I fear, some

devils that will not be cast out but by fasting and prayer."

Many of the speeches in "this great council of the kingdom" are as admirable pieces of composition as exist in the language. Even the court-party were moderate; extenuating rather than pleading for the late necessities. But the evil spirit of party, however veiled, was walking amidst them all: a letter-writer represents the natural state of feelings: "Some of the parliament talk desperately; while others, of as high a course to enforce money, if they yield not!" Such is the perpetual action and re-action of public opinion; when one side will give too little, the other is sure to desire too much!

The parliament granted subsidies—Sir John Cooke having brought up the report to the king, Charles expressed great satisfaction, and declared that he felt now more happy than any of his predecessors. Inquiring of Sir John by how many voices he had carried it? Cooke replied, But by one!—at which his majesty seemed appalled, and asked how many were against him? Cooke answered "None! the

unanimity of the House made all but *one voice!*" at which his majesty wept*! If Charles shed tears, or as Cooke himself expresses it, in his report to the House, "was much affected," the emotion was profound: for on all sudden emergencies Charles displayed an almost unparalleled command over the exterior violence of his feelings.

The favourite himself sympathised with the tender joy of his royal master; and, before the king, voluntarily offered himself as a peace-sacrifice. In his speech at the council-table, he entreats the king that he who had the honour to be his majesty's favourite, might now give up that title to them.—A warm genuine feeling probably prompted these words.

"To open my heart, please to pardon me a word more; I must confess I have long lived in pain, sleep hath given me no rest, favours and fortunes no content; such have been my secret sorrows, to be thought the man of separation, and that divided the king from his people, and them from him; but I hope it shall appear they were some mistaken minds that

* This circumstance is mentioned in a manuscript letter; what Cooke declared to the House is in Rushworth, vol. i. p. 525.

would have made me the evil spirit that walketh between a good master and a loyal people*."

Buckingham added, that for the good of his country he was willing to sacrifice his honours; and since his plurality of offices had been so strongly excepted against, that he was content to give up the master of the horse to Marquess Hamilton, and the warden of the Cinque Ports to the Earl of Carlisle; and was willing that the parliament should appoint another admiral for all services at sea.

It is as certain as human evidence can authenticate, that on the king's side all was grateful affection; and that on Buckingham's there was a most earnest desire to win the favours of parliament; and what are stronger than all human evidence, those unerring principles in human nature itself, which are the secret springs of the heart. The king undoubtedly sighed to meet parliament with the love which he had first professed; he declared, that "he should now rejoice to meet with his people often." Charles had no innate

* I refer the critical student of our history to the duke's speech at the council table as it appears in Rushworth, I. 525; but what I add respecting his personal sacrifices is from manuscript letters. Sloane MSS. 4177. Letter 490, &c.

tyranny in his constitutional character; and Buckingham at times was susceptible of misery amidst his greatness, as I have elsewhere shown *. It could not have been imagined that the luckless favourite, on the present occasion, should have served as a pretext to set again in motion the chaos of evil! Can any candid mind suppose, that the king or the duke meditated the slightest insult on the patriotic party, or in the least would have disturbed the apparent reconciliation? Yet it so happened! Secretary Cooke, at the close of his report of the king's acceptance of the subsidies, mentioned that the duke had fervently beseeched the king to grant the house all their desires! Perhaps the mention of the duke's name was designed to ingratiate him into their toleration.

Sir John Elliot caught fire at the very name of the duke, and vehemently checked the secretary for having dared to introduce it; declaring, that "they knew of no other distinction but of king and subjects. By intermingling a subject's speech with the king's message, he seemed to

* Curiosities of Literature, First Series, Vol. III. p. 438, Ed. 1817; Vol. V. p. 277, Ed. 1823.

derogate from the honour and majesty of a king. Nor would it become any subject to bear himself in such a fashion, as if no grace ought to descend from the king to the people, nor any loyalty ascend from the people to the king, but through him only."

This speech was received by many with acclamations; some cried out, "Well spoken, Sir John Elliot*!" It marks the heated state of the political atmosphere, where even the lightest coruscation of a hated name made it burst into flames!

I have often suspected that Sir John Elliot, by his vehement personality, must have borne a personal antipathy to Buckingham. I have never been enabled to ascertain the fact; but I find that he has left in manuscript a collection of satires, or "Verses, being chiefly invectives against the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he bore a bitter and most inveterate enmity." Could we sometimes discover the motives of those who first head political revolutions, we should find how greatly

* I find this speech, and an account of its reception, in manuscript letters; the fragment in Rushworth contains no part of it. I. 526. Sloane MSS. 4177. Letter 490, &c.

personal hatreds have actuated them in deeds which have come down to us in the form of patriotism, and how often the revolutionary spirit disguises its private passions by its public conduct*.

But the supplies, which had raised tears from

* Modern history would afford more instances than perhaps some of us suspect. I cannot pass over an illustration of my principle, which I shall take from two very notorious politicians—Wat Tyler, and Sir William Walworth!

Wat, when in servitude, had been beaten by his master, Richard Lions, a great merchant of wines, and a sheriff of London. This chastisement, working on an evil disposition, appears never to have been forgiven; and when this Radical assumed his short-lived dominion, he had his old master beheaded, and his head carried before him on the point of a spear! So Grafton tells us, to the eternal obloquy of this arch-jacobin, who "was a crafty fellow, and of an excellent wit, but wanting grace." I would not sully the glory of the patriotic blow which ended the rebellion with the rebel; yet there are secrets in history! Sir William Walworth, "the ever-famous mayor of London," as Stowe designates him, has left the immortality of his name to one of our suburbs; but when I discovered in Stowe's survey that Walworth was the landlord of the stews on the Bank-side, which he farmed out to the Dutch *crows*, and which Wat had pulled down, I am inclined to suspect that private feeling first knocked down the saucy ribald, and then thrust him through and through with his dagger; and that there was as much of personal vengeance as patriotism, which raised his arm to crush the demolisher of so much valuable property!

the fervent gratitude of Charles, though voted, were yet withheld. They resolved that grievances and supplies go hand in hand. The commons entered deeply into constitutional points of the highest magnitude. The curious erudition of Selden and Coke was combined with the ardour of patriots who merit no inferior celebrity, though, not having consecrated their names by their laborious literature, we only discover them in the obscure annals of parliament. To our history, composed by writers of different principles, I refer the reader for the arguments of lawyers, and the spirit of the commons. My secret history is only its supplement.

The king's prerogative, and the subject's liberty, were points hard to distinguish, and established but by contest. Sometimes the king imagined that "the house pressed not upon the abuses of power, but only upon power itself." Sometimes the commons doubted whether they had any thing of their own to give; while their property and their persons seemed equally insecure. Despotism seemed to stand on one side, and Faction on the other—Liberty trembled!

The conference of the commons before the lords, on the freedom and person of the subject, was admirably conducted by Selden and by Coke. When the king's attorney affected to slight the learned arguments and precedents, pretending to consider them as mutilated out of the records, and as proving rather against the commons than for them; Sir Edward Coke rose, affirming to the house, upon his skill in the law, that "it lay not under Mr. Attorney's cap to answer any one of their arguments." Selden declared that he had written out all the records from the Tower, the Exchequer, and the King's Bench, with his own hand; and "would engage his head, Mr. Attorney should not find in all these archives a single precedent omitted." Mr. Littleton said, that he had examined every one *syllabatim*, and whoever said they were mutilated spoke false! Of so ambiguous and delicate a nature was then the liberty of the subject, that it seems they considered it to depend on precedents!

A startling message, on the 12th of April, was sent by the king, for despatch of business. The

house, struck with astonishment, desired to have it repeated. They remained sad and silent. No one cared to open the debate. A whimsical, crack-brained politician, Sir Francis Nethersole, suddenly started up, entreating leave to tell his last night's dream. Some laughing at him, he observed, that "kingdoms had been saved by dreams!" Allowed to proceed, he said, "he saw two good pastures; a flock of sheep was in the one, and a bell-wether alone in the other; a great ditch was between them, and a narrow bridge over the ditch."

He was interrupted by the speaker, who told him that it stood not with the gravity of the house to listen to dreams; but the house was inclined to hear him out.

"The sheep would sometimes go over to the bell-wether, or the bell-wether to the sheep. Once both met on the narrow bridge, and the question was who should go back, since both could not go on without danger. One sheep gave counsel that the sheep on the bridge should lie on their bellies, and let the bell-wether go over their backs. The application of this dilemma

he left to the house *." It must be confessed that the bearing of the point was more ambiguous than some of the important ones that formed the subjects of fierce contention. *Davus sum, non Œdipus!* It is probable that this fantastical politician did not vote with the opposition; for Elliot, Wentworth, and Coke, protested against the interpretation of dreams in the house!

When the attorney-general motioned that the liberties of the subject might be moderated, to reconcile the differences between themselves and the sovereign, Sir Edward Coke observed, that "the true mother would never consent to the dividing of her child." On this, Buckingham swore that Coke intimated, that the king, his master, was the prostitute of the state. Coke protested against the misinterpretation. The dream of Nethersole, and the metaphor of Coke, were alike dangerous in parliamentary discussion.

In a manuscript letter it is said, that the House of Commons sat four days without speaking or doing any thing. On the first of May Secretary Cooke delivered a message, asking, whether

* Manuscript letter.

they would rely upon the *king's word?* This question was followed by a long silence. Several speeches are reported in the letters of the times, which are not in Rushworth. Sir Nathaniel Rich observed, that "confident as he was of the royal word, what did any indefinite word ascertain?" Pym said, "We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England; what need we then take his word?" He proposed to move "Whether we should take the king's word or no." This was resisted by Secretary Cooke; "What would they say in foreign parts, if the people of England would not trust their king?" He desired the house to call Pym to order; on which Pym replied, "Truly, Mr. Speaker, I am just of the same opinion I was; viz. that the king's oath was as powerful as his word." Sir John Elliot moved that it be put to the question, "because they that would have it, do urge us to that point." Sir Edward Coke on this occasion made a memorable speech, of which the following passage is not given in Rushworth.

"We sit now in parliament, and therefore must take his *majesty's word no otherwise than in a parliamentary way;* that is, of a matter agreed on by both houses—his majesty sitting

on his throne in his robes, with his crown on his head, and sceptre in his hand, and in full parliament; and his royal assent being entered upon record, *in perpetuam rei memoriam.* This was *the royal word of a king in parliament,* and not a word delivered in a chamber, and out of the mouth of a secretary at the second hand; therefore I motion, that the House of Commons, *more majorum,* should draw a petition, *de droict,* to his majesty; which, being confirmed by both houses, and assented unto by his majesty, will be as firm an act as any. Not that I distrust the king, but that I cannot take his trust but in a parliamentary way*."

In this speech of Sir Edward Coke we find the first mention, in the legal style, of the ever-memorable "Petition of Right," which two days after was finished. The reader must pursue its history among the writers of opposite parties.

On Tuesday, June 5, a royal message announced, that on the 11th the present sessions would close. This utterly disconcerted the commons. Religious men considered it as a judicial visitation for the sins of the people; others raged with suppressed feelings; they counted up all the disasters which had of late occurred, all which, were charged to one man: they knew

* These speeches are entirely drawn from manuscript letters. Coke's may be substantially found in Rushworth, but without a single expression as here given.

not, at a moment so urgent, when all their liberties seemed at stake, whether the commons should fly to the lords, or to the king. Sir John Elliot said, that as they intended to furnish his majesty with money, it was proper that he should give them time to supply him with counsel: he was renewing his old attacks on the duke, when he was suddenly interrupted by the speaker, who, starting from the chair, declared, that he was commanded not to suffer him to proceed; Elliot sat down in sullen silence. On Wednesday Sir Edward Coke broke the ice of debate. "That man," said he of the duke, "is the grievance of grievances! As for going to the lords," he added, "that is not *via regia;* our liberties are impeached—it is our concern!"

On Thursday the vehement cry of Coke against Buckingham was followed up; as, says a letter-writer, when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with a full cry. A sudden message from the king absolutely forbade them to asperse any of his majesty's ministers, otherwise his majesty would instantly dissolve them.

This fell like a thunderbolt; it struck terror

and alarm; and at the instant, the House of Commons was changed into a scene of tragical melancholy! All the opposite passions of human nature—all the national evils which were one day to burst on the country, seemed, on a sudden, concentrated in this single spot! Some were seen weeping, some were expostulating, and some, in awful prophecy, were contemplating the future ruin of the kingdom; while others, of more ardent daring, were reproaching the timid, quieting the terrified, and infusing resolution into the despairing. Many attempted to speak, but were so strongly affected, that their very utterance failed them. The venerable Coke, overcome by his feelings when he rose to speak, found his learned eloquence falter on his tongue; he sat down, and tears were seen on his aged cheeks. The name of the public enemy of the kingdom was repeated, till the speaker, with tears covering his face, declared he could no longer witness such a spectacle of woe in the commons of England, and requested leave of absence for half an hour. The speaker hastened to the king, to inform him of the state of the

house. They were preparing a vote against the duke, for being an arch-traitor and arch-enemy to king and kingdom, and were busied on their "Remonstrance," when the speaker, on his return, delivered his majesty's message, that they should adjourn till the next day.

This was an awful interval of time; many trembled for the issue of the next morning: one letter-writer calls it, "that black and doleful Thursday!" and another, writing before the house met, observes, "What we shall expect this morning, God of heaven knows; we shall meet timely *."

Charles probably had been greatly affected by the report of the speaker, on the extraordinary state into which the whole house had been thrown; for on Friday the royal message imported, that the king had never any intention of "barring them from their right, but only to avoid scandal, that his ministers should not be accused for their counsel to him; and still he hoped that all Christendom might notice a sweet parting be-

* This last letter is printed in Rushworth, Vol. I. p. 609.

tween him and his people." This message quieted the house, but did not suspend their preparations for a "Remonstrance," which they had begun on the day they were threatened with a dissolution.

On Saturday, while they were still occupied on the "Remonstrance," unexpectedly, at four o'clock, the king came to parliament, and the commons were called up. Charles spontaneously came to reconcile himself to parliament. The king now gave his second answer to the "Petition of Right." He said, "My maxim is, that the people's liberties strengthen the king's prerogative; and the king's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties. Read your petition, and you shall have an answer that I am sure will please you*." They desired to have the ancient form of their ancestors, "Soit droit fait come il est desyré," and not as the king had before given it, with any observation on it. Charles now granted this; declaring that his second answer to the petition in nowise differed from his first; "but

* The king's answer is in Rushworth, Vol. I. p. 613.

you now see how ready I have shown myself to satisfy your demands; I have done my part; wherefore, if this parliament have not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours,—I am free from it!"

Popular gratitude is, at least, as vociferous as it is sudden. Both houses returned the king acclamations of joy; every one seemed to exult at the happy change which a few days had effected in the fate of the kingdom. Every where the bells rung, bonfires were kindled, an universal holiday was kept through the town, and spread to the country: but an ominous circumstance has been registered by a letter-writer; the common people, who had caught the contagious happiness, imagined that all this public joy was occasioned by the king's consenting to commit the duke to the Tower!

Charles has been censured, even by Hume, for his "evasions and delays," in granting his assent to the "Petition of Right:" but now, either the parliament had conquered the king's unwillingness, or the king was zealously inclined on reconciliation. Yet the joy of the commons did not outlast the bonfires in the streets: they

resumed their debates as if they had never before touched on the subjects: they did not account for the feelings of the man whom they addressed as the sovereign. They sent up a "Remonstrance" against the duke *, and introduced his mother into it, as a patroness of popery. Charles declared, that after having granted the famous "Petition," he had not expected such a return as this "Remonstrance." "How acceptable it is," he afterwards said, "every man may judge; no wise man can justify it." After the reading of the Remonstrance, the duke fell on his knees, desiring to answer for himself; but Charles no way relaxed in showing his personal favour †.

The duke was often charged with actions and with expressions of which, unquestionably, he was not always guilty; and we can more fairly decide on some points, relating to Charles and the favourite, for we have a clearer notion of them than his contemporaries. The active spirits in the commons were resolved to hunt down the game to the death; for they now struck at, as

* This eloquent state paper is in Rushworth, Vol. I. p. 619.

† This interview is taken from manuscript letters.

the king calls it, "one of the chief maintenances of my crown," in tonnage and poundage, the levying of which, they now declared, was a violation of the liberties of the people. This subject again involved legal discussions, and another "Remonstrance." They were in the act of reading it, when the king suddenly came down to the house, sent for the speaker, and prorogued the parliament. "I am forced to end this session," said Charles, "some few hours before I meant, being not willing to receive any more Remonstrances, to which I must give a harsh answer." There was, at least, as much of sorrow as of anger, in this closing speech.

Buckingham once more was to offer his life for the honour of his master—and to court popularity! It is well known with what exterior fortitude Charles received the news of the duke's assassination; this imperturbable majesty of his mind—insensibility it was not—never deserted him on many similar occasions. There was no indecision—no feebleness in his conduct; that extraordinary event was not suffered to delay

the expedition. The king's personal industry astonished all the men in office. One writes, that the king had done more in six weeks than in the duke's time had been done in six months. The death of Buckingham caused no change; the king left every man to his own charge, but took the general direction into his own hands*. In private, Charles deeply mourned the loss of Buckingham; he gave no encouragement to his enemies: the king called him "his martyr," and declared, "the world was greatly mistaken in him; for it was thought that the favourite had ruled his majesty, but it was far otherwise; for that the duke had been to him a faithful and an obedient servant†." Such were the feelings and ideas of the unfortunate Charles the First, which it is necessary to become aquainted with to judge of; few have possessed the leisure or the disposition to perform this historical duty, involved, as it is, in the history of our passions. If ever

* Manuscript Letters; Lord Dorset to the Earl of Carlisle. —Sloane MSS. 4178, Letter 519.

† Manuscript Letter.

the man shall be viewed, as well as the monarch, the private history of Charles the First will form one of the most pathetic of biographies*.

All the foreign expeditions of Charles the First were alike disastrous; the vast genius of Richelieu, at its meridian, had paled our ineffectual star! The dreadful surrender of Rochelle had sent back our army and navy baffled and disgraced; and Buckingham had timely perished, to be saved from having one more reproach, one more political crime, attached to his name. Such failures did not improve the temper of the times; but the most brilliant victory would not have changed the fate of Charles, nor allayed the fiery spirits in the commons, who, as Charles said, "not satisfied in hearing complainers, had erected themselves into inquisitors after complaints."

Parliament met. The king's speech was con-

* I have given the "Secret History of Charles the First, and his Queen," where I have traced the firmness and independence of his character, in the fifth volume of the *seventh* edition of the first series of this work, or in the third of the *sixth*. In the same volumes will be found as much of the "Secret History of the Duke of Buckingham" as I have been enabled to acquire.

ciliatory. He acknowledged that the exaction of the duties of the customs was not a right which he derived from his hereditary prerogative, but one which he enjoyed as the gift of his people. These duties had indeed not yet been formally confirmed by parliament to Charles, but they had never been refused to the sovereign. The king closed with a fervent ejaculation, that the session, begun with confidence, might end with a mutual good understanding.

The shade of Buckingham was no longer cast between Charles the First and the commons. And yet we find that "their dread and dear sovereign" was not allowed any repose on the throne.

A new demon of national discord, Religion, in a metaphysical garb, reared its distracted head. This evil spirit had been raised by the conduct of the court divines, whose political sermons, with their attempts to return to the more solemn ceremonies of the Romish church, alarmed some tender consciences; it served as a masked battery for the patriotic party to change their ground at will, without slackening their fire.

When the king urged for the duties of his customs, he found that he was addressing a committee sitting for religion. Sir John Elliot threw out a singular expression. Alluding to some of the bishops, whom he called "masters of ceremonies," he confessed that some ceremonies were commendable, such as "that we should stand up at the repetition of the creed, to testify the resolution of our hearts to defend the religion we profess, and in some churches they did not only stand upright, but *with their swords drawn.*" His speech was a spark that fell into a well-laid train; scarcely can we conceive the enthusiastic temper of the House of Commons, at that moment, when, after some debate, they entered into *a vow* to preserve "the articles of religion established by parliament, in the *thirteenth year of our late Queen Elizabeth!*" and this *vow* was immediately followed up by a petition to the king for *a fast* for the increasing miseries of the reformed churches abroad. Parliaments are liable to have their passions! Some of these enthusiasts were struck by a panic, not perhaps warranted by the danger of "Jesuits and Arminians."

The king answered them in good-humour; observing, however, on the state of the reformed abroad, "that fighting would do them more good than fasting." He granted them their fast, but they would now grant no return; for now they presented "a Declaration" to the king, that tonnage and poundage must give precedency to religion! The king's answer still betrays no ill temper. He confessed that he did not think that "religion was in so much danger as they affirmed." He reminds them of tonnage and poundage; "I do not so much desire it out of greediness of the thing, as out of a desire to put an end to those questions that arise between me and some of my subjects."

Never had the king been more moderate in his claims, or more tender in his style; and never had the commons been more fierce, and never, in truth, so utterly inexorable! Often kings are tyrannical, and sometimes parliaments: a body corporate, with the infection of passion, may perform acts of injustice, like the individual who abuses the power with which he is invested. It was insisted that Charles should give up the

receivers of the customs, whom they denounced as capital enemies to the king and kingdom, and those who submitted to the duties as accessories. When Sir John Elliot was pouring forth invectives against some courtiers—however they may have merited the blast of his eloquence—he was sometimes interrupted and sometimes cheered, for the stinging personalities. The timid speaker refusing to put the question, suffered a severe reprimand from Selden; "If you will not put it, we must sit still, and thus we shall never be able to do any thing!" The house adjourned in great heat; the dark prognostic of their next meeting, which Sir Symonds D'Ewes has marked in his diary as "the most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England that happened for five hundred years!"

On this fatal day*, the speaker still refusing to put the question, and announcing the king's command for an adjournment, Sir John Elliot stood up! The speaker attempted to leave the chair, but two members, who had placed themselves on each side, forcibly kept him down—

* Monday, 2d of March, 1629.

Elliot, who had prepared "a short Declaration," flung down a paper on the floor, crying out that it might be read! His party vociferated for the reading—others that it should not. A sudden tumult broke out; Coriton, a fervent patriot, struck another member, and many laid their hands on their swords*. "Shall we," said one, "be sent home as we were last sessions, turned off like scattered sheep?" The weeping, trembling speaker, still persisting in what he held to be his duty, was dragged to and fro by opposite parties; but neither he nor the clerk would read the paper, though the speaker was bitterly reproached by his kinsman, Sir Peter Hayman, "as the disgrace of his country, and a blot to a noble family." Elliot, finding the house so strongly divided, undauntedly snatching up the paper, said, "I shall then express that by my tongue which this paper should have done." Denzil Holles assumed the character of speaker, putting the question: it was returned by the ac-

* It was imagined out of doors that swords had been drawn; for a Welch page running in great haste, when he heard the noise, to the door, cried out, "I pray you let hur in! let hur in! to give hur master his sword!" *Manuscript letter.*

clamations of the party. The doors were locked, and the keys laid on the table. The king sent for the serjeant and mace, but the messenger could obtain no admittance—the usher of the black-rod met no more regard. The king then ordered out his guard—in the meanwhile the protestation was completed. The door was flung open, the rush of the members was so impetuous that the crowd carried away among them the serjeant and the usher, amidst confusion and riot. Many of the members were struck by amazement and horror! Several of the patriots were committed to the Tower. The king, on dissolving this last of his parliaments till the memorable "Long Parliament," gives us, at least, his idea of it. "It is far from me to judge all the house alike guilty, for there are there as dutiful subjects as any in the world; it being but some few vipers among them that did cast this mist of undutifulness over most of their eyes*."

* At the time many undoubtedly considered that it was a mere faction in the house. Sir Symonds D'Ewes was certainly no politician—but, unquestionably, his ideas were not peculiar

Thus have I traced, step by step, the secret history of Charles the First and his early parliaments. I have entered into their feelings, while I have supplied new facts, to make every thing as present and as true as my faithful diligence could repeat the tale. It was necessary that I should sometimes judge of the first race of our patriots as some of their contemporaries did; but it was impossible to avoid correcting these notions by the more enlarged views of their posterity. This is the privilege of an historian and the philosophy of his art. There is no apology for the king, nor no declamation for the subject. Were we only to decide by the final results of this great conflict, of which what we have here narrated is but its faint beginning, we should confess that Sir John Elliot and his party were the first

to himself. Of the last third parliament he delivers this opinion in his Diary. "I cannot deem but the greater part of the house were morally honest men; but these were the least guilty of the fatal breach, being only misled by *some other Machiavellian politics, who seemed zealous for the liberty of the commonwealth,* and by that means, *in the moving of their outward freedom,* drew the votes of those good men to their side."

fathers of our political existence; and we should not withhold from them the inexpressible gratitude of a nation's freedom! But human infirmity mortifies us in the noblest pursuits of man; and we must be taught this penitential and chastising wisdom. The story of our patriots is involved: Charles appears to have been lowering those high notions of his prerogative, which were not peculiar to him, and was throwing himself on the bosom of his people. The severe and unrelenting conduct of Sir John Elliot, his prompt eloquence and bold invective, well fitted him for the leader of a party. He was the loadstone, scattering the magnetic effluvia, to draw together the looser particles of iron. Never sparing the errors of the man in the monarch, never relinquishing his royal prey, Elliot contributed to make Charles disgusted with all parliaments. Without any dangerous concessions, there was more than one moment when they might have reconciled the sovereign to themselves, and not have driven him to the fatal resource of attempting to reign without a parliament!

THE RUMP.

TEXT and commentary! and the French revolution abounds with wonderful "explanatory notes" on the English. It has cleared up many obscure passages—and in the political history of Man, both pages must be read together.

The opprobrious and ludicrous nickname of The RUMP, stigmatised a faction which played the same part in the English Revolution as the "Montagne" of the Jacobins did in the French. It has been imagined that our English Jacobins were impelled by a principle different from their modern rivals; but the madness of avowed atheism, and the phrensy of hypocritical sanctity, meet at the same point in the circle of crimes. Their history forms one of those useful parallels where, with truth unerring as mathematical demonstration, we discover the identity of human nature. Similarity of situation, and certain principles, producing similar personages and similar events, finally settle in the same results. THE

RUMP, as long as human nature exists, can be nothing but the Rump, however it may be thrown uppermost.

The origin of this political bye-name has often been inquired; and it is somewhat curious, that though all parties consent to reprobate it, each assigns for it a different allusion. There is always a mixture of the ludicrous with the tragic in the history of political factions; but, except their modern brothers, no one, like the present, ever excited such a combination of extreme contempt and extreme horror.

Among the rival parties in 1659, the loyalists and the presbyterians acted as we may suppose the Tories and the Whigs would in the same predicament; a secret reconciliation had taken place, to bury in oblivion their former jealousies, that they might unite to rid themselves from that tyranny of tyrannies, a hydra-headed government; or, as Hume observes, that "all efforts should be used for the overthrow of the RUMP; so they called the parliament, in allusion to that part of the animal body." The sarcasm of the allusion seemed obvious to our polished historian;

yet, looking more narrowly for its origin, we shall find among those who lived nearer the times, how indistinct were their notions of this nick-name. Evelyn says, that "the Rump Parliament was so called, as retaining some few rotten members of the other." Roger Coke describes it thus; "You must now be content with a piece of the Commons, called "The Rump." And Carte calls the Rump "the carcase of a House," and seems not precisely aware of the contemptuous allusion. But how do "rotten members," and "a carcase," agree with the notion of "a Rump?" Recently the editor of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson has conveyed a novel origin. "The number of the members of the Long Parliament having been by seclusion, death, &c., very much reduced,"—a remarkable &c. this! by which our editor seems adroitly to throw a veil over the forcible transportation of two hundred members at one swoop, by the Rumpers,—"the remainder was compared to the *rump of a fowl which was left,* all the rest being eaten." Our editor even considers this to be "a coarse emblem;" yet "the rump of a fowl" could hardly offend even a lady's delicacy! Our

editor, probably, was somewhat anxious not to degrade *too lowly* that antimonarchical party, designated by the opprobrious term. Perhaps it is pardonable in Mrs. Macaulay (an historical lady, and a "Rumper;" for she calls "the Levellers" "a brave and virtuous party)," to have passed over in *her* history any mention of the offensive term at all, as well as the ridiculous catastrophe which they underwent in the political revolution, which we must beg leave not to pass by.

This party-coinage has been ascribed to Clement Walker, their bitter antagonist; who, having sacrificed no inconsiderable fortune to the cause of what he considered constitutional liberty, was one of the violently ejected members of the Long Parliament, and perished in prison, a victim to honest unbending principles. His "History of Independency" is a rich legacy bequeathed to posterity, of all their great misdoings, and their petty villanies, and, above all, of their secret history: one likes to know of what blocks the idols of the people are sometimes carved out.

Clement Walker notices "the votes and acts of this *fag end;* this RUMP of a parliament, with corrupt maggots in it*." This hideous, but descriptive image of "The Rump," had, however, got forward before; for the collector of "the Rump Songs" tells us, "If you ask who named it *Rump,* know 'twas so styled in an honest sheet of prayer, called 'The Bloody Rump,' written *before the trial* of our late sovereign; but the word obtained not *universal notice,* till it flew from the mouth of Major-General Brown, at a public assembly in the days of Richard Cromwell." Thus it happens that a stinging nick-name has been frequently applied to render a faction eternally odious; and the chance expression of a wit, when adopted on some public occasion, circulates among a whole people. The present nick-name originated in derision on the expulsion of the majority of the Long Parliament, by the usurping minority. It probably slept; for who would have stirred it through the Protectorate?

* History of Independency, Part II. p. 32.

and finally awakened at Richard's restored, but fleeting "Rump," to witness its own ridiculous extinction.

Our RUMP passed through three stages in its political progress. Preparatory to the trial of the sovereign, the anti-monarchical party constituted the minority in "the *Long* Parliament:" the very bye-name by which this parliament is recognised seemed a grievance to an impatient people, vacillating with chimerical projects of government, and now accustomed to pull down all existing institutions, from a wild indefinite notion of political equality. Such was the temper of the times, that an act of the most violent injustice, openly performed, served only as the jest of the day, a jest which has passed into history. The forcible expulsion of two hundred of their brother members, by those who afterwards were saluted as "The Rump," was called "Pride's Purge," from the activity of a colonel of that name, a military adventurer, who was only the blind and brutal instrument of his party; for when he stood at the door of the Commons, holding a paper with the names of the members, he did

not personally know one! And his "Purge" might have operated a quite opposite effect, administered by his own unskilful hand, had not Lord Grey of Groley, and the door-keeper,—worthy dispersers of a British senate!—pointed out the obnoxious members, on whom our colonel laid his hand, and sent off by his men to be detained, if a bold member, or to be deterred from sitting in the house, if a frightened one. This colonel had been a dray-man; and that contemptible knot of the Commons, reduced to fifty or sixty confederates, which assembled after his "Purge," were called "Colonel Pride's Dray-horses!"

It was this Rump which voted the death of the sovereign, and abolished the regal office, and the house of peers—as "unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous!" Every office in parliament seemed "dangerous" but that of the "Custodes libertatis Angliæ," the keepers of the liberties of England! or rather "the gaolers!" "The legislative half-quarter of the House of Commons!" indignantly exclaims Clement Walker — the "Montagne" of the French revolutionists!

" The Red-coats," as the military were nicknamed, soon taught their masters, " the Rumpers," silence and obedience: these having raised one colossal man for their own purpose, were annihilated by him at a single blow. Cromwell, five years after, turned them out of their house, and put the keys into his pocket. Their last public appearance was in the fleeting days of Richard Cromwell, when the comi-tragedy of " the Rump" concluded by a catastrophe as ludicrous as that of Tom Thumb's tragedy!

How such a faction used their instruments to gather in the common spoil, and how their instruments at length converted the hands which held them into instruments themselves, appears in their history. When " the Long Parliament" opposed the designs of Cromwell and Ireton, these chiefs cried up " the liberty of the people," and denied " the authority of parliament:" but when they effectuated their famous "purge," and formed a house of commons of THEMSELVES, they abolished the House of Lords, crying up the supreme authority of the House of Commons, and crying down the liberty of the people. Such is the hi-

story of political factions, as well as of statesmen! Charles the Fifth at first made use of the pope's authority to subdue the protestants of Germany, and then raised an army of protestants to imprison the pope! A chain of similar facts may be framed out of modern history.

The "Rump," as they were called by every one but their own party, became a whetstone for the wits to sharpen themselves on; and we have two large collections of "Rump Songs," curious chronicles of popular feeling! Without this evidence we should not have been so well informed of the phases of this portentous phenomenon. "The Rump" was celebrated in verse, till at length it became "the Rump of a Rump of a Rump!" as Foulis traces them to their dwindled and grotesque appearance. It is pourtrayed by a wit of the times—

"The Rump's an old story, if well understood,
'Tis a thing dress'd up in a parliament's hood,
And like it—but the tail stands where the head shou'd!
'Twould make a man scratch where it does not itch!
They say 'tis good luck when a body rises
With the rump upwards; but he that advises
To live in that posture, is none of the wisest."

Cromwell's hunting them out of the house by military force is alluded to—

> Our politic doctors do us teach,
> That a blood-sucking red coat's as good as a leech
> To relieve the head, if applied to the breech."

In the opening scene of the Restoration, Mrs. Hutchinson, an honest republican, paints with dismay a scene otherwise very ludicrous. "When the town of Nottingham, as almost all the rest of the island, began to grow mad, and declared themselves in their desires of the king;" or, as another of the opposite party writes, "When the soldiery, who had hitherto made *clubs trumps*, resolved now to turn up the *king of hearts* in their affections," the rabble in town and country vied with each other in "burning the Rump;" and the literal emblem was hung by chains on gallowses, with a bonfire underneath, while the cries of "Let us burn the Rump! Let us roast the Rump!" were echoed every where. The suddenness of this universal change, which was said to have maddened the wisest, and to have sobered the mad, must be ascribed to the joy at escaping from the yoke of a military despotism;

perhaps, too, it marked the rapid transition of hope to a restoration which might be supposed to have implanted gratitude even in a royal breast! The feelings of the people expected to find an echo from the throne!

"The Rump," besides their general resemblance to the French anarchists, had also some minuter features of ugliness, which Englishmen have often exulted have not marked an English revolution—sanguinary proscriptions! We had thought that we had no revolutionary tribunals! no Septembrisers! no Noyades! no moveable guillotines awaiting for carts loaded with human victims! no infuriated republican urging, in a committee of public safety, the necessity of a salutary massacre!

But if it be true that the same motives and the same principles were at work in both nations, and that the like personages were performing in England the parts which these did afterwards in France, by an argument *a priori* we might be sure that the same revolting crimes and chimerical projects were alike suggested at London as at Paris. Human nature, even in transactions which

appear unparalleled, will be found to preserve a regularity of resemblance not always suspected.

The first great tragic act was closely copied by the French; and if the popular page of our history appears unstained by their revolutionary axe, this depended only on a slight accident; for it became a question of "yea" and "nay!" and was only carried in the negative by *two voices* in the council! It was debated among "the bloody Rump," as it was hideously designated, "whether to massacre and to put to the sword *all the king's party*!*" Cromwell himself listened to the suggestion; and it was only put down by the coolness of political calculation—the dread that the massacre would be *too general!* Some of the Rump, not obtaining the blessedness of a massacre, still clung to the happiness of an immolation; and many petitions were presented, that "*two or three principal gentlemen* of the royal party in EACH COUNTY might be sacrificed to justice, whereby the land might be saved from *blood-guiltiness!*" Sir Arthur Haslerigg, whose

* Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II. p. 130. Confirmed by Barwick in his Life, p. 163.

"passionate fondness of liberty" has been commended*, was one of the committee of safety in 1647—I, too, would commend "a passionate lover of liberty," whenever I do not discover that this lover is much more intent on the dower than on the bride. Haslerigg, "an absurd, bold man," as Clarendon, at a single stroke, reveals his character, was resolved not to be troubled with king or bishop, or any power in the state superior to "the Rump's." We may safely suspect that patriot who can cool his vehemence in spoliation. Haslerigg would have no bishops, but this was not from any want of reverence for church-lands, for he heaped for himself such wealth as to have been nick-named "the bishop of Durham;" He is here noticed for a political crime different from that of plunder. When, in 1647, this venerable radical found the parliament resisting his views, he declared, that "Some heads must fly off!" adding, "the parliament cannot save England; we must look another way!"—threatening, what afterwards was done, to bring in the army!

* The Rev. Mark Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell, I. 405.

It was this "passionate lover of liberty" who, when Dorislaus, the parliamentary agent, was assassinated by some Scotchmen in Holland, moved in the house, that "Six royalists of the best quality" should be immediately executed! When some northern counties petitioned the Commons for relief against a famine in the land, our Maratist observed, that "this *want of food* would best defend those counties from Scottish invasion*!" The slaughter of Drogheda by Cromwell, and his frightening all London by what Walker calls "a butchery of apprentices," when he cried out to his soldiers, "to kill man, woman, and child, and fire the city†!" may be placed among those crimes which are committed to open a reign of terror—but Hugh Peters's solemn thanksgiving to Heaven that "none were spared!" was the true expression of the true feeling of these political demoniacs. Cromwell was cruel from politics, others from constitution. Some were willing to be cruel without "blood-guiltiness." One Alexander Rigby, a radical lawyer,

* Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II. 173.

† Walker, Part I. 160.

twice moved in the Long Parliament, that those *lords and gentlemen* who were "malignants," should be *sold as slaves to the Dey of Algiers*, or sent off to the new plantations in the West Indies. He had all things prepared; for it is added that he had contracted with two merchants to ship them off*. There was a most bloody-minded "maker of washing-balls," as one John Durant is described, appointed a lecturer by the House of Commons, who always left out of the Lord's prayer, "As we forgive them that trespass against us," and substituted, "Lord, since thou hast now drawn out thy sword, let it not be sheathed again till it be glutted in the blood of the malignants." I find too many enormities of this kind. "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently, and keepeth back his sword from blood!" was the cry of the wretch, who, when a celebrated actor and royalist sued for quarter, gave no other reply than that of "fitting the action to the word." Their treatment of the Irish may possibly be admired by a

* Mercurius Rusticus, XII. 115. Barwick's Life, p. 42.

true Machiavelist: "they permitted forty thousand of the Irish to enlist in the service of the kings of Spain and France—in other words, they expelled them at once, which, considering that our Rumpers affected such an abhorrence of tyranny, may be considered as an act of mercy! satisfying themselves only with dividing the forfeited lands of the aforesaid forty thousand among their own party by lot and other means. An universal confiscation, after all, is a bloodless massacre. They used the Scotch soldiers, after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, a little differently—but equally efficaciously—for they sold their Scotch prisoners for slaves to the American planters.

The Robespierres and the Marats were as extraordinary beings, and in some respects the Frenchmen were working on a more enlarged scheme. These discovered, that "the generation which had witnessed the preceding one would always regret it; and for the security of the Revolution, it was necessary that every person who was thirty years old in 1788 should perish on the scaffold!" The anarchists were intent

on reducing the French people to eight millions, and on destroying the great cities of France*.

Such monstrous persons and events are not credible—but this is no proof that they have not occurred. Many incredible things will happen!

Another disorganising feature in the English *Rumpers* was also observed in the French *Sans-culottes*—their hatred of literature and the arts. Hebert was one day directing his satellites towards the *bibliotheque nationale*, to put an end to all that human knowledge collected for centuries on centuries—in one day! alleging of course some good reason. This hero was only diverted from the enterprise by being persuaded to postpone it for a day or two, when luckily the guillotine intervened: the same circumstance occurred here. The burning of the records in the Tower was certainly proposed; a speech of Selden's, which I cannot immediately turn to, put a stop to these incendiaries. It was debated in the Rump parliament, when Cromwell

* Desodoard's Histoire Philosophique de la Revolution de France, IV. 5.

was general, whether they should *dissolve the universities?* They concluded that no university was necessary; that there were no ancient examples of such education, and that scholars in other countries did study at *their own cost and charges,* and therefore they looked on them as unnecessary, and thought them fitting *to be taken away for the public use!*—How these venerable asylums escaped from being sold with the king's pictures, as stone and timber, and why their rich endowments were not shared among such inveterate ignorance and remorseless spoliation, might claim some inquiry.

The Abbé Morellet, a great political economist, imagined that the source of all the crimes of the French Revolution was their violation of the sacred rights of property. The perpetual invectives of the *Sans-culottes* of France *against proprietors and against property* proceeded from demoralised beings, who formed panegyrics on all crimes; crimes to explain whose revolutionary terms a new dictionary was required. But even these anarchists, in their mad ex-

pressions against property, and in their wildest notions of their "egalité," have not gone beyond the daring of our own "Rumpers!"

Of those revolutionary journals of the parliament of 1649, which in spirit so strongly resemble the diurnal or hebdomadal effusions of the redoubtable French Hebert, Marat, and others of that stamp, one of the most remarkable is "The Moderate, impartially communicating martial affairs to the *kingdom* of England;" the monarchical title our commonwealth-men had not yet had time to obliterate from their colloquial style. This writer called himself in his barbarous English, *The Moderate!* It would be hard to conceive the meanness and illiteracy to which the English language was reduced under the pens of the rabble-writers of these days, had we not witnessed in the present time a parallel to their compositions. "The Moderate!" was a title assumed on the principle on which Marat denominated himself "l'ami du peuple." It is curious, that the most ferocious politicians usually assert their moderation. Robespierre, in his justification, declares

that Marat "m'a souvent accusé de *Moderantisme.*" The same actors, playing the same parts, may be always paralleled in their language and their deeds. This "Moderate" steadily pursued one great principle—the overthrow of all PROPERTY. Assuming that *property* was the original cause of *sin!* an exhortation to the people for this purpose is the subject of the present paper*: the illustration of his principle is as striking as the principle itself.

It is an apology for, or rather a defence of robbery! Some moss-troopers had been condemned to be hanged, for practising their venerable custom of gratuitously supplying themselves from the flocks and herds of their weaker neighbours: our "Moderate" ingeniously discovers, that the loss of these men's lives is to be attributed to nothing but *property.* They are necessitated to offend the laws, in order to obtain a livelihood!

On this he descants; and the extract is a political curiosity, in the French style! "*Pro-*

* The Moderate, from Tuesday, July 31, to August 7, 1649.

perty is the original cause of any *sin* between party and party as to civil transactions. And since the *tyrant* is taken off, and the government altered *in nomine*, so ought it really to redound to the good of the people *in specie*; which though they cannot expect it in few years, by reason of *the multiplicity of the gentry in authority*, command, &c. who drive on all designs for support of the old government, and consequently their own interest and the *people's slavery*, yet they doubt not, but *in time* the people will herein discern their own blindness and folly."

In September, he advanced with more depth of thought. "*Wars* have ever been clothed with the most gracious pretences—viz. reformation of religion, the laws of the land, the liberty of the subject, &c.; though the effects thereof have proved most destructive to every nation; making the sword, and not *the people*, the original of all authorities for many hundred years together, taking away *each man's birth-right*, and *settling upon a few* A CURSED PROPRIETY; the ground of all civil offences, and the greatest cause of most sins against the heavenly Deity.

This tyranny and oppression running through the veins of many of our predecessors, and being too long maintained by the sword upon a royal foundation, at last became so customary, as *to the vulgar it seemed most natural*—the only reason why the *people* of this time are so *ignorant of their birth-right,* their only freedom," &c.

"The birth-right" of citoyen *Egalité* to "*a cursed propriety settled on a few,*" was not, even among the French jacobins, urged with more amazing force. Had things proceeded according to our "Moderate's" plan, "the people's slavery" had been something worse. In a short time the nation would have had more proprietors than property. We have a curious list of the spoliations of those members of the House of Commons, who, after their famous *self-denying ordinances,* appropriated among themselves sums of money, offices, and lands, for services "done or to be done."

The most innocent of this new government of "the Majesty of the People," were those whose talents had been limited by Nature to peddle and purloin; puny mechanics, who had suddenly

dropped their needles, their hammers, and their lasts, and slunk out from behind their shop-counters; those who had never aspired beyond the constable of their parish, were now seated in the council of state; where, as Milton describes them, "they fell to huckster the commonwealth:" there they met a more rabid race of obscure lawyers, and discontented men of family, of blasted reputations; adventurers, who were to command the militia and navy of England,—governors of the three kingdoms! whose votes and ordinances resounded with nothing else but new impositions, taxes, excises, yearly, monthly, weekly sequestrations, compositions, and universal robbery!

Baxter vents one deep groan of indignation, and presciently announces one future consequence of *Reform!* "In all this appeared the severity of God, the mutability of worldly things, and the fruits of error, pride, and selfishness, *to be charged hereafter upon reformation and religion.*" As a statesman, the sagacity of this honest prophet was narrowed by the horizon of his religious views; for he ascribes the whole as "prepared by Satan to the injury of the

protestant cause, and the advantage of the papists!" But dropping his particular application to the devil and the papists, honest Richard Baxter is perfectly right in his general principle concerning "Rumpers,"—"Sans-culottes"—and "Radicals."

LIFE AND HABITS OF A LITERARY ANTIQUARY—OLDYS AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

Such a picture may be furnished by some unexpected materials which my inquiries have obtained of Oldys. This is a sort of personage little known to the wits, who write more than they read, and to their volatile votaries, who only read what the wits write. It is time to vindicate the honours of the few whose laborious days enrich the stores of national literature, not by the duplicates but the supplements of knowledge. A literary antiquary is that idler whose life is passed in a perpetual *voyage autour de ma chambre;* fervent in sagacious diligence, instinct with the enthusiasm of curious inquiry, critical as well as erudite; he has to arbitrate between contending opinions; to resolve the doubtful, to clear up the obscure, and to grasp at the remote; so busied with other times, and so interested for other persons than those about him, that he becomes the inhabitant of the

visionary world of books. He only counts his days by his acquisitions, and may be said to be the CREATOR OF FACTS, by his original discoveries, often exciting the gratitude of the literary world, while the very name of the benefactor has not always descended with his inestimable labours.

Such is the man whom we often find, when he dies, leaving his favourite volumes only an incomplete project! and few of this class of literary men have escaped the fate reserved for most of their brothers. Voluminous works have been usually left unfinished by the death of the authors; and it is with them as with the planting of trees, of which Johnson has forcibly observed, "There is a frightful interval between the seed and timber." And he admirably remarks, what I cannot forbear applying to the labours I am now to describe; "He that calculates the growth of trees has the remembrance of the shortness of life driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself; and when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down." The days of the patriotic Count Mazzuchelli were freely given

to his national literature; and six invaluable folios attest the gigantic force of his immense erudition; yet these only carry us through the letters A and B: and though Mazzuchelli had finished for the press other volumes, the torpor of his descendants has defrauded Europe of her claims. The Abbé Goujet, who had designed a classified history of his national literature, in the eighteen volumes we possess, could only conclude that of the translators and commence that of the poets; two other volumes in manuscript have perished. That great enterprise of the Benedictines, the "Histoire Litteraire de la France," now consists of twelve large quartos, and the industry of its successive writers have only been able to carry it to the twelfth century. David Clement designed the most extensive bibliography which had ever appeared; but the diligent life of the writer could only proceed as far as H. The alphabetical order, which so many writers of this class have adopted, has proved a mortifying memento of human life! Tiraboschi was so fortunate as to complete his great national history of Italian literature. But, unhappily for us,

Thomas Warton, after feeling his way through the darker ages of our poetry, in planning the map of the beautiful land, of which he had only a Pisgah-sight, expired amidst his volumes. The most precious portion of Warton's history is but the fragment of a fragment.

Oldys, among this brotherhood, has met perhaps with a harder fate; his published works, and the numerous ones to which he contributed, are now highly appreciated by the lovers of books; but the larger portion of his literary labours have met with the sad fortune of dispersed, and probably of wasted manuscripts. Oldys's MANUSCRIPTS, or O. M. as they are sometimes designated, are constantly referred to by every distinguished writer on our literary history. I believe that not one of them could have given us any positive account of the manuscripts themselves! They have indeed long served as the solitary sources of information—but like the well at the way-side, too many have drawn their waters in silence.

Oldys is chiefly known by the caricature of the facetious Grose, a great humorist, both with

pencil and with pen: it is in a posthumous scrap-book, where Grose deposited his odds and ends, and where there is perhaps not a single story which is not satirical. Our lively antiquary, who cared more for rusty armour than for rusty volumes, would turn over these flams and quips to some confidential friend, to enjoy together a secret laugh at their literary intimates. His eager executor, who happened to be his bookseller, served up the poignant hash to the public as "Grose's Olio!" The delineation of OLDYS is sufficiently overcharged for "the nonce." One prevalent infirmity of honest OLDYS, his love of companionship over too social a glass, sends him down to posterity in a grotesque attitude; and Mr. Alexander Chalmers, who has given us the fullest account of OLDYS, has inflicted on him something like a sermon, on "a state of intoxication."

Alas!—OLDYS was an outcast of fortune, and the utter simplicity of his heart was guileless as a child's—ever open to the designing. The noble spirit of a Duke of Norfolk once rescued the long-lost historian of Rawleigh from the confinement of the Fleet, where probably he had existed for-

gotten by the world for six years. It was by an act of grace that the duke safely placed OLDYS in the Herald's College, as Norroy King of Arms*. But OLDYS, like all shy and retired men, had contracted peculiar habits and close

* Mr. John Taylor, the son of OLDYS's intimate friend, has furnished me with this interesting anecdote. "OLDYS, as my father informed me, was many years in quiet obscurity in the Fleet-prison, but at last was spirited up to make his situation known to the Duke of Norfolk of that time, who received Oldys's letter while he was at dinner with some friends. The duke immediately communicated the contents to the company, observing that he had long been anxious to know what had become of an old, though an humble friend, and was happy by that letter to find that he was alive. He then called for his *gentleman* (a kind of humble friend whom noblemen used to retain under that name in those days), and desired him to go immediately to the Fleet, to take money for the immediate need of OLDYS, to procure an account of his debts, and discharge them. OLDYS was, soon after, either by the duke's gift or interest, appointed Norroy King at Arms; and I remember that his official regalia came into my father's hands at his death."

In the Life of OLDYS, by Mr. A. Chalmers, the date of this promotion is not found. My accomplished friend the Rev. J. Dallaway has obligingly examined the records of the college, by which it appears that Oldys had been *Norfolk herald extraordinary*, but not belonging to the college, was appointed *per saltum* Norroy King of Arms by patent May 5th, 1755.

attachments for a few; both these he could indulge at no distance. He liked his old associates in the purlieus of the Fleet, whom he facetiously dignified as "his Rulers," and there, as I have heard, with the grotesque whim of a herald, established "The Dragon Club." Companionship yields the poor man his unpurchased pleasures. Busied every morning among the departed wits and the learned of our country, some image was reflected from them among his companions, in some secret history as yet untold, and some ancient wit, which, cleared of the rust, seemed to him brilliant as the modern!

It is hard, however, for a literary antiquary to be caricatured, and for a herald to be ridiculed about an "unseemly reeling, with the coronet of the Princess Caroline, which looked unsteady on the cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren." A circumstance which could never have occurred at the burial of a prince or a princess, as the coronet is carried by Clarencieux, and not by Norroy. OLDYS's deep potations of ale, however, give me an opportunity of bestowing on him the honour of being the author of a popular Anacreontic

song. Mr. Taylor informs me that "Oldys always asserted that he was the author of the well-known song—

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly!"

and as he was a rigid lover of truth, I doubt not that he wrote it." My own researches confirm it; I have traced this popular song through a dozen of collections since the year 1740, the first in which I find it. In the later collections an original inscription has been dropped, which the accurate Ritson has restored, without, however, being able to discover the writer. In 1740 it is said to have been "Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a *fly* drinking out of his *cup of ale;*"—the accustomed potion of poor OLDYS*!

Grose, however, though a great joker on the peculiarities of OLDYS, was far from insensible to the extraordinary acquisitions of the man. "His

* The beautiful simplicity of this Anacreontic has met the unusual fate of entirely losing its character, by an additional and incongruous stanza in the modern editions, by a gentleman who has put into practice the unallowable liberty of *altering* the poetical and dramatic compositions of acknowledged genius to his own notion of what he deems "morality;" but in works of genius whatever is dull ceases to be moral. "The Fly" of

knowledge of English books has hardly been exceeded." Grose too was struck by the delicacy of honour, and unswerving veracity which so strongly characterised OLDYS, of which he gives a remarkable instance. We are concerned in ascertaining the moral integrity of the writer, whose main business is with history.

At a time when our literary history, excepting in the solitary labour of Anthony Wood, was a forest, with neither road nor pathway, OLDYS, fortunately placed in the library of the Earl of Oxford, yielded up his entire days to researches

OLDYS may stand by "The Fly" of Gray for melancholy tenderness of thought; it consisted only of these two stanzas:

1.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

2.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

concerning the books and the men of the preceding age. His labours were then valueless, their very nature not yet ascertained, and when he opened the treasures of our ancient lore, in "The British Librarian," it was closed for want of public encouragement. Our writers then struggling to create an age of genius of their own forgot that they had had any progenitors; or while they were acquiring new modes of excellence, that they were losing others, to which their posterity or the national genius might return. To know, and to admire only, the literature and the tastes of our own age, is a species of elegant barbarism *. Spenser was considered nearly as obsolete as Chaucer; Milton was veiled by oblivion, and Shakespeare's dramas were so imperfectly known, that in looking over the play-bills of 1711, and much later, I find that whenever it chanced that they were acted, they were always announced to have been "written by Shakespeare." Mas-

* We have been taught to enjoy the two ages of Genius and of Taste. The literary public are deeply indebted to the editorial care, the taste and the enthusiasm of Mr. Singer, for exquisite reprints of some valuable writers.

singer was unknown; and Jonson, though called "immortal" in the old play-bills, lay entombed in his two folios. The poetical æra of Elizabeth, the eloquent age of James the First, and the age of wit of Charles the Second, were blanks in our literary history. Bysshe compiling an art of Poetry, in 1718, passed by in his collections "*Spenser and the poets of his age*, because their language is now become so obsolete, that most readers of our age have no ear for them, and therefore *Shakespeare* himself is so *rarely cited* in my collection." The *best* English poets were considered to be the *modern;* a taste which is always obstinate!

All this was nothing to OLDYS; his literary curiosity anticipated by half a century the fervour of the present day. This energetic direction of all his thoughts was sustained by that life of discovery, which in literary researches is starting novelties among old and unremembered things; contemplating some ancient tract as precious as a manuscript, or revelling in the volume of a poet, whose passport of fame was yet delayed in its way; or disinterring the treasure of some

secluded manuscript, whence he drew a virgin extract; or raising up a sort of domestic intimacy with the eminent in arms, in politics, and in literature, in this visionary life, life itself with OLDYS was insensibly gliding away—its cares almost unfelt!

The life of a literary antiquary partakes of the nature of those who, having no concerns of their own, busy themselves with those of others. OLDYS lived in the back-ages of England; he had crept among the dark passages of Time, till, like an old gentleman-usher, he seemed to be reporting the secret history of the courts which he had lived in. He had been charmed among their masques and revels, had eyed with astonishment their cumbrous magnificence, when knights and ladies carried on their mantles and their cloth of gold ten thousand pounds' worth of ropes of pearls, and buttons of diamonds; or, descending to the gay court of the second Charles, he tattled merry tales, as in that of the first he had painfully watched, like a patriot or a loyalist, a distempered æra. He had lived so constantly with these people of another age, and had so deeply

interested himself in their affairs, and so loved the wit and the learning which are often bright under the rust of antiquity, that his own uncourtly style is embrowned with the tint of a century old. But it was this taste and curiosity which alone could have produced the extraordinary volume of Sir Walter Rawleigh's life; a work richly inlaid with the most curious facts and the juxta-position of the most remote knowledge; to judge by its fulness of narrative, it would seem rather to have been the work of a contemporary*.

It was an advantage in this primæval æra of literary curiosity, that those volumes which are now not even to be found in our national library, where certainly they are perpetually wanted, and which are now so excessively appreciated, were exposed on stalls, through the reigns of Anne and the two Georges. OLDYS encountered no

* Gibbon once meditated a life of Rawleigh, and for that purpose began some researches in that "memorable æra of our English annals." After reading Oldys's, he relinquished his design, from a conviction that "he could add nothing new to the subject, except the uncertain merit of style and sentiment."

competitor, cased in the invulnerable mail of his purse, to dispute his possession of the rarest volume. On the other hand, our early collector did not possess our advantages; he could not fly for instant aid to a "Biographia Britannica," he had no history of our poetry, nor even of our drama. OLDYS could tread in no man's path, for every soil about him was unbroken ground. He had to create every thing for his own purposes. We gather fruit from trees which others have planted, and too often we but "pluck and eat."

Nulla dies sine linea was his sole hope while he was accumulating masses of notes; and as OLDYS never used his pen from the weak passion of scribbling, but from the urgency of preserving some substantial knowledge, or planning some future inquiry, he amassed nothing but what he wished to remember. Even the minuter pleasures of settling a date, or classifying a title-page, were enjoyments to his incessant pen. Every thing was acquisition. This never-ending business of research appears to have absorbed his powers, and sometimes to have dulled his

conceptions. No one more aptly exercised the *tact* of discovery; he knew where to feel in the dark: but he was not of the race—that race indeed had not yet appeared among us—who could melt, into their Corinthian brass, the mingled treasures of Research, Imagination, and Philosophy!

We may be curious to inquire where our literary antiquary deposited these discoveries and curiosities which he was so incessantly acquiring. They were dispersed on many a fly-leaf in occasional memorandum-books; in ample marginal notes on his authors—they were sometimes thrown into what he calls his "parchment budgets" or "Bags of Biography—of Botany—of Obituary"—of "Books relative to London" and other titles and bags, which he was every day filling. Sometimes his collections seem to have been intended for a series of volumes, for he refers to "My first Volume of Tables of the eminent Persons celebrated by English Poets"—to another of "Poetical Characteristics." Among those manuscripts which I have seen, I find one mentioned, apparently of a wide circuit, under the

reference of "My biographical Institutions. Part third; containing a Catalogue of all the English Lives, with historical and critical Observations on them." But will our curious or our whimsical collectors of the present day endure, without impatience, the loss of a quarto manuscript, which bears this rich condiment for its title—"Of London Libraries; with Anecdotes of Collectors of Books; Remarks on Booksellers; and on the first Publishers of Catalogues?" OLDYS left ample annotations on "Fuller's Worthies," and "Winstanley's Lives of the Poets," and on "Langbaine's Dramatic Poets." The late Mr. Boswell showed me a *Fuller* in the Malone collection, with Steevens's transcription of *Oldys's notes*, which Malone purchased for 43*l.* at Steevens's sale; but where is the original copy of Oldys? The "Winstanley," I think, also reposes in the same collection, which, let us hope, is well preserved. The "Langbaine" is far-famed, and is preserved in the British Museum, the gift of Dr. Birch; it has been considered so precious, that several of our eminent writers have cheerfully passed through the labour of a minute tran-

scription of its numberless notes. In the history of the fate and fortune of books, that of OLDYS's *Langbaine* is too curious to omit. OLDYS may tell his own story, which I find in the Museum copy, p. 336, and which copy appears to be a *second* attempt; for of the *first* Langbaine we have this account:

"When I left London, in 1724, to reside in *Yorkshire*, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr. Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, among many other books, goods, &c. a copy of this Langbaine, in which I had written several notes and references to further knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London, 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed; and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. T. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my Langbaine of a bookseller who was a great collector of plays and poetical books: this must have been of service to him, and he has kept it so carefully from my sight, that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing in, the Notes I had collected in that*."

This *first* Langbaine, with additions by Coxeter, was bought, at the sale of his books, by Theo-

* At the Bodleian library, I learn by a letter with which I am favoured by the Rev. Dr. Bliss, that there is an interleaved "Gibbon's Lives and Characters of the Dramatic Poets,"

philus Cibber: on the strength of these notes, he prefixed his name to the first collection of the "Lives of our Poets," which appeared in weekly numbers, and now form five volumes, written chiefly by Shiels, an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson.

with corrections, which once belonged to Coxeter, who appears to have intended a new edition. Whether Coxeter transcribed into his Gibbon the notes of Oldys's *first* Langbaine, is worth inquiry. Coxeter's conduct, though he had purchased Oldys's first Langbaine, was that of an ungenerous miser, who will quarrel with a brother, rather than share in any acquisition he can get into his own hands. To Coxeter we also owe much; he suggested Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and the first tolerable edition of Massinger.

There is a remarkable word in Oldys's note above. He could not have been employed in Lord Oxford's library, as Mr. Chalmers conjectures, about 1726; for here he mentions that he was in *Yorkshire* from 1724 to 1730. This period is a remarkable blank in Oldys's life. If he really went to Yorkshire, he departed in sudden haste, for he left all his books at his lodgings; and six years of rustication must have been an intolerable state for a lover of old books. It has sometimes occurred to me, that for *Yorkshire* we must understand the *Fleet*. There we know he was; but the circumstance perhaps was so hateful to record, that he preferred to veil it, while writing, for the *second* time, his Notes on Langbaine; he confesses, on his return to his lodgings, that he found he had lost every thing which he had left there.

Shiels has been recently castigated by Mr. Gifford.

These literary jobbers nowhere distinguish Coxeter's and Oldys's curious matter from their own. Such was the fate of the *first* copy of Langbaine, with *Oldys's notes;* but the *second* is more important. At an auction of some of OLDYS's books and manuscripts, of which I have seen a printed catalogue, Dr. Birch purchased this invaluable copy for three shillings and sixpence*. Such was the value attached to these original researches concerning our poets, and which, to obtain only a transcript, very large

* This copy was lent by Dr. Birch to the late Bishop of Dromore, who with his own hand carefully transcribed the notes into an interleaved copy of Langbaine, divided into four volumes, which, as I am informed, narrowly escaped the flames, and was injured by the water, at a fire at Northumberland-House. His lordship, when he went to Ireland, left this copy with Mr. Nichols, for the use of the projected editions of the Tatler, the Spectator, and the Guardian, with notes and illustrations; of which I think the Tatler only has appeared, and to which his lordship contributed some valuable communications.

sums have since been cheerfully given. This, which is now the Museum copy, is in Oldys's hand-writing, not interleaved, but overflowing with notes, written in a very small hand about the margins, and inserted between the lines: nor may the transcriber pass negligently even its corners, otherwise he is here assured that he will lose some useful date, or the hint of some curious reference. The enthusiasm and diligence of OLDYS, in undertaking a repetition of his first lost labour, proved to be infinitely greater than the sense of his unrequited labours. Such is the history of the escapes, the changes, and the fate of a volume, which forms the ground-work of the most curious information concerning our elder poets, and to which we must still frequently refer.

In this variety of literary arrangements, which we must consider as single works in a progressive state, or as portions of one great work on our modern literary history, it may, perhaps, be justly suspected that OLDYS, in the delight of perpetual acquisition, impeded the happier labour of unity of design, and completeness of purpose. He was

not a Tiraboschi—nor even a Niceron! He was sometimes chilled by neglect, and by "vanity and vexation of spirit," else we should not now have to count over a barren list of manuscript works; masses of literary history, of which their existence is even doubtful.

In Kippis's Biographia Britannica, we find frequent references to O. M., OLDYS'S MANUSCRIPTS. Mr. John Taylor, the son of the friend and executor of OLDYS, has greatly obliged me with all his recollections of this man of letters; whose pursuits, however, were in no manner analogous to his, and whom he could only have known in youth. By him I learn, that on the death of OLDYS, Dr. Kippis, editor of the Biographia Britannica, looked over these manuscripts at Mr. Taylor's house. He had been directed to this discovery by the late Bishop of Dromore, whose active zeal was very remarkable in every enterprise to enlarge our literary history. Kippis was one who, in some degree, might have estimated their literary value; but, employed by commercial men, and negotiating with persons who neither comprehended their nature, nor affixed

any value to them, the editor of the Biographia found OLDYS's MANUSCRIPTS an easy purchase for his employer, the late Mr. Cadell; and the twenty guineas, perhaps, served to bury their writer! Mr. Taylor says, "The manuscripts of OLDYS were not so many as might be expected from so indefatigable a writer. They consisted chiefly of short extracts from books, and minutes of dates, and were *thought worth purchasing* by the doctor. I remember the manuscripts well; though OLDYS was not the author, but rather recorder." Such is the statement and the opinion of a writer, whose effusions are of a gayer sort. But the researches of OLDYS must not be estimated by this standard: with him a single line was the result of many a day of research, and a leaf of scattered hints would supply more *original knowledge* than some octavos, fashioned out by the hasty gilders and varnishers of modern literature. These *discoveries* occupy small space to the eye; but large works are composed out of them. This very lot of OLDYS's manuscripts was, indeed, so considerable in the judgment of Kippis, that he has described them as

"*a large and useful body of biographical materials, left by Mr. Oldys.*" Were these the "Biographical Institutes" OLDYS refers to among his manuscripts? "The late Mr. Malone," continues Mr. Taylor, "told me that he had seen *all Oldys's manuscripts;* so I presume they are in the hands of Cadell and Davies." Have they met with the fate of sucked oranges?—and how much of Malone may we owe to OLDYS?

This information enabled me to trace the manuscripts of OLDYS to Dr. Kippis; but it cast me among the booksellers, who do not value manuscripts which no one can print. I discovered, by the late Mr. Davies, that the direction of that hapless work in our literary history, with its whole treasure of manuscripts, had been consigned, by Mr. Cadell, to the late George Robinson; and that the successor of Dr. Kippis had been the late Dr. George Gregory. Again I repeat, the history of voluminous works is a melancholy office; every one concerned with them no longer can be found! The esteemed relict of Doctor Gregory, with a friendly promptitude, gratified my anxious inquiries, and informed

me, that "She perfectly recollects a mass of papers, such as I described, being returned, on the death of Dr. Gregory, to the house of Wilkie and Robinson, in the early part of the year 1809." I applied to this house, who, after some time, referred me to Mr. John Robinson, the representative of his late father, and with whom all the papers of the former partnership were deposited. But Mr. John Robinson has terminated my inquiries, by his civility in promising to comply with them, and his pertinacity in not doing so. He may have injured his own interest in not trading with my curiosity *. It was fortunate for the nation, that George Vertue's mass of manuscripts escaped the fate of Oldys's; had the possessor proved as indolent, Horace Walpole

* I know that not only this lot of *Oldys's manuscripts*, but a great quantity of *original contributions* of whole lives, intended for the Biographia Britannica, must lie together, unless they have been destroyed as waste-paper. These biographical and literary curiosities were often supplied by the families or friends of eminent persons. Some may, perhaps, have been reclaimed by their owners. I am informed there was among them an interesting collection of the correspondence of Locke; and I could mention several lives which were prepared.

would not have been the writer of his most valuable work, and we should have lost the "Anecdotes of Painting," of which Vertue had collected the materials.

Of a life consumed in such literary activity we should have known more had the *Diaries* of OLDYS escaped destruction. "One habit of my father's old friend, William OLDYS," says Mr. Taylor, "was that of keeping a diary, and recording in it every day all the events that occurred, and all his engagements, and the employment of his time. I have seen piles of these books, but know not what became of them." The existence of such *diaries* is confirmed by a sale catalogue of Thomas Davies, the literary bookseller, who sold many of the books and *some manuscripts of Oldys,* which appear to have been dispersed in various libraries. I find Lot "3627, Mr. Oldys's Diary, containing several observations relating to books, characters, &c.;" a single volume, which appears to have separated from the "piles" which Mr. Taylor once witnessed. The literary diary of OLDYS would have exhibited the mode of his pursuits, and the results of his dis-

coveries. One of these volumes I have fortunately discovered, and a singularity in this writer's feelings throws a new interest over such diurnal records. OLDYS was apt to give utterance with his pen to his most secret emotions. Querulous or indignant, his honest simplicity confided to the paper before him such extemporaneous soliloquies, and I have found him hiding in the very corners of his manuscripts his "secret sorrows."

A few of these slight memorials of his feelings will exhibit a sort of *Silhouette* likeness traced by his own hand, when at times the pensive man seems to have contemplated on his own shadow. OLDYS would throw down in verses, whose humility or quaintness indicates their origin, or by some pithy adage, or apt quotation, or recording anecdote, his self-advice, or his self-regrets!

Oppressed by a sense of tasks so unprofitable to himself, while his days were often passed in trouble and in prison; he breathes a self-reproach in one of these profound reflections of melancholy which so often startle the man of study, who truly discovers that life is too limited to acquire

real knowledge, with the ambition of dispensing it to the world.

> " I say, who too long in these cobwebs lurks,
> Is always whetting tools, but never works."

In one of the corners of his note-books I find this curious but sad reflection :—

" Alas! this is but the apron of a fig-leaf—but the curtain of a cobweb."

Sometimes he seems to have anticipated the fate of that obscure diligence, which was pursuing discoveries reserved for others to use.

" He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

> " Fond treasurer of these stores, behold thy fate
> In Psalm the thirty-ninth, 6, 7, and 8."

Sometimes he checks the eager ardour of his pen, and reminds himself of its repose, in Latin, Italian, and English.

> —— Non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.
> Assai presto si fa quel che si fa bene.
>
> " Some respite best recovers what we need,
> Discreetly baiting gives the journey speed."

There was a thoughtless kindness in honest OLDYS; and his simplicity of character, as I have observed, was practised on by the artful or the ungenerous. We regret to find the following entry concerning the famous collector, James West.

"I gave above threescore letters of Dr. Davenant to his son, who was envoy at Frankfort in 1703 to 1708, to Mr. James West*, with one hundred and fifty more, about Christmas, 1746; but the same fate they found as grain that is sowed in barren ground."

Such is the plaintive record by which OLDYS relieved himself of a groan! We may smile at the simplicity of the following narrative, where poor OLDYS received manuscripts in lieu of money!

"Old Counsellor Fane, of Colchester, who, *in forma pauperis*, deceived me of a good sum of money which he owed me, and not long after set up his chariot, gave me a parcel of manuscripts, and promised me others, which he never gave me,

* This collection, and probably the other letters, have come down to us, no doubt, with the manuscripts of this collector, purchased for the British Museum. The correspondence of Dr. Davenant, the political writer, with his son, the envoy, turns on one perpetual topic, his son's and his own advancement in the state.

nor any thing else, besides a barrel of oysters, and a manuscript copy of Randolph's poems, an original, as he said, with many additions, being devolved to him as the author's relation."

There was no end to his aids and contributions to every author or bookseller who applied to him; yet he had reason to complain of both while they were using his invaluable, but not valued, knowledge. Here is one of these diurnal entries:

"I lent the tragical lives and deaths of the famous pirates, Ward and Dansiker, 4to, London, 1612, by Robt. Daborn, alias Dabourne, to Mr. T. Lediard, when he was writing his Naval History, and he never returned it. See Howel's Letters of them."

In another, when his friend T. Hayward was collecting, for his "British Muse," the most exquisite common-places of our old English dramatists, a compilation which must not be confounded with ordinary ones, OLDYS not only assisted in the labour, but drew up a curious introduction, with a knowledge and love of the subject which none but himself possessed. But so little were these researches then understood, that we find OLDYS, in a moment of vexatious recollection, and in a corner of one of the margins

of his Langbaine, accidentally preserving an extraordinary circumstance attending this curious dissertation. OLDYS having completed this elaborate introduction, "the penurious publisher insisted on leaving out one third part, which happened to be the best matter in it, because he would have it contracted into *one sheet!*" Poor OLDYS never could forget the fate of this elaborate Dissertation on all the Collections of English poetry; for, in a copy which was formerly Oldys's, and afterwards Thomas Warton's, and now my intelligent friend Mr. Douce's, he has expressed himself thus:—"In my historical and critical review of all the collections of this kind, it would have made a sheet and a half or two sheets; but they for sordid gain, and to save a little expense in print and paper, got Mr. John Campbell *to cross it and cramp it, and play the devil with it, till they squeezed it into less compass than a sheet.*" This is a loss which we may never recover. The curious book-knowledge of this singular man of letters, those stores of which he was the fond treasurer, as he says with such tenderness for his pursuits, were always ready

to be cast into the forms of a dissertation or an introduction; and when Morgan published his Collection of rare Tracts, the friendly hand of OLDYS furnished "A Dissertation upon Pamphlets, in a Letter to a Nobleman;" probably the Earl of Oxford, a great literary curiosity; and in the Harleian Collection he has given a *Catalogue Raisonnée* of six hundred. When Mrs. Cooper attempted "The Muse's Library," the first essay which influenced the national taste to return to our deserted poets in our most poetical age, it was OLDYS who only could have enabled this lady to perform her imperfect attempt. When Curl, the publisher, to help out one of his hasty compilations, a "History of the Stage," repaired, like all the world, to OLDYS, whose kindness could not resist the importunity of this busy publisher, he gave him a life of Nell Gwyn; while at the same moment OLDYS could not avoid noticing, in one of his usual entries, an intended work on the stage, which we seem never to have had. "*Dick Leveridge's History of the Stage, and Actors in his own Time*, for these forty or fifty years past, as he told me he had composed,

is likely to prove, whenever it shall appear, a more perfect work." I might proceed with many similar gratuitous contributions with which he assisted his contemporaries. OLDYS should have been constituted the reader for the nation. His *comptes rendus* of books and manuscripts are still held precious; but in vain his useful and curious talent had sought the public patronage! From one of his "Diaries," which has escaped destruction, I transcribe some interesting passages *ad verbum.*

The reader is here presented with a minute picture of those invisible occupations which pass in the study of a man of letters. There are those who may be surprised, as well as amused, in discovering how all the business, even to the very disappointments and pleasures of active life, can be transferred to the silent chamber of a recluse student; but there are others who will not read without emotion the secret thoughts of him, who, loving literature with its purest passion, scarcely repines at being defrauded of his just fame, and leaves his stores for the after-age of his more

gifted heirs. Thus we open one of Oldys's literary days:

"I was informed this day by Mr. Tho. Odell's daughter, that her father, who was deputy-inspector and licenser of the plays, died 24 May, 1749, at his house in Chappel-street, Westminster, aged 58 years. He was writing a history of the characters he had observed, and conferences he had had with many eminent persons he knew in his time. He was a great observator of every thing curious in the conversations of his acquaintance, and his own conversation was a living chronicle of the remarkable intrigues, adventures, sayings, stories, writings, &c. of many of the quality, poets, and other authors, players, booksellers, &c. who flourished especially in the present century. Had been a popular man at elections, and sometime master of the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, but latterly was forced to live reserved and retired by reason of his debts. He published two or three dramatic pieces, one was the Patron, on the story of Lord Romney.

"Q. of his da. to restore me Eustace Budgell's papers, and to get a sight of her father's.

"Have got the one, and seen the other.

"July 31.—Was at Mrs. Odell's; she returned me Mr. Budgell's papers. Saw some of her husband's papers, mostly poems in favour of the ministry, and against Mr. Pope. One of them, printed by the late Sir Robert Walpole's encouragement, who gave him ten guineas for writing, and as much for the expense of printing it; but through his advice it was never published, because it might hurt his interest with Lord Chesterfield, and some other noblemen, who favoured Mr. Pope for his fine genius. The tract I liked best of his writings

was the history of his playhouse in Goodman's Fields. (Remember that which was published against that playhouse, which I have entered in my London Catalogue. Letter to Sir Ric. Brocas, lord mayor, &c. 8vo. 1730.)

"Saw nothing of the history of his conversations with ingenious men; his characters, tales, jests, and intrigues of them, of which no man was better furnished with them. She thinks she has some papers of these, and promises to look them out, and also to inquire after Mr. Griffin of the lord chamberlain's office, that I may get a search made about *Spencer*."

So intent was OLDYS on these literary researches, that we see, by the last words of this entry, how in hunting after one sort of game, his undivided zeal kept its eye on another. One of his favourite subjects was the realising of original discoveries respecting SPENSER and SHAKESPEARE; of whom, perhaps, to our shame, as it is to our vexation, it may be said that two of our master-poets are those of whom we know the least! OLDYS once flattered himself that he should be able to have given the world a life of Shakespeare. Mr. John Taylor informs me, that "Oldys had contracted to supply ten years of the life of Shakespeare *unknown to the biographers*, with one Walker, a bookseller in the Strand;

and as Oldys did not live to fulfil the engagement, my father was obliged to return to Walker twenty guineas which he had advanced on the work." That interesting narrative is now hopeless for us. Yet, by the solemn contract into which OLDYS had entered, and from his strict integrity, it might induce one to suspect that he had made positive discoveries which are now irrecoverable.

We may observe the manner of his anxious inquiries about *Spenser*.

"Ask Sir Peter Thompson if it were improper to try if Lord Effingham Howard would procure the pedigrees in the Heralds' office, to be seen for Edward Spenser's parentage or family? or how he was related to Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire? to three of whose daughters, who all married nobility, Spenser dedicates three of his poems.

"Of Mr. Vertue, to examine Stowe's memorandum book. Look more carefully for the year when Spenser's monument was raised, or between which years the entry stands—1623 and 1626.

"Sir Clement Cottrell's book about Spenser.

"Capt. Power, to know if he has heard from Capt. Spenser about my letter of inquiries relating to Edward Spenser.

"Of Whiston, to examine if my remarks on Spenser are complete as to the press.—Yes.

"Remember, when I see Mr. W. Thompson, to inquire

whether he has printed in any of his works any other character of our old poets than those of Spenser and Shakespeare*; and to get the liberty of a visit at Kentish Town, to see his *Collection of Robt. Greene's Works,* in about *four large volumes in quarto.* He commonly published a pamphlet every term, as his acquaintance Tom Nash informs us."

Two or three other memoranda may excite a smile at his peculiar habits of study, and unceasing vigilance to draw from original sources of information.

"*Dryden's dream* at Lord Exeter's, at Burleigh, while he was translating Virgil, as Signior Verrio, then painting there, related it to the Yorkshire painter, of whom I had it, lies in *the parchment book in quarto,* designed for his life."

At a subsequent period OLDYS inserts, "Now entered therein." Malone quotes this very memorandum, which he discovered in *Oldys's Langbaine,* to show that Dryden had some confidence in Oneirocriticism, and supposed that future events were sometimes prognosticated by dreams.

* William Thompson, the poet of "Sickness," and other poems; a warm lover of our elder bards, and no vulgar imitator of Spenser. He was the reviver of Bishop Hall's Satires, in 1753, by an edition which had been more fortunate if conducted by his friend OLDYS, for the text is unfaithful, though the edition followed was one borrowed from Lord Oxford's library, probably by the aid of OLDYS.

Malone adds, "Where, either the *loose* prophetic *leaf*, or the *parchment book* now is, I know not*."

Unquestionably we have incurred a great loss in OLDYS's collections for Dryden's life, which were very extensive; such a mass of literary history cannot have perished unless by accident; and I suspect that many of *Oldys's manuscripts* are in the possession of individuals who are not acquainted with his hand-writing, which may be easily verified.

"To search the old papers in one of my large deal boxes for Dryden's letter of thanks to my father, for some communication relating to Plutarch, while they and others were publishing a translation of Plutarch's Lives, in five volumes, 8vo. 1683. It is copied in *the yellow book for Dryden's Life*, in which there are about 150 transcriptions, in prose and verse, relating to the life, character, and writings of Mr. Dryden."—"Is England's Remembrancer extracted out of my *obit.* (obituary) into my remarks on him in the *poetical bag?*"

"My extracts in the *parchment budget* about Denham's seat and family in Surrey."

"My *white vellum pocket-book*, bordered with gold, for the extract from 'Groans of Great Britain' about Butler."

"See my account of the great yews in Tankersley's park while Sir R. Fanshaw was prisoner in the lodge there; especially Talbot's yew, which a man on horseback might turn about in, in my *botanical budget*."

* Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 420.

"This Donald Lupton I have mentioned in my *catalogue* of all the books and pamphlets relative to London in folio, begun anno 1710, and in which I have now, 1746, entered between 300 and 400 articles, besides remarks, &c. Now, in June, 1748, between 400 and 500 articles. Now, in October, 1750, six hundred and thirty-six*."

There remains to be told an anecdote, which shows that Pope greatly regarded our literary antiquary. "OLDYS," says my friend, "was one of the librarians of the Earl of Oxford, and he used to tell a story of the credit which he obtained as a scholar, by setting POPE right in a

* This is one of *Oldys's manuscripts;* a thick folio of titles, which has been made to do its duty, with small thanks from those who did not care to praise the service which they derived from it. It passed from Dr. Berkenhout to George Steevens, who lent it to Gough. It was sold for five guineas. The useful work of ten years of attention given to it! The antiquary Gough alludes to it with his usual discernment. "Among these titles of books and pamphlets about London are many *purely historical,* and many of *too low a kind* to rank under the head of topography and history." Thus the design of OLDYS, in forming this elaborate collection, is condemned by trying it by the limited object of the topographer's view. This catalogue remains a desideratum, were it printed entire as collected by OLDYS, not merely for the topography of the metropolis, but for its relation to its manners, domestic annals, events, and persons connected with its history.

Latin quotation, which he made at the earl's table. He did not, however, as I remember, boast of having been admitted as a guest at the table, but as happening to be in the room." Why might not OLDYS, however, have been seated, at least, below the salt? It would do no honour to either party to suppose that OLDYS stood among the menials. The truth is, there appears to have existed a confidential intercourse between POPE and OLDYS; and of this I shall give a remarkable proof. In those fragments of OLDYS preserved as "additional anecdotes of Shakespeare," in Steevens' and Malone's editions, OLDYS mentions a story of Davenant, which he adds, "Mr. POPE told me at the Earl of Oxford's table!" And further relates a conversation which passed between them. Nor is this all; for in OLDYS's Langbaine he put down this memorandum in the article of *Shakespeare*—"Remember what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use out of Cowley's preface." Malone appears to have discovered this observation of Cowley's, which is curious enough and very ungrateful to that commentator's ideas; it is "to

prune and lop away the old withered branches" in the new editions of Shakespeare and other ancient poets! "POPE adopted," says Malone, "this very unwarrantable idea; OLDYS was the person who suggested to POPE the singular course he pursued in his edition of Shakespeare." Without touching on the felicity or the danger of this new system of republishing Shakespeare, one may say that if many passages were struck out, Shakespeare would not be injured, for many of those were never composed by that great bard! There not only existed a literary intimacy between OLDYS and Pope, but our poet adopting his suggestion on so important an occasion evinces how highly he esteemed his judgment; and unquestionably POPE had often been delighted by OLDYS with the history of his predecessors, and the curiosities of English poetry.

I have now introduced the reader to OLDYS sitting amidst his "poetical bays," his "parchment biographical budgets," his "catalogues," and his "diaries," often venting a solitary groan, or active in some fresh inquiry. Such is the *Silhouette* of this prodigy of literary curiosity!

The very existence of OLDYS's MANUSCRIPTS continues to be of an ambiguous nature, referred to, quoted, and transcribed; we cannot always turn to the originals. These masses of curious knowledge, dispersed or lost, have enriched an after-race, who have often picked up the spoil and claimed the victory, but it was OLDYS who had fought the battle!

OLDYS affords one more example how life is often closed amidst discoveries and acquisitions. The literary antiquary, when he has attempted to embody his multiplied inquiries, and to finish his scattered designs, has found that the LABOR ABSQUE LABORE, "the labour void of labour," as the inscription on the library of Florence finely describes the researches of literature, has dissolved his days in the voluptuousness of his curiosity; and that too often, like the hunter in the heat of the chase, while he disdained the prey which lay before him, he was still stretching onwards to catch the fugitive!

Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.

At the close of every century, in this growing

world of books, may an OLDYS be the reader for the nation! Should he be endowed with a philosophical spirit, and combine the genius of his own times with that of the preceding, he will hold in his hand the chain of human thoughts, and, like another BAYLE, become the historian of the human mind!

THE END.

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